HEROES OF HISTORY

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BRITISH ISLANDS
HIBERNIA
BRITANNIA
CIMBRI
Latris I.
Sarmatian Ocean
SARMATIA
GERMANY
Borysthenes (Dnieper)
SCYTHIA (of Herodotus)
Tanais (Don)
Cassiterides
English Chan.
Hercynia Silva
Carpates Mts.
Danube R.
Palus Maeotis
Tanais
ASIATIC SARMATIA
Hypanis
Lugdunum
Rhaetia
Aquileia
PANNONIA
DACIA
Taurica Chersonesus
EUXINE OR BLACK SEA
Cyrenaica
Ravenna
Adriatic Sea
Corsica
Neapolis
MOESIA
THRACIA
Halys
HISPANIA OR SPAIN
Balearic
Sardinia
Tagus R.
Gades
Carthago
Sicilia
Troja
Sangarius
Ephesus
Taurus Mts.
Tarsus
Nineveh
Athens
Creta
Cyprus
Antioch
Palmyra
Damascus
Tyre
Melita
Fretum
MAURITANIA
Atlas M.
Fortunate Is.
Alexandria
CYRENAICA
Arsinoe
Petra
Ezion-geber
Ammon
Memphis
Coptos
Thebes
Berenice
Garamantes
LIBYA
Tropic of Cancer
Libyan Desert OR
Solventia Pr.
Nile R.
AETHIOPIA
Merbe
Sabaei
Berenice
Epidires
Avalites
AFRICA
Nigritia
Libyan Lake
Niger
ETHIOPIA
Ethiopians
Great Gulf
Equator
Barbaria or Azan
Azonia
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Fisk & Co.
Longitude East of

THE WORLD
AS KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS
Hyperborei or Riphaei Mts.
Jaxartes R.
Massagetae
Imaus Mts.
SCYTHIA
Maracanda
SOGDIANA
Oxus
Oxus R.
Bactra
BACTRIANA
Cophen
Paropamisus M.
Taxila
ARIANA
ARACHOSIA
Desert
GEDROSIA
Indus
Hyphasis
Emodi or Himalaya Mts.
BEYOND THE IMAUS MTS.
BEYOND THE GANGES
Ganges
Sabara
Aurea Chersonesus
Gulf of the Ganges
Nigama
Anurogrammum
Tabrobane (Ceylon)
Great Gulf
ERYTHRAEAN SEA
INDIAN OCEAN
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GRADED SUPPLEMENTARY READING SERIES

HEROES OF HISTORY

BY

IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB

AUTHOR OF "A BUNCH OF WILD FLOWERS FOR THE CHILDREN"; "YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF ART"; "YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF MUSIC"; "YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE."

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INTRODUCTION

Modern courses of study for the grades include the names of famous men of all times and of many nationalities. In the sketches of their lives, given in the following pages, the aim has been, so far as possible, to bring out those biographical and dramatic elements which make the strongest appeal to the child's attention. In mythology and in Greek and Roman history, the topics follow one another so closely in thought that a slight connection has been made. But no attempt has been made to secure such a linking between the others.

Few dates have been used and few long names; but the seriousness of the subjects has demanded that some be introduced. Geographical questions have been proposed in some of the lessons, whenever it has seemed desirable. In order to make the chapters more vivid, it is suggested that a map be kept before the class.

There is in the schools to-day a growing recognition of the necessity of developing in the pupils a love for the study of history. If this book succeeds in bringing the boys and girls who read it into friendship with some of the world's heroes; if it kindles a desire to know more of their lives and times by further reading, and so teaches the "love of books"; if it makes history seem like real life, and inspires any boy or girl to imitate its noblest actors in courage, fidelity, and patriotism, its purpose will be fulfilled.

IDA PRENTICE WHITCOMB.

COURSE OF STUDY

Historical and biographical narratives. Ethical lessons.

SYLLABUS

Historical and biographical narratives are taken from Oriental and European history. Typical names are suggested, but it is not presumed that all can be considered in a half year. Only a brief sketch of those studied is expected. Those which are considered of greatest importance in the periods covered for the purpose of this course are printed in capitals.

China, CONFUCIUS; India, BUDDHA; Egypt, RAMESES II, Cheops; Assyria, SARDANAPALUS; Babylonia, NEBUCHADNEZZAR; Hebrews, MOSES, Solomon; Phœnicia, HIRAM.

Greece: Jason, HERCULES, HOMER, Achilles, Ulysses, Theseus, Lycurgus, DELPHIC ORACLE, Olympic Games, SOLON, Crœsus, MARATHON, THERMOPYLÆ, Salamis, SOCRATES, Alcibiades, DEMOSTHENES, ALEXANDER.

Rome: Æneas, ROMULUS, Cincinnatus, PYRRHUS, HANNIBAL, Cato, THE GRACCHI, CÆSAR, Spartacus, Cicero, Nero, POMPEII, Constantine.

Europe in Mediæval Times: ATTILA, NIBELUNGENLIED, CLOVIS, Augustine, MOHAMMED, Charles Martel, CHARLEMAGNE, Roland, Peter the Hermit, BARBAROSSA, Rienzi, THE BLACK PRINCE, JOAN OF ARC, Marco Polo, Vasco da Gama.

Europe in Modern Times: Galileo, William the Silent, GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, PETER THE GREAT, Frederick the Great, The French Revolution, NAPOLEON, Garibaldi, Kossuth,

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HEROES OF HISTORY

PART I. ANCIENT HISTORY

China and Confucius

We begin our study of history in far-away China. In olden times, the Chinese drew many maps of the world; but, instead of showing it as a round globe, they always made it long and narrow, and right in the middle was their own country.

China is a very interesting country to study about, for the Chinese are so different from any other people in the world. They have never wished anything new, but have always liked to live and dress just as their fathers and mothers lived and dressed before them. Yet some of our most useful inventions have come from the Chinese.

A Chinese princess was the first to unravel the cocoon of the silkworm, and to weave the thread into silk. As long ago as twelve hundred years before Christ, the Chinese made bronze pieces of

money. These were pierced with a hole, and carried about strung on a cord.

Chinamen speak a curious language. Although it has no grammar, it is much harder to learn than our own. Every syllable, instead of being a word or a part of a word, represents an idea; and in order to talk much, one must learn about five thousand of these ideas. Surely we would rather have our alphabet, our spelling-book, and our grammar, — all three!

The Chinese, at first, wrote on bamboo tablets with a stylus. Later, they used a brush on a paper of closely woven silk; but this cost so much that they finally made paper of bark, rags, and fishing-nets. On this they printed, nine hundred years before any other country had learned the art.

The Chinese were very proud and did not wish to have anything to do with the people of other lands, except to sell them their beautiful fabrics woven in wool and silk. An old writer tells how they sometimes made a sale. A merchant would send word that he wished to buy some silk stuff. The Chinaman who made it would carry a piece to a certain place and leave it; then the merchant would look at the silk, and place by it the sum of money which he was willing to pay. Then he would go away and the Chinaman would come and look. If he thought that the

merchant was paying enough, he would take the money and leave the silk; but if he thought *not*, he would leave the money and carry away his precious silk.

It would not be interesting to study about all the emperors of China. We wish, instead, to know about one of the greatest men who ever lived there. He was neither emperor, soldier, nor statesman, but just the beloved teacher, Confucius. He was called the "Holy Ancient Teacher."

Perhaps, as we study about his life, we may learn from it some lessons, just as the boys and girls in China are learning to-day. Although he lived over two thousand years ago, every boy and girl, in every Chinese school, must bow each day in admiration before a tablet sacred to Confucius.

Besides this, the children are always studying his teachings, and older pupils can repeat chapter after chapter of his precepts.

Confucius lived about five hundred years before Christ. It is said that on a beautiful stone found in his father's garden was the following prophecy: —

> "A child is to appear, pure as the crystal wave;
> A king, but without dominion."

It was true, for Confucius was a kingly teacher, having had hundreds of millions of followers, young and old, in all the centuries.

When he was a little boy, he was so eager to learn that sometimes he would forget to eat.

But once when he was tired of studying, and was thinking of giving it up, he saw an old woman rubbing an iron bar on a whetstone. She had lost her knitting-needle and was trying to make another, though she knew that it would take years to rub down the bar. Then Confucius was ashamed and said, "Shall an old woman have more resolution than I?" and he went back to his books.

At that time, China was governed very badly; and even as a boy, Confucius thought that he would try hard to make the country better.

When he was twenty years old, he began to teach. At first, the emperor liked him greatly, and made him his prime minister; but he grew jealous of him, and sent him away from the court. Then Confucius went from place to place, teaching the people.

When he was seventy-three years old, he died. Like all truly great men, he felt that he had accomplished very little. But really he had done more to make the people of China good than any other man who has ever lived there.

Leading up to his tomb is an avenue of cypresses, and before it a gate of exquisite workmanship. On the tomb are the words: —

"The most sagely ancient Teacher,
The all-accomplished, all-informed."

Around the tomb are tablets inscribed with glowing tributes to the man whom, above every other, China delights to honor. In all the cities there are temples to Confucius where officials of the empire worship on special occasions.

Now what did Confucius teach that has made him so loved? His books are called the "Chinese Classics." They are about history and music and astronomy and politics and philosophy and religion, and many other subjects that you may not understand.

But he gave to the people wise rules for their conduct, which are good for every boy and girl to study. He taught children to be very kind to their parents and teachers and all older people. Also, that everybody should help others to live a true and happy life. The "welfare" of the people it is called, and this means that every person should "fare well" and be happy.

Long after Confucius died, an emperor named Ching Wang came to the throne. He is called the "National Hero," because he drove the fierce Tartars out of the country and built the Great Wall of China. This wall extended for twelve hundred miles along the northern frontier of the

kingdom, and was from fifteen to thirty feet high. It was flanked with towers.

It was wide enough for six horsemen to ride abreast, and it is said that, at one time, it was guarded by a million soldiers. But Ching Wang did another thing which was very wicked, and he is called the "Book-burner." He wished to make the Chinese believe that he founded the empire. He hated learning, and resolved to destroy the writings of Confucius. So he ordered almost all Chinese books to be burned; and anybody found with a book must be punished by laboring four years on the Great Wall.

After Ching Wang's death, a better emperor came to the throne. He loved books, and was called the "Restorer of Literature." Then books which had been in the ground, and under beds of streams, and in the walls of houses, were brought out, and the people began again to study Confucius.

We know how Confucius and the people in all the ages in China have hated progress; but just now, bicycles and automobiles and telegraphs and telephones and railroads and electricity and many new ideas are being carried into China. We must hope, however, that the Chinese will not forget Confucius and the beautiful wisdom which he brought to them so long ago.

"Study as if you would never reach the point you seek to attain."

"Patience is the most necessary thing in the world."

"He that is satisfied with himself is not perfect."

"What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others."

India and Buddha

I. INDIA

INDIA is a very old and a very wonderful country, and while it is only half the size of the United States, it contains four or five times as many people. The Sacred River and the Sacred City of the world are in India, and on its northern boundary rise the highest mountains, some of the peaks soaring five miles and a half right up into the clouds.

In what Grand Division of the earth is India? Can you bound it and name its Sacred River, its Sacred City, and its highest mountain range?

India is very rich, for quantities of rubies, pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones are found there, besides gold and ivory and spices. From earliest times, other nations have traded with India to secure some of its treasures.

THE TAJ MAHAL

Then, there are wonderful tropical fruits and flowers in abundance, and trees full of peacocks and monkeys. Elephants, lions, and tigers are hunted in the jungles.

The delightful fairy stories and folklore of the "Romantic Land of Ind" are full of wise-talking animals as well as of splendid rajahs. Some of the animals are sacred, and in one place even monkeys are worshiped as gods. We are told that long ago, in one of the holy wars of India, some monkeys clung together and formed a bridge, over which the army safely crossed and won a battle. In honor of this deed, a monkey temple was built in the Sacred City of Benares. In its central court is a hideous idol, while the little chambers all around are filled with holy monkeys. At the priest's call, hundreds of these little chatterers appear. If any person should injure one of them, he would, at once, be torn to pieces.

The oldest language of the world is the Sanscrit. It is not spoken now, but learned people study it, for its writings are full of poetic thoughts.

The ancient books of India were in manuscript, beautifully inscribed on palm leaves. The early rulers had a great many of these books. It is said that the library of one king was so large that one hundred men were obliged to care for it. He took it with him when he traveled, and

a thousand dromedaries were employed to convey it from place to place.

The Taj, thought by some to be the most beautiful building in the world, is found at Agra, in northern India. As one approaches, it seems like a mountain of gleaming marble with clustering minarets; it is called a "poem in stone" and a "house of jewels built for love." Its walls of exquisite stone lace work are incrusted with twelve kinds of costly stones. A rich mogul employed twenty thousand men to labor upon it for over twenty years, for it was the tomb of his precious wife.

The cities of India are full of gorgeous palaces, and mosques, with their domes blazing with gold. Temples, the most wonderful ever erected are seen all over the land — living temples to Brahma and ruined temples to Buddha. These are the homes of most horrible idols, and the people that worship them are called idolaters. The idolaters prostrate themselves before these false gods, who, they think, will hear and answer their prayers. The idols are made of wood and stone. Some have many heads and arms, some have horns sticking out of their heads, and still others have tusks coming from their mouths.

This idolatrous religion came to India very long ago, and it was called Brahmanism. Brahma was

supposed to be the soul of the universe, and was worshiped as three persons in one god: Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the preserver; and Siva, the destroyer.

One of the worst things that Brahmanism did for the people was to divide them into four castes, — priests, soldiers, merchants, and slaves. Naturally those in one caste looked with contempt on those in the one below. The people of the different castes were kept as much apart as if they lived in separate countries. It was a sin for a man in one caste to help any one in another, even to give him a bit of bread or a drink of water. If he did so, he would lose his caste, and become a pariah or an outcast — *cast out* from everybody!

II. BUDDHA

We have described Brahmanism and its castes, so that we may know in what a sad condition India was, when Buddha appeared, about six hundred years before Christ. It will be a pleasure to study his beautiful life, and to find how hard he tried to do away with misery and selfishness, and to make the people happy.

Buddha's father was king over a native tribe in India, and his home was near the Sacred City of Benares. Gautama, for that was Buddha's name,

was a lovely baby, and when he was only a few days old, he was presented before an idol. The idol is said to have bowed its head, and this proved that Buddha would be a great man. The father felt that his little son was too quiet and thoughtful, and he was afraid that he would some time leave his home to become a Brahman priest.

Therefore, the king determined to make him so happy that he would never desire to go out into the world; he should never even see it! So he had three palaces built, and surrounded them with a high wall; and here the boy was to live. The gardens were full of bright flowers and birds of gorgeous plumage; lovely boys played with Gautama, and maidens, skilled in music and dancing, waited upon him. "I will imprison him in flowers," said his father, "and he shall never know the meaning of old age and death."

When Gautama grew up, he married a charming princess, and she, too, tried to make him happy. But somehow he could not live just to be happy *himself*, for his heart was full of love and pity, and an unknown voice seemed ever calling him to a better and more unselfish life. But he did not know *how* to attain this life! One night he could endure it no longer. He rose, and taking a last look at his wife and little son as they were sleeping, he mounted his horse, and with a favorite attend-

ant rode out of the gate and beyond the high wall surrounding his palace. He sought a hermitage in the jungle, and became the pupil of a Brahman priest. But the priest could not tell him the cause of his sorrow nor how to heal it. So with a few companions, he entered a dense forest and gave himself up to serious thought. He ate scarcely one grain of rice a day, and soon grew thin and pale, and finally became unconscious.

He found that fasting did not help him, and longed more and more for perfect wisdom.

One night he lay under a tree facing the sunrise, and as the east reddened with the dawn, a new light came to him. He knew that sin is the cause of unhappiness, and that the secret of a truly blessed life is to live purely and to do good.

He commenced his preaching in Benares, for he said, "I am going to that city to give light to those that are in darkness." Buddha chose his priests from all classes. He did away with the foolish caste system, and the rich and the poor worshiped together. He condemned the penances and tortures of Brahmanism, but he always believed in living like a hermit.

He taught that everybody, after death, came back to the earth in the form of some animal, unless the life had been so holy that the spirit passed at once to Nirvana, which was the Buddhist heaven, a home

of perfect joy and peace. On account of his belief in the transmigration of souls, all animal life must be treated with kindness, since any animal might contain the soul of some dead friend.

Apart from this singular belief, his instruction was pure and simple, — to live in charity, to speak the truth, and to honor one's parents. He taught that if we would be really happy, we must forsake sin and strive after goodness. One of Buddha's famous sayings is as follows: "He who lives for pleasure only, the tempter certainly will overcome him as a wind throws down a weak tree."

The sacred books of Buddha are called "The Tripitika" or "Three Baskets," and they contain five times as much reading as our Bible.

After Buddha's death, he was made a god; and idol-worship, with all its charms and dreadful superstitions, was accorded to him. Buddha would not have liked this; for he never pretended to be a god, only a good man who taught the people how to obtain the greatest happiness.

Buddhism, later, lost its power in India, and Brahmanism was restored, and ever since has had great influence there; but over a large portion of the rest of Asia, Buddhism prevails, and even Brahmanism has caught some of the gentler spirit of its teaching.

BUDDHA

In studying about India and all its valuable productions and strange religions, it seems curious to think that to-day this ancient land is owned by England, a country so small that it would fit into one little corner of India. How did this come about?

We said, in the beginning, that other countries liked to trade with India because of her rich treasures; England was one of these countries. She sent her ships, and, in time, built forts and warehouses, and then trading towns, and, at last, established the East India Company. Then the native tribes asked the protection of the English soldiers. Little by little England had conquered the country.

The king of England is now emperor of India, and the viceroy or governor-general whom he sends there rules absolutely over all the native tribes.

Egypt

Far away in the very northeastern part of Africa lies Egypt, famous as being one of the earliest inhabited countries in the world. Can you bound Egypt and find on the map Memphis and Thebes, its two old capital cities, and trace the course of its one great river, the Nile?

All the history of Egypt seems to cling very

closely to the banks of this river as it flows slowly through the country; past sculptured rocks and colossi, the temple palaces of Thebes and Karnak, and the beautiful island of Philæ, then by the Pyramids of old Memphis, on its way out to the Great Sea.

Can we wonder that old Father Nile draws to himself special dignity and interest because of the marvels along his banks?

Egypt is called the "Gift of the Nile," for the river overflows once every year, carrying fertility throughout the land.

In ancient times, the harvests were so rich that Egypt was called the "Granary of the World." It seldom rains there, and so the Nile and the canals running from it all over the country are very important in making it fertile.

We do not know exactly how many thousands of years ago the history of Egypt really began; but just as far back as we can trace it, the people had knowledge of wonderful arts and crafts and sciences, — things of which the Egyptians of to-day know nothing.

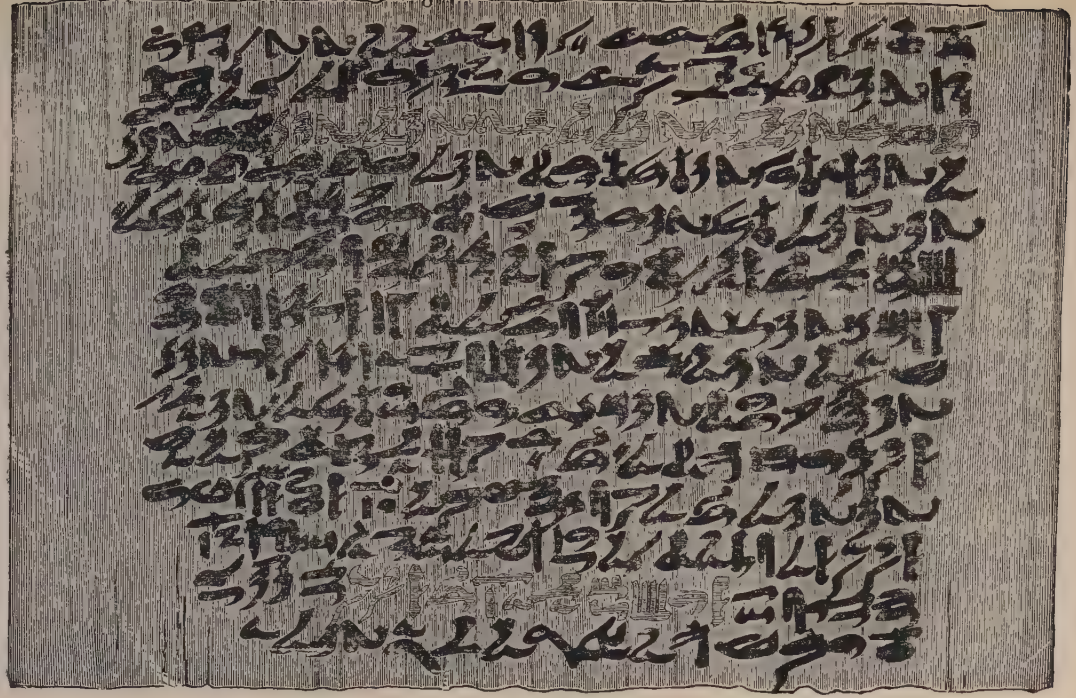
We like to read about their music and dances and games and dinner parties, their tailors and goldsmiths and glass-blowers, their small papyrus canoes, large two-masted boats, and great war-chariots.

The boys and girls were well educated. Indeed, I wish that all our boys and girls would feel it as great an accomplishment to read and write well as did the early Egyptians. They were more fond of writing than any other ancient people, and they wrote on papyrus, a kind of paper made from a reed which then grew in the Nile. Sometimes the rolls were more than one hundred feet long. They wrote, also, on toys and instruments and mummies and pillars and on the walls of their temples, either with a reed dipped in ink or with chisel graving on the hard stone. So that to learn about Egypt, one must read not only the papyrus rolls, but all the monuments, too, and it is *hard* history, of course, because it is written on *stone!*

The writing was called hieroglyphics. This long name means "picture-carving." In Egyptian writing there was a symbol for everything: for instance, day was represented by the sun; bravery, by a lion; praise, by a man with his hands uplifted; and anger, by an enraged monkey.

The Egyptians were very religious, and showed great reverence for their gods. They believed in one Supreme Deity; under him were triads of gods, and each city had its own three. The highest triad was formed of Osiris, Isis, and Horus. Typhon was the god of evil.

The worst thing about the religion was the



AN ANCIENT PAPYRUS

animal worship. The soul of Osiris, for example, was found in the sacred bull Apis, a huge animal with peculiar markings. To it a temple was reared at Memphis, and after death its body was embalmed and buried with great ceremony. The moment Apis died, the soul of Osiris entered another bull, and the priests began their search all over the land to find the new Apis. They would recognize it by the markings, and, at once, it became sacred. We may imagine that the priests had something more to do with these markings than the people realized.

Beetles or scarabæi were emblems of the sun, and were, also, very sacred. Cats were so holy that to kill one was a punishable offence; and when a dog died, all the family went into such deep mourning that they shaved their heads.

Near Lake Moeris crocodiles were worshiped. They were stretched on rich carpets inside the temples. Their necks were adorned with glittering gems and their feet with bracelets. After death they were embalmed and carried to their rock cut tombs, followed by a procession of mourners The secret of embalming the bodies of both men and animals was known only to the priests. The body to be embalmed was filled with gums and spices and wrapped in bands of fine linen. Then it was placed within several cases. The outer

one was richly painted, and on it was inscribed a long line of hieroglyphics telling the name and family of the deceased.

Let us now examine the tombs and palace temples on which was written so much of the history of the early Egyptians. The tombs of Beni-Hassan, for example, were cut out of the solid rock. They were entered by doors, and looked much like cheerful little dwellings. The walls of the rooms were adorned in bright, warm colors, with scenes of everyday life. The figures stood out a little from the surface, giving to the whole the appearance of rich tapestry. A poulterer's shop would be pictured, or the making of glass or gold ornaments, or the chiselling of a statue. Whatever had been the mummy's occupation in life would be shown, and there would be flowers and birds and fishes, all in gay color and perfect in detail.

The climate of Egypt is so dry that these paintings are wonderfully preserved, and without them we never could have understood the life of a people living so many thousand years ago.

The sculptures are stiff and have very little drapery; the figures are either standing or sitting. All the faces seem to have the same stony stare, and like the arms and legs look as if nothing could move them.

The palace temples were approached by an avenue of sphinxes, and often in front of them was an obelisk.

Obelisks were very striking objects built of one block of granite, and their form symbolized the rays of the sun.

Passing through the courts of the temple, a little dark enclosure within called the cella was finally reached; this contained the bull or crocodile or other sacred animal, worshiped as a god. Imagine a temple approached by sphinxes, an obelisk, and gateway and courts, and only a crocodile within!

We learn much about the Egyptians if we visit the Metropolitan Museum in New York. For there are found mummies of people and of bulls, a beautiful reproduction of an old temple, and papyrus inscriptions. In front of the museum is the obelisk — a thing of special interest — and we look upon it with admiration, as did the Egyptian worshipers thousands of years ago. Standing in its silent dignity, it seems to urge us to study more and more about that distant land which once was its home. What a change from quiet and solemn Egypt to gay and cheerful Central Park!

Cheops

ALL the early kings of Egypt were called Pharaohs. They rode in advance of their armies, in richly ornamented war chariots. Their courtiers, coming into their presence, were obliged to prostrate themselves so humbly that they actually rubbed their noses on the ground.

Remote and misty Menes is called the first king; but who he was or what he did we cannot tell, except that he is supposed to have built Memphis. Can you wonder at this when you think of the thousands of years which have passed since his time?

Cheops, another king belonging to the ancient empire of pyramid builders, insisted on being always remembered. So he built for himself the most gigantic tomb in the world. Even to-day, on some of its stones, we may find his name written.

Memphis, the capital city of Cheops, is in ruins. But standing there right on the edge of the desert, three great pyramids tower like mountains above the sandy plain, and near them is the Sphinx, with its solemn face, looking off over the desert.

The largest of the pyramids is the one built by Cheops. Probably its shape was taken from the shallow graves with stones heaped over them which the Egyptians had made. This pyramid

was four hundred and eighty feet high, and was incased in highly polished stone; but stones have been taken from it for buildings in Cairo, and it is now but four hundred and sixty feet high — about twice the height of Bunker Hill Monument.

One may ascend now, by two hundred and three jagged steps, to the very top, on which is a platform nearly three yards square.

It is wonderful how many important things this great monument tells us about Cheops and Egypt, too, in those olden days.

When a king commenced his reign, he at once began to build his tomb. Cheops covered thirteen acres of land with his. Its sides face exactly to the north, east, south, and west. Many of the blocks of stone of which it is built must have been dragged from a quarry fully five hundred miles distant. What must have been engineering skill for those days!

In the interior of the pyramid were narrow passages leading to rooms. The king's chamber in the center was to hold his tomb. Think of the hundred thousand workmen whom he is said to have employed for thirty years in building this pyramid. Think of their daily work, toiling not only under the burning sun, but also under the rods of taskmasters, pausing just long enough to eat their meal of garlic and radishes.

THE BUILDING OF THE PYRAMIDS

But Cheops was punished sorely for his oppression; for it so angered the people that when he died, he was buried elsewhere, and his magnificent pyramid holds only his empty tomb.

The Sphinx, which is near the great pyramid, has always preserved such truly sphinx-like silence that we do not know the name of its builder, but it is perhaps as old as the pyramid itself. It has the body of a lion and a human face, and thus seems to be an Egyptian emblem of combined power and intelligence.

How wonderful to think of all the centuries that have rolled away since the pyramids and the Sphinx first looked out over the desert! If they could only speak, what history they might reveal to us of the myriads of people that have passed before them through all the ages! What a procession there has been — from the time of Cheops, thousands of years ago, until our own day! What do you suppose is the latest thing which they could describe to us? Nothing less than the trolley cars, which, starting in Cairo, run out under the very shadow of these motionless monuments. What do you imagine stony old Cheops would think of this strange comer in his ancient and quiet and dignified land?

Rameses II the Great

Rameses II is called the most magnificent of all the Pharaohs. Surely he was the most boastful, for he had more colossal statues and other great monuments written over with his own praises than any other king that ever lived. Perhaps a good name for him would be "Monumental Rameses."

Since the days of shadowy Cheops and his pyramid, Memphis and the kings of the old empire had passed away, and Thebes, very much farther up the Nile, was the capital of a new and splendid empire. From a peaceful people the Egyptians had become very warlike. They had learned that besides the Nile there were two other great rivers in the world, — the Tigris and Euphrates. They found, also, that upon the banks of these rivers the two splendid cities of Nineveh and Babylon had been built.

Now the thing for the Pharaohs to do was to fight these cities, in order to bring from them spoils and captives, and then to build the most stupendous monuments ever known in the world.

Indeed, the first great battles fought in early history were among the peoples living on the banks of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates. If you will find on your map these three rivers, you will see in the country lying between them in western Asia the early battlefields of the world.

The kings before Rameses II had been great warriors and builders. One of them had raised near Thebes two colossal statues. These were seated figures forty-seven feet high, each cut from a solid block of granite.

One of them was called the "Vocal Memnon," because it sang when struck by the rays of the rising sun. And the two great solitary figures are sitting there to-day, gazing out over the desert sands just as they have done perhaps for over four thousand years. If you ever go to see them, ask your guide to climb up into the lap of one of them and conceal himself there, and then strike a stone as did the priests in the olden time. You then hear the "Vocal Memnon" sing just as it used to sing to the Egyptians.

When Rameses was only a boy, his father, Seti, let him rule with him, and after his death Rameses succeeded to the throne. He determined that he would do even greater things than the Pharaohs had done before him.

No one had attacked him, and he had not the slightest excuse for going to war, but he must have spoils and captives. Then, too, he must see the great world, and the world must see the great Rameses!

So all the country was astir. Hammers and forges were heard over the land; weapons and armor and chariots were made ready; grain-boats

and fruit-boats were filled. Then alike from mud-villages and "Hundred-gated Thebes," men and asses and horses and chariots went forth. An army of seven hundred thousand men was ready for the conflict. Before starting, however, offerings were made to the gods and solemn promises, too, to build for them new temples when the war was over. Then Rameses in his war chariot, followed by his great army, marched into the heart of Africa, then to the east over western Asia and back through Asia Minor. Wherever he pursued his plundering campaigns, he tried to lay the land waste by destroying town and fortresses, and by collecting treasures of gold and silver. In all places where Rameses fought, he set up tablets, covering them with inscriptions, telling, of course, what the mighty Rameses had done.

He was engaged in war for nine years, and then returned to Thebes with his trophies of victory. He had intended to build to the gods, but he was so proud of himself now that all the monuments must be reared for his own glory.

He added courts to a grand hall at Karnak, built temples at Luxor, two miles away, connecting the two with a street guarded on both sides by ram-headed sphinxes. Then he erected the Rameseum in Thebes. This palace was to be his home. It was entered by magnificent pylons. The library

was called "The Dispensary of the Soul," and over its entrance door was written "The Medicine of the Mind." The room was filled with books, not like our own, but papyrus rolls written over with hieroglyphics. If we could have glanced into one of these books of which the Egyptians were most proud, we would have found it to be called "The Epic of Pentaur." It was, naturally, a poem describing the brave deeds of Rameses. His huge monolithic statue was the most wonderful thing in the Rameseum. It weighed nine hundred tons. It represented Rameses seated majestically upon his throne. In a later age, however, he was lying on his face in stupendous fragments. Poor Rameses! I wonder if his pride would have been brought low, if he could have seen himself as others see him now!

Again we find Rameses telling his story in Nubia, for there at the entrance to a rock-cut tomb are four stony-faced statues of him. They are each seventy feet in height.

It is said that late in life Rameses even erased his father's name from many monuments, placing his own instead. A strange doing was it not? Especially as to-day many think that the works of Seti were even more magnificent than those of his great son.

It is probable that the Israelites were among the

THE RAMESSEUM RESTORED

captives of Rameses, and that he made them build treasure cities. When Moses became the deliverer of the Israelites, it was one of the later Pharaohs who let them go and then chased them into the Red Sea. But we have not finished with Rameses yet.

In 1881 his mummy was discovered, and when unwrapped, it was found to be remarkably preserved. It is kept in a museum in Cairo, and some who have seen it say that even now the face would make one think of the countenance of a king.

And what of Egypt after the time of Rameses the Great? It just became a prey, in turn, to conquering powers of the ancient world.

Assyria

In reading about Egypt, we have spoken of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers and of the cities of Nineveh and Babylon built upon their banks. Around these rivers in the early days a famous Assyrian and Babylonian empire grew up. Egyptian history is *hard* to understand because it is written on *stone;* but this Assyrian is harder yet because it is *buried!* Stupendous Egyptian monuments carved with hieroglyphics stand up boldly to-day on the plains of old Thebes as much as to

say, "Here I am, read me who can;" while on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates we find nothing but great mounds. Men must dig, and dig beneath them, to learn the ancient history of the country.

Before recalling the story of the first great World Empire, as Assyria and Babylonia were called, let us find on our map Nineveh on the Tigris and Babylon on the Euphrates, and try to picture two splendid cities with palaces and towers glittering in the sunlight, and again, as we would find them to-day, the great desolate plain covered over with heaps of rubbish. The two rivers, however, are flowing along with silent course as in the ages past. Do you know where they rise, in which direction they flow, and where they empty?

The Assyrians worshiped the sun, moon, and planets. The king was reverenced almost like a god, and he was such a despot that even his nobles would tremble if he glanced at them. Seated on his golden throne, he gave audiences to his subjects who prostrated themselves before him, not daring to rise until he bade them.

The Assyrians were not very religious, and often their temples were only little shrines. They were noted as city builders and palace builders. Their capital was Nineveh, and its palaces were gorgeous.

These were built on high terraces, the entrances guarded by colossal winged bulls and lions,

the interiors divided into courts and halls. The courts were lined with immense stone slabs, elaborately carved in relief with representations of events in the life of the monarch by whom the palace was built, and over the relief was a cuneiform writing which described it.

These slabs and some terra-cotta cylinders with inscriptions are the most important things which have come down to us from the old Assyrian history; these cylinders were engraved with representations of Assyrian life and inscriptions, so that when they were rolled along a piece of wax or soft clay an impression would be left. All these things with the palaces were buried until the middle of the last century. In 1845 Mr. Layard, an English traveler, found them in digging; and through his discoveries we have learned more of Assyrian history, during the past sixty years, than was known in all the previous ages. In the representations on these slabs the king is always much larger than his courtiers, and appears with great dignity. Sometimes he is seated and receiving prisoners of war or accepting the homage of his subjects; again, he is engaged in hunting, or is in his war-chariot, surrounded by bearers.

Assyrian art is such an honest art! If a ladder is represented, it is always placed sideways so that one may know it to be a ladder and not a pole

In a river, the fish are all on top, so that we may be sure they are there; winged bulls and lions have each five legs so that a person may see *four* wherever he stands.

We have said so much about this art just because from it alone we get all our knowledge of old Assyrian life.

Sardanapalus II

THE history of Babylonia really begins earlier than that of Assyria, but Assyria was the first conquering power, and it subdued and ruled over Babylon for nearly seven hundred years.

During this period there were many famous kings, but their names are very long and hard to remember.

Some of them were hunters, and others kept royal menageries, in which were bears, lions, hyenas, buffaloes, wild cattle, and ostriches.

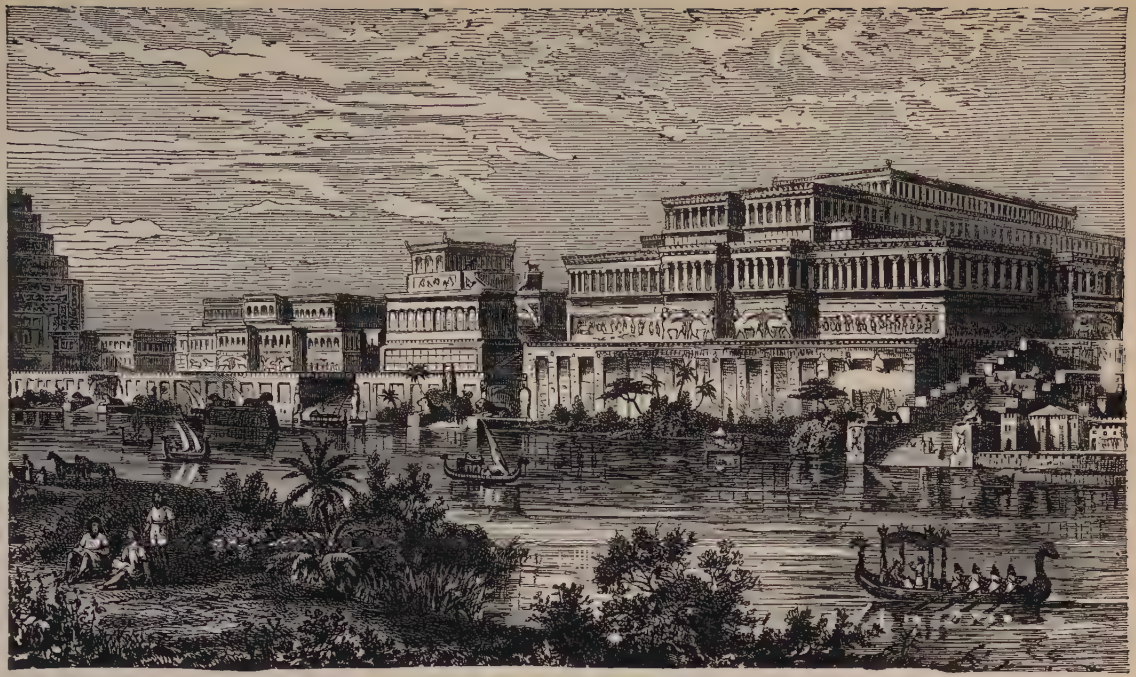
Other kings were great warriors fighting in Egypt and western Asia. Then, after successful victories, they would return home to build magnificent palaces.

From what we know about Asshur-bani-pal, or Sardanapalus II, he must have been a cruel and vain king. He conquered his enemies in several campaigns, and then built his palace, which was one of the largest and most gorgeous. Like all

Assyrian palaces, it was raised on a lofty platform, the entrance being guarded by winged bulls and lions. The courts were lined with exquisitely carved alabaster slabs, and with pictured tablets describing the famous acts of the great Sardanapalus II. On one slab he is represented seated in embroidered robes on a carved chair.

Chairs in Assyria were sacred to gods and kings. His tiara or crown and his shoes are adorned with rosettes; he wears necklaces, bracelets, and earrings. He holds a scepter, and a sword and dagger are by his side, while behind him his bearer holds a parasol over his kingly head. Evidently he was fond of hunting lions. In one scene he is seated in his chariot, and lions, just released from cages, are trying to escape. The spearmen are preventing them while the king is aiming his arrows. One lion has fallen, wounded by the deadly dart. Always Sardanapalus goes to war in his chariot, in richest robes, and surrounded by a retinue of bearers, holding his fan-parasol, and bow and quiver.

The most splendid thing, however, that Sardanapalus did for Nineveh was to give to the city a library of clay books. This was kept in two large rooms in the palace. The books were square clay tablets about an inch thick, written on both sides in cuneiform inscriptions. They were carefully numbered and arranged in great piles upon the



)A PALACE IN NIN..VEH RESTORED

floor. There were works on law, geography, grammar, history, mathematics, botany, and astronomy.

There was a catalogue of this library, and one of the tablets contained the notice, "Visitors are requested to give to the librarian the number of the book they wish to consult, and it will be brought to them."

We know that the library was open to the public, for there had been found an inscription saying, "I, Asshur-bani-pal, wrote upon the tablets. I placed them in my palace for the instruction of my people."

This library was lost, buried for many centuries in the mounds of ruins; but when in 1845 Mr. Layard made other discoveries, the two rooms were found piled up with clay books. There were perhaps as many as ten thousand. Sardanapalus was cruel and vain; but shall we not honor him above all other kings of Assyria? for he gave to his city the thing which always brings honor to a man, — a library for the instruction of the people.

Babylonia

THE history of Babylonia is very, very ancient. In the earliest age the Chaldeans and Babylonians were known to be living in a fertile valley around the Euphrates River.

They worshiped their gods with great pomp, a principal one being Bel or Belus, which means "lord" or "master." They built for these gods great tower-shaped temples.

The Babylonians were more religious and much more fond of learning than were the Assyrians. They used the cuneiform writing; they divided their years into months, weeks, days, hours, and minutes; and they knew about many mechanical devices, such as levers, pulleys, weights, and measures. They studied grammar, mathematics, history, philosophy, and other sciences.

Their learned priests were called Chaldeans. They took great interest in the army and in politics, and in many subjects, especially astronomy. Indeed, every large city had its observatory and its royal Chaldean astronomers.

There were, also, famous astrologers, that is, priests who told fortunes by the stars. They would sit within their towers, watching the heavenly bodies, and from their movements, they read warnings to the people. Then, too, they were usually skillful interpreters of dreams, telling the people what it was best to do about them. I say *usually*, for do you remember the story of one dream which they could *not* interpret? And what wonder! for the king himself had forgotten what he had dreamed, and if a great prophet had not

been present, all the Chaldean astrologers might have been killed.

During the seven hundred years in which Babylonia and Assyria were united, they were one in language, and we think of them as doing many things in common. But when Nabopolassar conquered Nineveh, 625 B.C., Babylon became the capital, and under Nebuchadnezzar the city enjoyed its "Golden Age."

Nebuchadnezzar

Our story opens in Babylon, about the beginning of the sixth century before Christ. Nabopolassar is upon the throne, and his young son Nebuchadnezzar has gone to war. He died suddenly while Nebuchadnezzar was far away in Egypt, winning for his father a brilliant campaign.

Nebuchadnezzar hurried home to secure his throne before any of his courtiers could revolt against him. His coming gave to his kingdom a splendid leader. Nebuchadnezzar's name seems much more familiar to us than that of any other king about whom we have been reading.

This is because we recall the Bible stories about his dream, his great image, and the burning fiery furnace. He would have been famous, if he had done nothing else but adorn Babylon. Even

to-day when we think about the one city in the ancient world which surpassed all others in size and wealth we know that the city is Babylon, in the "Golden Age" of Nebuchadnezzar.

Nebuchadnezzar thought much more about this city than about his wars, although he took captives from almost every nation.

Perhaps the siege which should interest us most is that of Jerusalem. This city was the capital over the two tribes of Judah. Nebuchadnezzar went against it twice; and the second time, in order to punish the people for rebelling against him, he encamped his army closely about the walls of Jerusalem. Famine broke out among the Jews, and they were in great distress.

Finally Nebuchadnezzar made a breach in the walls, and the Babylonians entered Jerusalem. A torch was applied to the beautiful temple of Solomon, and it was soon a mass of ruins. The whole city was destroyed, and the sacred vessels from the temple with many captives were carried away to Babylon, 586 B.C.

Then, for thirteen years, Nebuchadnezzar fought against Tyre, and the Tyrians were very brave and persistent. At last they carried all their possessions to a neighboring island where they built a new city, allowing Nebuchadnezzar to have the old one; but his army had suffered terribly in taking it.

Egypt and many other countries were plundered. Then he returned to Babylon and devoted the rest of his life to the arts of peace.

Babylon was a great inclosed district, rather than a closely built city; and writers differ so much about the height of the walls and the size of the buildings that it is hard to get a clear idea of its dimensions.

One of Nebuchadnezzar's greatest works was to restore the old walls, which may have been over three hundred feet high and nearly one hundred feet thick. On these walls were placed many watch-towers. From the watchmen, the people learned first about the approach of an enemy. The city is said to have been square, and in each side of the wall which surrounded it there were twenty-five magnificent brass gates.

The Euphrates River ran through the center of Babylon, and palaces were built upon its banks.

The platform upon which Nebuchadnezzar's grandest palace was erected must have covered many acres.

It was probably two or three stories high; its courts, faced with colored tiles, were made of a brightly glazed clay on which were paintings, many of them representing animals and hunting scenes.

The architecture and sculpture were superb. In

the palace were kept the silver and gold vessels brought from Solomon's temple at Jerusalem.

Nebuchadnezzar had married Amytis, the beautiful daughter of the Median king, and she so keenly missed the mountains of her own country that he built for her the wonderful Hanging Gardens. They were made in imitation of a mountain. A great mound was raised, covered with terraces, on which grew the rarest plants and trees. There were sparkling fountains and groves, and stately apartments where the queen might rest in the cool shade. These Hanging Gardens and the walls were counted among the "Seven Wonders of the World."

Near the center of Babylon was an old temple of Belus. Possibly it stood upon the spot where the tower of Babel was built. Nebuchadnezzar is said to have rebuilt this temple into an irregular pyramid or circular building. It was made in seven stages, each stage being smaller and higher than the one outside of it. Each was dedicated to a different planet and colored to represent it. The sun was gold, the moon silver, Saturn black, Jupiter orange, Mars red, Venus pale yellow, and Mercury blue. This temple is supposed to have held statues of gods, and golden tables, and drinking-cups for their feasting. On its top was an observatory in which the Chaldean astronomers could worship the planets.

This temple of Belus when struck by the rays of the sun was the most glittering and beautiful of all the tower temples in Babylon.

To-day just one tall monument rises on the plains of Babylon among all the ruins, and it is most impressive. It is called the Birs-i-Nimrud. Its bricks bear upon them the name of Nebuchadnezzar. Can this be the ruined temple of Belus? can this be the spot where stood the tower of Babel? no one can tell.

Nebuchadnezzar was extremely proud of his city. We are told that he once said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have builded?" Suddenly, however, he seems to have been overcome by a serious illness, and for a time he could not rule; but again he was restored to health and to his throne.

Wealth and luxury abounded in Babylon in his day, and he had a vigorous and splendid reign, lasting forty-three years. At his death there was great mourning, for the fame of Nebuchadnezzar and his vast city had gone all over the world.

The Hebrews

We have read about the wars and victories, the palaces and temples, and forms of worship of the eastern nations. We come now to the Hebrews, a people who made but few conquests, who did little

in architecture and sculpture, but who worshiped the true God. Their sacred book is the Bible, in which are found many different kinds of literature, — story and parable, proverb and prophecy, the most beautiful imagery, and the most sublime poetry. The wonder of all is that the more we read it, the more full it seems of interesting and impressive thoughts.

The Hebrews lived in a small country called Canaan, which we find on the shore of the Great Sea. In the eastern part of the land are the Sea of Galilee, the Jordan River, and the Dead Sea; the mountains of Lebanon are on the north, and the capital city, Jerusalem, is near the center. The country is only one hundred and fifty miles from north to south, and but fifty miles across in its widest part.

Like the other countries it had for a time its independent history, and like them, too, it was conquered. The history of the Hebrews seems to fall into seven periods, and they are as follows: —

1. The Patriarchal:
   Abraham, Isaac, Jacob.
2. The Egyptian:
   From Joseph to Moses.
3. The Desert:
   Moses, Joshua.

4. The Judges:
   Gideon, Jephthah, and others.

5. The Kings:
   Saul, David, Solomon.

6. The Separation:
   Jerusalem and Samaria.

7. The Captivity:
   Revolt, Idolatry, Conquest.

Our story opens with the first patriarch, Abraham, leading out his little family from distant Chaldea in quest of a new home.

Journeying always westward, and pitching their tents from time to time like the Bedouins of the Desert, they at last reached Canaan, the land which God had promised to Abraham and to his family after him.

Abraham had great faith and was ready to do whatever God commanded, even if obedience should cost him the life of his only son Isaac.

When he died, Isaac succeeded his father as patriarch or head of the family.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in his life is his love story, one of the sweetest of the olden time.

Jacob, the last of the patriarchs, had twelve sons. He loved Joseph the best because he was

the most obedient. This made Joseph's brethren so jealous that they decided to get rid of him.

After a series of strange adventures we find Joseph in Egypt as a vizier at the court of the great Pharaoh. The king dressed him in rich clothing, and he wore a gold chain about his neck and rode in a chariot.

Jacob greatly missed his favorite son, and later, too, he had other troubles, for a terrible famine came over the land. When his family found that they could endure it no longer, his sons went to Egypt to buy corn for their old father and for their children. How little they realized whom they were to meet there! But when Joseph saw them, he knew them, and after a time he told them who he was. How mortified they must have been, especially as he spoke very kindly to them rather than blaming them. He gave them gifts and sent them home to bring their father and wives and children to live in Egypt. They all came, — a family of seventy.

The king was interested in them because they were shepherds, and they were given the beautiful valley of Goshen, where they lived very happily.

Now we are in the *Egyptian Period* of Hebrew history.

Many years passed, different Pharaohs ruled the land, and the Hebrews increased in number till

they became a great multitude. Finally, a king, thought to be Rameses the Great, ascended the throne. He did not like to have so many Jews in the land, fearing that they might revolt against him, and he treated them like the captives whom he had taken in his wars. At last he determined that every baby boy born into a Hebrew family should be killed. Little Moses was saved, however, and honored at Pharaoh's court. Then he led the people out of Egypt, and the *Desert Period* followed.

There were hardships in the forty years, but the people were free, and became united, and law and worship were established. Joshua, another splendid general, led this great nation into the Promised Land. Canaan was divided among the twelve tribes.

But there were heathen nations near Canaan, and they made attacks and tempted the people to worship idols, so the Jews needed brave and wise leaders to fight for them, and from time to time *Judges* were raised up to be the deliverers. Some of them were Deborah, Gideon, Jephthah, and Samson. Their lives are full of stirring adventure, for each did heroic deeds in rescuing the Hebrews from their enemies.

The *Period of the Judges* passed, and the people earnestly desired a king, that they might be led in battle like the nations about them. Samuel, the man of God, unwillingly anointed Saul. The

people were pleased with him, for he was tall and commanding as a king should be. He established his court at Gibeah, and gained victories; but he was not a true man, and disobeyed God, and after being defeated he killed himself. Then David, the shepherd boy, became his successor, and he desired the two things which every king should have, — a capital city, and in it a temple dedicated to the worship of God. There was a strong fortress belonging to the Jebusites, situated in such a central place that he wished it for his capital. He captured it, and built about it the city of Jerusalem.

He adorned the city, made famous conquests and alliances with other kings, and the Hebrews took high rank among the nations. This was the "Golden Age" of Hebrew history. The people loved and honored David, and when his son Absalom revolted, they held to him and restored him to his throne. Besides being a shepherd, a court minstrel, a champion, a conquering hero, and a king, David was a lawmaker, general, and statesman, but, with all his influence in each one of these callings, in all the ages he has been greatest as a poet. The lyric songs or Psalms which he wrote have found a place in religious services from his time until now. One of these Psalms which echoes so beautifully his own shepherd life is

perhaps more familiar to us than anything else in the Bible except the Lord's Prayer.

David was also a lover of song and melody, and he arranged a choir of singers. His greatest desire was to build a temple for worship, but God did not permit this because he had been a man of war He was disappointed, but with the help of his friend Hiram, king of Tyre, materials were made ready for his son Solomon. When Solomon succeeded his father on the throne, he erected the temple, and dedicated it with a wonderful service of song and prayer and thanksgiving. Saul, David, and Solomon each ruled forty years, so that the *Period of Kings* lasted one hundred and twenty years.

It was followed by a *Period of Separation* between the ten tribes and the two tribes. The ten tribes were conquered in 722 B.C., by Sargon, king of Assyria, and the two tribes in 586 B.C. by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon.

With this *Period of Captivity* the history of the Israelites as an independent nation ends.

We must speak in closing of one other topic, and that is of the prophets who, in all the centuries, stood by the side of these kings of Israel and Judah. They warned them of the sad fate awaiting their kingdoms if they gave them over to idola-

try; and they at the same time prophesied of the coming of Christ.

We have been following the history of the Hebrews, and before leaving it, we recall in order the different periods, — Patriarchal, Egyptian, Desert, Judges, Kings, Separation, and Captivity. Let us try to remember the connecting links which bound them all together.

Moses

THE story of Moses is more chivalric than that of any knight of King Arthur's court. From the very beginning we feel its romance. The tiny baby hidden in its basket of bulrushes is watched over by a faithful young sister, rescued by a king's daughter, and named Moses, because she drew him out of the water.

Moses was brought up and educated royally in all the knowledge of the Egyptians, and he might have become a splendid courtier, but he chose rather to help his own people. They were suffering as slaves under a cruel Pharaoh, one of the successors of Rameses the Great. Moses watched them at work, and in trying to fight for their cause killed an Egyptian taskmaster. Then afraid, because of this act, he left court life forever behind him and fled to the land of Midian. Sitting one

day by the side of a well, he saw some damsels coming to draw water, and he was kind to them. In return, he was invited to their house, and married one of the sisters, and served the father for many years. The quiet life was good for Moses, and he grew wiser as he grew older. Finally, in some way, God revealed to him that he was to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt, away from sore persecution and into the Promised Land. Moses was timid, but God encouraged him, promising to give him strength to do this great work. Think of what was before him! He was to go back to Egypt to gain Pharaoh's permission, and then, assisted by his brother Aaron, was to conduct a multitude of slaves on a long journey from Africa over to Asia.

Pharaoh objected very much to letting the people go, and only after bitter persecution and calamity were they allowed to start. But before going, in gratitude to God for the promised deliverance, they celebrated a feast called the Passover, so named because God had *passed over* the Israelites and punished the Egyptians. The Israelites left Egypt as slaves, but they entered the Desert an independent nation, with Moses as their leader. They gathered at the base of Mount Sinai, while Moses went up into the mountains.

When, after forty days, he came down with the

Ten Commandments, he found that the people were worshiping a golden calf. Their only excuse was, "As for this Moses — we wot not what is become of him." Then Moses was indignant, and he broke the tables of stone and ground the calf to powder. How could the people be so ungrateful after God had delivered them from slavery and tyranny! But again the Commandments were given to Moses, and he at once set about establishing a form of service in which the people might worship God.

Then the Ark was made to hold the Commandments and other sacred things. It was a chest, with its top overlaid with gold and ornamented with two cherubs, and over it was to hover the mystic presence of God. A Tabernacle was built to hold the Ark, and it was placed in a little room called the Holy of Holies. In the Tabernacle there were also altars of incense and of burnt offerings. When the people encamped, the Tabernacle always was placed in the center of the encampment and also carried in the midst of the army when on the march. Then services and sacrifices were arranged. Aaron became High Priest, and he was clad in splendid vestments. On his miter were inscribed the words, "Holiness to the Lord." He was assisted in the Tabernacle service by priests and Levites.

Moses established the Mosaic Laws, and by following these the people could be holy and happy and keep themselves distinct from all other nations. Perhaps the one about education will interest the boys and girls of to-day, for the parents were commanded to teach their children when they sat in the house, and when they walked in the way, and when they lay down, and when they rose up.

With Moses as their leader the people wandered in the Desert during forty years. They were fed with manna every morning and with quails every evening. Sometimes they murmured and fell into idolatry, and once, when Moses was on the mountain receiving the Commandments from God, they made a golden calf to worship, for they remembered Apis in Egypt; but Moses punished them for their sin of idolatry. He was a great statesman and knew how to govern wisely. Once, however, he did wrong; for when the people wished water and God told him to strike the rock, he spoke to the people words of anger and smote the rock in his own name. Then God told him that because of this sin he could not lead the people over into the Promised Land. He was bitterly disappointed, but he did not murmur. He gave a public charge to Joshua, telling him that he was to go before the people into Canaan. He blessed them all, and then obeying God's direction he went to Mount Nebo, where he

died. God buried him, and "God buried also his grave." The nation mourned for him many days.

Moses had proved himself a soldier, a leader, a lawgiver, a statesman, and a poet. His magnificent song of deliverance from Egypt became the national anthem of the Hebrews. In Egypt the cold stony face of Rameses the Great gazes upon us still with a meaningless stare. How much more full of the expression of a leader and lawgiver is the colossal statue in Rome, carved by Michael Angelo to honor Moses, the chivalrous knight, whose faith and courage won the freedom of the children of Israel!

SELECTED VERSES FROM BURIAL OF MOSES

"This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

"And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;

And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave.

"Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land!
Oh, dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well."

Solomon

SAUL, the disobedient king, had fallen on his sword and had been succeeded by David the "man of war." One of David's last acts had been to have his son Solomon brought on the king's mule to the fountain of Gihon, and there anointed from a horn of oil; and the trumpet had been blown, and all the people had cried, "God save King Solomon!" Then, having charged his son to be strong, and to show himself a man, "David slept with his Fathers," and Solomon, his son, reigned in his stead. The young king owed very much to his father, for David had greatly extended the kingdom, and had left it at peace and in friendly alliance with other

countries. He had given his son a fine army, he had built and adorned Jerusalem, and he had established a musical service that had given as much impulse to Jewish worship as Homer's "Iliad" had given to Greek history. Then, too, David had left gold and silver and materials all ready to build the House of the Lord.

We remember that soon after Solomon became king, God had appeared to him in a dream, and had asked him what he should give him, and that instead of praying for a long life and riches Solomon had asked for wisdom. What a noble choice it was!

Very soon after Solomon ascended the throne he began the building of the Temple on Mount Moriah. Hiram, king of Tyre, sent him skilled workmen, and gave him cedar and fir trees. Solomon, in return, made Hiram presents of wheat and oil for food. The timber was floated in rafts over the great sea from Tyre to the port of Jerusalem, and it is said that the stones were so hewed, and the beams so formed, that in all the seven years of its building there was never the sound of any tool heard upon the Temple.

Temples, in ancient times, were not built like our churches to hold the people that worship; for in early days the people stood in the outer courts, the temple proper being only a small inclosure

which in heathen countries held idols, while among the Jews it held the Ark in the Holy of Holies and other sacred emblems in the Holy Place. These were two rooms, the Holy of Holies and the Holy Place.

The walls of the Temple were of gold, marble, and cedar, and garnished with precious stones The Altar of Incense stood in the Holy Place, and the Altar of Burnt Offering without in the Court of the Priests. While surrounding all the courts was a wall with towers of defense. When all was finished, Solomon sent out over the land to summon the Elders of Israel, the Heads over the Tribes, and the Chiefs of the Fathers, to come to Jerusalem to be present at the dedication. It was to be the grandest ceremony that the Jews had ever witnessed.

When all was ready, the procession formed, the priests brought up the Ark to the Temple, King Solomon and all the congregation sacrificing sheep and oxen before it.

Reaching the Temple, the priests passed in, and placed the Ark in the Holy of Holies, and as they came out the Levites burst into singing, "Praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever." And all the instruments sent out ringing notes, and "The glory of the Lord filled the house." Then Solomon made the prayer of dedication, after which he blessed the people.

Next enormous offerings were made, and the people feasted fourteen days; and from this time the Temple became the center of Jewish worship.

Solomon next built for himself a magnificent palace, and here, seated in all his glory upon an ivory throne, he judged the people. He lived one thousand years before Christ, and as we know since his day there have been many temples and palaces built, but there has never been either temple or palace that in its description could rival King Solomon's. His court, in its extravagance and luxury, was like the courts of other Eastern kings, and his reign was at the very height of the "Golden Age" of Hebrew history.

People came from far-away countries, to see his wealth and to hear his words of wisdom, and when the report was brought to the distant queen of Sheba, she wished to see for herself. Her home was probably in southern Arabia, fifteen hundred miles away, but the distance and perils by the way could not detain her, and she made the journey to Jerusalem, perhaps in about seventy-five days.

What a strange procession her caravan must have been, carrying the queen, her attendants, her gifts, and gift-bearers! After the long journey, as the procession entered Jerusalem, how men, women, and children must have flocked out to see it!

Imagine it, a procession of camels, bearing a queen, surrounded by great state!

She is the first female sovereign that we have read about in this book. Indeed, in the whole history of the world, there are very few women that ever reign as queens.

In what a natural and charming way the queen of Sheba treated the thing that interested her most. First she *heard*, to hear was easy, for Solomon's fame was spread abroad; next she *came*, to see for herself if all was true; next she *saw*, and she was greatly surprised; then she *talked* with him, and she confessed that the half had not been told her; next she *told* others about it; and last and most beautiful of all she *worshiped* God. She heard, she came, she saw, she talked, she told, and she worshiped. She made Solomon presents of spices, gold, and precious stones, and he, in return, gave her whatever she desired. We wish that we might have heard the story that she told on her return to Sheba about the king and the city of Jerusalem, with its horses and chariots, and gardens and vineyards, and palaces and Temple.

Solomon wrote many songs and proverbs; also, about trees and flowers, about beasts and fowls and fishes. It seems as if he must have known something about both botany and natural history.

Solomon was greatly interested in commerce.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA VISITS SOLOMON

He sent his ships to far countries, and they brought back to him spices and sandalwood, and silver and ivory, and apes and peacocks, and all of these added to the splendor as well as to the extravagance of his court.

By common consent the first part of his reign forms one of the most fascinating stories in all Bible history. What other reign could be so magnificent? And we would like to leave it right here, for the rest of his history forms such a sad contrast to that which we have told.

A truly noble man resists temptation, and is at the end of his life a conqueror. Not so King Solomon, for at the very height of his power he yielded to temptation. He had been made soft by luxury and weakened by flattery. Heavy taxes had been levied, and the people would not pay them. Worst of all Solomon became an idolater. And so his glory vanished; and when he died, and his son Rehoboam succeeded to the kingdom, it was not the strong and wealthy and united kingdom that David had left to Solomon, but it was instead weakened by discontent, taxation, and idolatry.

We know the rest, — how that the kingdom was soon divided, and how later Samaria and Jerusalem were both conquered by the kings of Assyria and Babylonia.

Phœnicia — Hiram

A QUAINT old English writer has asked the following question: Who was the first man that "durst be so bold, with a few crooked boards nailed together, a stick standing upright, and a rag tied to it, to adventure into the ocean?"

His question has never been answered, but whoever the man was, he was a brave sailor, and perhaps he was a Phœnician. As far as we know, the Phœnicians were the first sailor folk, and as long ago as sixteen hundred years B.C. the Great Sea was dotted over with their adventurous sails.

We find Phœnicia on the map a little strip of broken coast, perhaps one hundred and eighty miles long and twelve miles broad. It is just north of Palestine, and between the mountains of Lebanon and the Great Sea. The mountains furnished both timber and tall masts for the little boats, and the Great Sea over which they sailed them was as dear to the Phœnicians as the river Nile to the Egyptians.

This sea is well named the Mediterranean, or the sea between the land as it lies between Europe on the north, Asia on the east, and Africa on the south.

The Phœnicians were not a conquering nation,

the people just formed themselves into little leagues, grouped about the cities, of which Tyre and Sidon were the principal ones. The one thing that they loved was the freedom of the sea, and in their little craft they constantly crossed and recrossed it, from Asia to Europe and over to Africa, venturing westward through the Pillars of Hercules over to Britain, while in the east the brave sailors reached far-away India. They were always seeking good harbors, and when they found them, they would in time make them Phœnician colonies.

The Phœnicians bartered with the peoples of the different countries to which they sailed just as the Indians in our early history used to barter. The tin from Britain, the amber from the Baltic Sea, the silver from Spain, the gold from Arabia, and the slaves and ivory from the west coast of Africa were bartered for the spices, gold, and precious stones of India. Many islands in the Mediterranean Sea, among them Cyprus, Rhodes, Sardinia, and Corsica became Phœnician colonies, and eleven hundred years B.C., they founded Gades, or Cadiz, the oldest city in Spain. Their most famous colony, however, was Carthage in northern Africa.

The Phœnicians were merchants rather than manufacturers, but they were clever workers too

in ivory, pottery, glass, bronze, gold, and silver, and in mining and in making cloth fabrics. As they carried their products from place to place they gave their own arts to the world. They were the commercial traders, until the Greeks destroyed their power in the eastern Mediterranean Sea.

The best thing that they gave was an alphabet of twenty-two letters, and this, varied a little in different countries, is the alphabet that is used to-day. Every time we read or spell anything, we use one of the inventions given to the world by the old Phœnicians, perhaps eleven hundred years B.C. It is strange that they have left no books, but just the letters from which books are made. The kingdoms of the ancient world would have liked to own the brave little strip of land, with its hardy sailors; and sometimes the Phœnicians paid tribute to these different countries, sometimes, too, as paid workmen, they helped them in building their cities and bridges. But what they best liked was to be hired as sailors.

An interesting story is told of Pharaoh-Necho, a king of Egypt, who lived about six hundred years B.C. Wishing to send a fleet around Africa, he employed Phœnician seamen to sail his ships. It is said that twice during the long voyage the crew, fearing a famine, landed, drew up their

ships on shore, sowed grain, and waited for a harvest.

The religion of the Phœnicians was very cruel; they worshiped the sun-god, Baal or "Moloch the Horrid," and the moon goddess, Astarte. They worshiped in groves and in high places, dancing and crying aloud, and cutting themselves with knives. They sacrificed human victims, sometimes even little children. They worshiped marine deities, too, for their gods must protect them upon the sea. Even the figureheads of their ships were gods. Sidon, famous for its beautiful glass, was the first noted city, but it was overthrown by the Philistines, and then Tyre became prominent. Its product was the royal Tyrian purple. This was a dye of the rarest and most beautiful dark crimson. It was very hard to get, for it was extracted in tiny drops from two shellfish; it was so costly that it was used only to color the robes of kings.

Hiram was the most noted king of Tyre; he was a good friend to both David and Solomon; we have already read how much he did for King Solomon. He must have sent to him at least one very remarkable artificer, for he is described as "A cunning man of Tyre, skillful to work in gold, in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone, and in timber; in purple, in blue, in crimson, and in fine linen; also to grave

any manner of graving, and to find out every device which shall be put to him." Solomon offered Hiram twenty cities in Palestine, but Hiram, in true Phœnician spirit, refused, choosing rather wheat and oil for food. Nebuchadnezzar attacked old Tyre and it held out bravely for thirteen years. New Tyre, built on a neighboring island, became more splendid than the old city, and it was for centuries a great power in the ancient world.

Greece

We now leave Asia and, crossing the Great Sea, reach Greece, the most interesting little country in the world, the home of gods and wise men, of heroes and battles, and of art and literature.

Its history opens with many delightful stories, — they are really *only* stories, — but they are so interwoven with the earliest facts pertaining to Greece that we must know some of them. They are called myths and legends. What sea have we crossed? In what grand division is Greece? Can you bound it and name some of the little islands near, and locate Asia Minor?

The Greeks were a very happy people. There were no monarchs over them to make severe laws, and they knew no Brahmanism with its terrible castes. They were *free* — free as we are in the

United States. Indeed, we feel sure that our love for liberty, as well as for music, poetry, painting, and sculpture, came to us long ago from beautiful Greece.

The Greeks called their country Hellas, and the islands about it were really "Patches of Hellas," because their history fitted so perfectly into that of Greece itself.

Greece was divided into a number of small states, each with its own hero. In order to understand the stories of these early heroes, we must know, at first, something about the gods, for they were always assisting in the adventures of the heroic age.

The Greeks were very fond of nature and really lived in the open air. Looking up into the sky at the sun or moon or stars, or walking in the grove, or sailing over the water, they peopled them all with gods which they loved to think about and even to worship.

Mount Olympus was the highest mountain in Greece, and upon its top, often covered with clouds, was supposed to be the home of the twelve greatest gods. When they visited the earth, they came through gates of clouds.

The Greeks were a merry people and their religion consisted in songs and dancing and games and sacrifices. Every day their gods met in the

palace of their king, Jupiter, and there they discussed all the things that interested such important beings as gods. I suppose that the principal subjects were Jason and Hercules and Achilles and Ulysses, and the many adventures of these favorite heroes.

In telling about the gods and heroes of old Grecian story, we shall use the Latin names. Both Greece and Rome had very much the same gods, and the Latin or Roman names are the more familiar.

Jupiter, with majestic countenance and long beard, always sat upon his throne, and all except the Fates, who were more powerful than the gods, obeyed his will. He held a scepter and the terrible thunderbolts, and at his side was the eagle, the king among birds.

When Jupiter was angry all Olympus trembled, for these gods quarreled sometimes, and in other ways acted very much like the people on earth. They were supposed, however, to know more and to be more beautiful.

Jupiter's proud wife, Juno, queen of the gods, sat upon her throne at his left. She, too, held a royal scepter while her favorite peacock was by her side. One day Jupiter had a terrible headache, and he bade Vulcan, the blacksmith, strike his head with a hammer to relieve the pain. Vulcan

JUPITER

struck, and lo! out sprang Minerva, goddess of wisdom, fully armed with spear and helmet and beautiful shield. Minerva was the patroness of war, was not afraid to rush into battle when called upon to decide a contest; but she loved peace, too, teaching her maidens various home duties, such as sewing, spinning, and weaving. Minerva is sometimes represented with her wise little owl at her side.

Neptune could not remain on Mount Olympus for he had control of the sea. He used to drive over the waves in his chariot of many colors gleaming in the sunlight, with the merry rollicking water-nymphs sporting about him. When Neptune wished a storm, he had only to strike the water with his trident, or three-pronged spear.

Mars, completely equipped as a warrior, was the fierce, cruel god of war.

Mercury, with winged cap and sandals, was the messenger of the gods, and in his invisible cloak he flew swifter than the wind. His magic wand had great power, and when people quarreled, if it were placed between them, they would become friends. One day, seeing two fighting serpents, he threw it between them, and they at once twined lovingly about it; Mercury always kept them there to show what his wand could do.

Venus, goddess of beauty, rose out of the ocean

spray, and when the nymphs saw her they loved her for her beauty.

Gentle breezes blew her to Mount Olympus, where she was attended constantly by the three Graces. Venus knew that she was charming and proudly rejected all her suitors; Jupiter, to punish her for this, made her marry Vulcan, the lame blacksmith.

Vulcan forged for Venus a magic girdle, and when she wore this, all who saw her instantly adored her. Many of the most beautiful statues in the world are dedicated to Venus.

Cupid, the roguish little god of love, who shoots his arrows in every direction, was the son of Venus, and a mischievous boy indeed.

Vulcan was a very busy and most useful god. His forges were in the caverns of volcanic mountains. There the fires were bright and always ready to heat the gold and silver and iron for armor, weapons, thunderbolts, thrones, chariots, and palaces.

His workmen were the Cyclops, or one-eyed giants. Vulcan was always recognized by his hammer and forge.

Apollo, glorious god of the sun, and his twin sister, Diana, goddess of the moon, presided over day and night. Far away in the east, Apollo had his palace of gold and silver and ivory, glittering with jewels. Every morning his young sister,

Aurora, goddess of the dawn, unbarred the doors of his palace and preceded him, strewing his path with roses. Boys lighted the way with torches. Apollo mounted his chariot, and, taking the reins, galloped his fiery steeds over the sky, attended by the rosy hours.

The day passed, Apollo's chariot disappeared below the western horizon. Then Aurora, as goddess of the twilight, came out, lingering long enough to sprinkle with dew the thirsty flowers, and fasten the gates of the sun palace.

Soon Diana appeared in robes of darkest azure. With a silver crescent in her hair, and in her silver chariot, with horses black as night, she drove over the heavens, attended by her starry maidens.

When Apollo's work was over, he would instruct the nine Muses in the arts of music and poetry, and later join them in a merry dance. Diana, too, when not in her chariot, would lead in the jolly chase under a hunter's moon. She was then very charming, with bow in her hand, and her quiver full of arrows slung over her shoulder.

Ceres was the earth-mother. All through the summer days she was teaching the Greeks to prepare the soil for the seed; and she was happy when she saw the rich harvests of grain and golden fruit. Ceres carried a lighted torch in her hand, and was adorned with wheat, poppies. and ears of corn.

Perhaps Vesta is the best and sweetest of all who dwelt on Mount Olympus. She was the goddess of the home and hearth. Her sacred fire was kept burning in every city, and when the Greeks went forth to make new homes, they always lighted their brands at her altar, guarding them carefully in a censer, until they could kindle their own fires wherever they chanced to roam.

These twelve gods and goddesses were so human and so active that when we read of them they appear like real people. If we will remember how they looked, we may recognize them to-day more easily than many true characters in ancient history.

The Greeks made for them the most beautiful statues in the world, some of which are so perfect that they appear almost to move; and we may see copies of them in almost every sculpture gallery into which we may go.

Then, too, we find Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Neptune as stars in the heavens. Jupiter, of course, is the largest planet, for he was king; Mars, the reddest, for he was god of war; and Venus most radiant and beautiful.

Pluto reigned over the regions of the dead, and so, while he is one of the famous gods, he could not go to Mount Olympus. Besides these greater gods there were the nymphs and naiads and dryads and furies and graces and muses.

When you study mythology, you will learn about them all. Now, however, when we read about the legendary heroes of Greece, we may recognize as old friends Jupiter and Juno, Minerva and Neptune, Mars and Mercury, Venus and Vulcan, Apollo and Diana, and Ceres and Vesta.

"Who hear the gods, of them his prayers are heard."
— *Iliad.*

Jason

THERE was once a king of Thessaly, who had two children, Phryxus, a son, and Helle, a daughter. The king wickedly put away their mother, giving instead a stepmother who treated them very badly. Their own dear mother prayed to the gods on Mount Olympus to help them. In response, Mercury sent a winged ram with a golden fleece. The mother placed the children upon the ram, begging it to carry them to a place of safety. The ram with the children on its back vaulted into the air and fled away, farther and yet farther from Thessaly. Finally, in crossing the strait which separates Europe from Asia, little Helle let go, and falling off into the water was drowned. Ever since then the strait has been named the "Hellespont."

Phryxus, however, clung on until the ram landed him safely at Colchis, on the eastern shore of the Euxine Sea.

Æetes, king of Colchis, treated the boy so kindly that after sacrificing the ram to Jupiter, Phryxus gave to him the golden fleece. Æetes was so pleased with the gift that he placed it in a grove under the care of a sleeping dragon.

Phryxus and Helle, you remember, came from Thessaly in northern Greece.

In another part of Thessaly lived a prince named Jason, whose uncle, Pelias, had stolen his throne. Pelias would give it up only on condition that Jason should bring to him the precious fleece of gold.

Poor Jason! he was willing to try, but how could he go?

The Greeks, who seldom ventured far out on the great deep, had no boats large enough to carry him and his brave young friends away over to the eastern shore of the Black Sea.

But Argos built him a great ship that would hold forty men, and Jason sailed away accompanied by Hercules and Theseus and many other bold young warriors. They called their good ship the Argo, from Argos, and they were the Argonauts, sailing on the Argonautic Expedition.

They reached Colchis in safety, but only to find that the king would not give up the fleece until Jason had accomplished some adventures.

He was to tame some wild bulls so perfectly

that with them he could plow a field. On this he must sow the teeth of a dragon which Cadmus had slain.

King Æetes had a daughter Medea who was a sorceress and very unhappy at her father's court. She fell in love with Jason and promised to help him if, in return, he would take her back with him to Greece. So Jason promised, and then with a charm which Medea had given him prepared to do his deed.

At the appointed time the bulls rushed on, fiercely breathing fire from their nostrils, the sound being like the roar of a furnace. Jason advanced, and with his charm he soothed their rage, patted their necks, and slipped over them the yoke. Then he plowed the field and sowed the dragon's teeth. At once a crop of armed men sprang up, brandishing their swords as they rushed upon Jason.

His companions grew pale with fright and Medea trembled; but Jason again used his charm, and then the armed men turned upon one another and soon they all were dead.

Next, with the same charm, Jason lulled to sleep the dragon which guarded the fleece. Then seizing the treasure, and taking Medea and his young Argonauts, he escaped from Colchis on his good ship Argo.

They arrived safely in Thessaly. Jason gave the

fleece to Pelias and took his throne, and then he dedicated the Argo to Neptune.

Later he married Medea, but his life was not happy. However, it was soon ended; for as the story goes he fell asleep one warm day under the shadow of the Argo, and while he slept, a bit of wood breaking off from the prow struck him and killed him.

This story is probably a legendary account of the first real voyage of discovery made by the Greeks to a far country.

SELECTED LINES FROM THE SAILING OF THE ARGO

"And soon as by the vessel's bow
The anchor was hung up;
Then took the leader on the prow,
In hands, a golden cup;
And on great father Jove did call,
And on the winds, and waters all,
Swept by the hurrying blast;
And on the nights, and ocean way,
And on the fair, auspicious day,
And loved return at last.
From out the clouds, in answer kind,
A voice of thunder came;
And shook in glistening beams around
Burst out the lightning flame.

The chiefs breathed free; and at the sign,
Trusted in the power divine."

— PINDAR, *translated by H. F. Cary.*

Hercules

ANOTHER Greek hero was Hercules, who was said to be the strongest of men. Juno was so jealous of him that when he was a baby she sent two serpents to strangle him in the cradle; but when the serpents attacked him, the baby squeezed them to death with its little hands.

Hercules was especially renowned for the twelve difficult tasks which he performed.

He had a cousin, Eurystheus, who had stolen his birthright. Eurystheus promised Hercules, however, that if he would perform these tasks he should be carried after his death to Mount Olympus and live among the gods. Brave, strong Hercules determined that he would perform them.

At this time the woods of Greece must have been filled with very curious animals, and Hercules, by killing these, wished to deliver his country from real danger.

The gods were much interested in him and bestowed upon him valuable gifts to aid his cause. Jupiter sent him a shield; Minerva, a helmet and coat of mail; Mercury, a sword; Neptune, a horse;

Apollo, a bow and arrow; and Vulcan, a golden cuirass and brazen buskins.

Surely few warriors have been so well armed. With what courage the young Hercules started on his twelve adventures.

First he killed the Nemæan Lion. Then he attacked the Hydra, a hideous nine-headed serpent. Every time he crushed one head, another would spring into its place. At last he managed to cut and burn them all away.

Next he hunted a stag and killed a boar. Then he was asked to cleanse some very filthy stables, which he did readily by turning into them the water of two rivers.

The next feat was to destroy some horrible birds, which had brazen beaks and claws, and ready-made arrows for feathers, and which ate human flesh. Hercules sounded a brazen clapper, and as the frightened birds rose into the air, he killed them every one with his poisoned arrows.

There was a beautiful white bull in the country but it was mad and so did very much damage: but Hercules subdued it so completely that he brought it home upon his shoulder. Ever after it wandered harmless all over Greece. Next he tamed some horses, and then he killed Hippolyte, queen of a nation of women warriors called Amazons, and he was happy in securing Hippolyte's magic girdle.

Far out on a western island in the ocean that rolled about the world were some herds of purple oxen guarded by a two-headed dog, and Hercules went in search of them. In passing from the Great Sea out into the ocean, he threw up an immense bowlder on either side of him, and these were called the "Pillars of Hercules."

There was given him a golden cup in which to sail. Old Oceanus tried to frighten Hercules by shaking his hoary head; but the hero was not daunted, and after securing the oxen returned safely and sacrificed them to Juno. Now there were but two things left to do. The first was to go to the ends of the earth and bring home some golden apples found on a tree, guarded by a dragon in the Garden of the Hesperides.

Hercules brought the apples, and then faced his last and most difficult task, which was to bring from the gates of Pluto's realm the three-headed dog Cerberus. With his native strength he overcame the terrible beast, and in spite of his struggles carried him to Eurystheus, and after showing him took him back again to guard the gates of Hades.

Besides these "Twelve Labors," Hercules assisted in other adventures, all of which were successful. When he died, Jupiter enveloped him in a cloud and bore him away in a four-horse chariot to Mount Olympus, where, having overcome all

earthly trials, he lives forever in bliss among the gods.

SELECTED VERSES FROM HELLAS

"Land of bards and heroes, hail!
Land of gods and godlike men,
Thine were hearts that could not quail —
Earth was glorious then;
Thine were souls that dared be free;
Power, and fame, and liberty.

"Like the infant Hercules,
Thou didst spring at once to power,
With the energy that frees
Millions in an hour;
From the wave, the rock, the glen,
Freedom called her chosen then.

"Land where every vale and mountain
Echoes to immortal strains,
Light is round the stream and fountain,
Light in all thy plains.
Never shall thy glory set;
Thou shalt be our beacon yet."

— JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

Homer

HOMER, the "Poet of Heroes," is supposed to be the author of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," the

oldest poems in Greece. They were stories of the Trojan War, and of the brave deeds of its many half-legendary heroes, among whom were Achilles and Ulysses.

Homer may have been a schoolmaster, who, tired of teaching, roamed as a minstrel over the land. It is thought that he became blind. Perhaps he wrote, and perhaps he sung or recited to the music of the harp, poems of love and war; and as his stories told of their early heroes, the Greeks delighted in him.

Seven cities claimed to be his birthplace, and to him were paid divine honors, for he stirred his countrymen with his pathos and sublime descriptions. We love to think that this blind poet lived and wrote, and gave to Greece her infant literature.

But it was so very long ago that we are not quite sure of the truth of all we read. Some think that a single poet did not write the poems, but that they are fragments of ballads sung by different wandering bards. Homer's name may mean "compiler"; perhaps he only collected the songs. But be this as it may, the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are among the most wonderful poems that ever have been composed. They were studied by every Greek boy as a necessary part of his education, as they are to-day by every American boy who strives to be a classical scholar. The story

of the "Iliad" really began in a quarrel among the gods on Mount Olympus. One day as they were feasting, Ate, the goddess of discord, who had not been invited, threw among them one of the golden apples from the Garden of the Hesperides. On the apple were the words, "To the fairest." There sat Juno, queen of heaven; Minerva, goddess of wisdom; and Venus, goddess of grace. What wonder that the question arose as to which one the apple should belong, and how could it be answered? Paris, the son of Priam, king of Troy, was a shepherd on Mount Ida, and before him the lovely trio appeared, asking him to decide. Juno offered him a mighty throne if he would vote for her; Minerva promised to make him the wisest of men; and Venus, to give him the loveliest wife on earth.

Paris held the apple long in his hand, and finally gave it to Venus. She was very proud and happy to receive it, and determined to keep her promise at once. She told Paris to build a ship, cross the sea, and visit at the court of Menelaus, king of Sparta.

Now, before going farther, let us find on the map Troy, or Ilium, on the coast of Asia Minor, from which the "Iliad" is named, and from which Paris sailed, and Sparta, in southern Greece, where he was to visit; for it is between these two cities and

MINERVA.

on account of the golden apple that the Trojan War was fought.

Paris sailed to Sparta, and was received most kindly by Menelaus.

When Paris found that Helen, the wife of Menelaus, was the most beautiful woman in the world, he carried her with all her treasures back to Troy.

Then Menelaus was indignant, and Greek princes from far and near were called upon to assist him in bringing fair Helen home again. His brother, Agamemnon, as the head of a mighty host, sailed away over the Ægean Sea to attack Troy. The siege lasted ten years. Among Agamemnon's warriors were the brave Achilles and the wise Ulysses.

Hector, the son of Priam and brother of Paris, boldly led the Trojan host against the Greeks. The gods on Mount Olympus interfered constantly on both sides. For nine years the war continued without results, when a quarrel occurred between Achilles and Agamemnon, and with this the "Iliad" opens.

HOMER'S BIRTHPLACE

"Seven cities now contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

"Can all the wreaths that crown his head
Compensate now to Homer dead
The living Homer's want of bread?
Yet who would not a beggar be
To be as much renowned as he;
I would, in sooth, 'twere offered me."

Achilles

ACHILLES, the principal Greek hero of the Trojan War, was the son of Peleus, king of Thessaly, and the sea nymph, Thetis.

When he was an infant, Thetis dipped him in the river Styx to render him invulnerable; but as she held him by the heel, that remained vulnerable.

Achilles was a beautiful youth, and was taught the arts of war, music, and eloquence, and when the Spartan warriors were preparing to go to Troy, a diviner told Hercules that the city never could be taken without the aid of Achilles. Thetis disguised her son as a woman, but he was discovered by Ulysses and joined the armament.

Among the captives taken by Achilles was a beautiful maiden, and Agamemnon, the "King of Men," set his affections upon her. The laws of war required that Achilles should give her up to Agamemnon. Achilles was brave and generous,

but very passionate, and being provoked with Agamemnon, left the camp.

The Greeks had been successful; but now the Trojans advanced, and the Greeks were driven to their ships.

They begged Achilles to return and again lead them on to victory, but he was deaf to all entreaties. Finally, however, he allowed his friend Patroclus to put on his armor and to fight in his place; but Hector killed Patroclus, and then the wrath of Achilles knew no bounds. Burning for revenge, he went at once into battle and killed brave Hector in single combat, dragging him in triumph in the dust behind his chariot.

Then grief-stricken old Priam, Hector's father, came unarmed into the camp of Achilles and begged the body of his son. Achilles received him graciously and granted his urgent request.

Lion-hearted Achilles, young and beautiful, was the typical Grecian warrior of the early day. Troy, at last, was taken by stratagem. The Greeks pretended to go away, leaving as an offering to Minerva a great wooden horse. The Trojans, thinking it a trophy, dragged it into the city. It was filled with armed men, and on a fatal night they crept out in the darkness and opened the gates to the Greek army outside.

The Greeks were victorious, and Menelaus car-

ried Helen back to Troy. The story of the "Iliad" ends with the death of Hector.

The common tradition about the death of Achilles is as follows: he went into a temple with the daughter of Priam to be married to her, and her brother, Paris, who did not wish her to marry the Greek warrior, aimed an arrow at Achilles. It struck his defenseless heel, and, of course, killed him.

When Achilles was a boy, his mother, Thetis, asked him whether he would prefer a long, quiet life, or a short one, full of military glory; he chose the latter, and Thetis prayed to Jupiter, and as we have read, her request was granted.

"Achilles absent was Achilles still."

— *Iliad.*

Ulysses

Besides the "Iliad," Homer is said to have written the "Odyssey." It describes the home-coming of Ulysses after the Trojan War, and is called the "Odyssey," from his Greek name Odysseus.

Ulysses, the king of Ithaca, was very happy in his home, and he did not wish to go to the war, for he must leave behind his fair young wife, Penelope, and his beautiful little son, Telemachus. He was a wise man, and could foresee that the war would be long and terrible. However, as a king, he

did not know how to refuse; but as we shall soon discover, he was a man of many devices.

He pretended to be mad, and to do a foolish thing he took a yoke of oxen and plowed the seashore. His friends knew his cunning, and to prove him, placed his infant son in the way of the plow. Ulysses instantly turned the plow aside. Then they knew that he was feigning, and forced him to go to Troy.

Poor Ulysses! the struggle lasted ten years, and when it was over he and his friends started in several ships on their return to Ithaca. They had many remarkable adventures on the Great Sea, and it was twenty years before they reached home.

First they were caught in a terrible storm; then upon reaching the land of the dreamy lotus-eater, three of his men ate the lotus. The effect of this was to make them forget home and friends, and it was only by great effort that Ulysses dragged them back to the ships.

They next arrived at the country of the Cyclops, one-eyed giants, and in exploring the island for food Ulysses found a cave stored with milk and cheese and lambs. These belonged to a huge and fierce giant; but by one of his clever devices Ulysses succeeded in getting away safely with his companions.

Then for a month a visit was paid to Æolus, god of the winds, and his noisy, quarrelsome children.

Æolus liked Ulysses, and on his departure gave him bags full of the many kinds of winds which he would need to blow him safely over the waters.

The gentle wind Zephyrus blew the ship along in safety, and after eight days sailing, at last Ithaca was in sight.

Feeling now that all danger was over and home very near, Ulysses fell asleep. Then his curious and greedy sailors, thinking that the bags held treasures, opened them and out blew winds of various kinds, wildly tossing the boat back over the sea. Presently they reached the island of Circe. Circe was a witch who immediately transformed some of the men into swine. But Mercury gave Ulysses a charm, by the magic power of which Circe was obliged to change his followers once more to men.

Then Circe, finding that she could not injure them, entertained them royally day after day, until they almost dreaded to embark again on the stormy sea. Their next visit was to Pluto's abode, deep down under the earth, where they saw Ajax, Achilles, and Agamemnon.

Now they must next pass the dangerous rocks where Sirens with sweet songs lured mariners to death.

Ulysses filled the ears of his crew with wax as the ship sailed past; he, however, heard the voices of the Sirens safely by having himself tied to the mast. Ulysses had been warned by Circe of two monsters, Scylla and Charybdis.

He kept stout watch as he tried to pass between them; but while the eyes of all were on Charybdis, the snaky Scylla caught six of his men and took them away. They were next shipwrecked, and borne on a raft to the island of the nymph Calypso. She received Ulysses kindly, and entertained him magnificently — indeed, she wished him to remain with her forever; but Jupiter told her that she must send him away. So she had a raft prepared, and advising him how to meet the dangers which were yet before him, she gave him a favoring gale. After encountering yet other hardships, Ithaca was reached at last.

But what had become of faithful Penelope during all these years? More than a hundred young suitors had come to her palace and wished to marry her; but she waited and hoped for her husband's return, and so used every art to delay them. She was engaged in weaving a robe and promised to make her choice among the suitors when it was finished. Day after day she worked on the robe, and in the night she undid the work. This was called "Penelope's Web." So many years had passed

that Penelope was becoming discouraged, and had decided to choose from among the suitors. She was preparing to hold a great festival, and had promised to give her hand to him who should shoot an arrow from the great bow of Ulysses through twelve rings.

The suitors tried in turn, but without success. Then spoke a beggar who had appeared before the palace, humbly asking to be permitted to try, and he said, "Beggar as I am, I was once a soldier, and there is yet some strength in these old limbs of mine."

The suitors objected, but Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, to gratify the old man, bade him try. So the pretended old beggar, who was really Ulysses in disguise, drew the string and sped the arrow unerringly through the rings. Then turning upon the suitors with the remaining arrows he killed them every one. He then revealed himself to his faithful Penelope and to his son Telemachus; again he mounted his throne and ruled wisely ever afterward.

The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" are full of descriptions of noble characters and great actions. In our own day, Dr. Schliemann, a German explorer, has found the ruins of Ilium, or Troy, and among other things has dug up some ornaments which he feels sure were worn by King Priam.

An ancient poet describes how the Greeks were affected when they recited the "Iliad" and "Odyssey": "When that which I recite is pathetic, my eyes fill with tears; when it is awful or terrible, my hair stands on end and my heart leaps; the spectators also weep in sympathy and look aghast with terror."

No wonder is it that Greece held as its most precious treasures the poems of Homer.

Theseus

In early times every city of Greece had its hereditary king, supposed to be descended from the gods.

Theseus, the hero of Athens, was almost as strong as Hercules, whose praises were sung everywhere; for had he not destroyed the monsters and other evil-doers that had infested the country? Theseus admired Hercules and longed to be like him. Among his early adventures was the killing of the robber Procrustes.

Procrustes had two iron bedsteads, one long and one short, and to these he tied all travelers who fell into his hands. The tall men he cut down to fit the short bedstead, while he pulled out the short men to fit the long one. Of course Theseus killed Procrustes on one of his own bedsteads.

At this time Athens was sorely troubled by a yearly tribute of seven boys and seven girls which the city was obliged to pay to Minos, king of Crete. These children were sent to Crete to be devoured by a monster called the Minotaur, half bull and half man. This creature was kept in such a winding labyrinth that whoever was once inside could never find his way out.

Theseus determined to kill the monster, and so offered himself as one of the seven youths to be sent to Crete. The boat in which they were sent carried a black sail, on account of its terrible mission; but Theseus promised his father that if he succeeded in slaying the Minotaur, he would hoist a white sail on the way home.

Theseus reached Crete in safety, and there won the love of the fair Ariadne, the daughter of King Minos.

Ariadne gave him a sharp sword and a skein of thread, by means of which, after much unwinding and winding, he might find his way safely in and out of the labyrinth. Theseus slew the Minotaur, escaped from the labyrinth, and with his lovely bride started for home.

Stopping on an island, he treacherously left Ariadne sleeping there and sailed away for Athens.

On approaching the coast of Greece, Theseus forgot to raise the white sail. The old king had

long been watching for his son's return. He saw the black sail and, supposing that Theseus was dead, he killed himself in terrible grief; thus Theseus, on landing, immediately became king.

In his next adventure he tried, like Hercules, to conquer the Amazons, and his famous battle with these huge women warriors was fought in the very center of Athens.

After many other strange doings, Theseus lost the favor of his people and was killed.

Hundreds of years later, when the Greeks were fighting their greatest battle at Marathon, the shade of Theseus appeared, and urged them on to their wonderful victory over the Persian host.

To-day, in Athens, just below the rocky Acropolis, we find the ruins of a grand temple called the Theseum, and it is said to be the tomb of Theseus, the hero king of Athens.

Lycurgus

SPARTA was, at first, the capital of one of the weakest little states of Greece; but about 900 B.C. a certain Lycurgus appeared, destined to become the famous Spartan lawgiver.

Seeing how badly Sparta was governed, and wishing to make new and better laws, Lycurgus traveled far and wide to learn how other countries

were ruled. He visited at the court of King Minos of Crete, and also went to India to study about Brahmanism. Then, coming back to Greece, he visited the oracle at Delphi, and prayed to know its w... concerning him. Calling him "Beloved of the Gods," it replied that Apollo had heard his request, and had promised that his code of laws should be the finest in the world, and the state that obeyed them the best governed in Greece.

Happy Lycurgus! he immediately returned to Sparta and, asking thirty nobles to help him, prepared to govern the city.

In order to understand the laws of Lycurgus, let us first see how they influenced every single Spartan from the very beginning of his life. The tiny baby was examined to find if it was sound and well; if not, it was exposed to die in a mountain glen, for only strong men were needed in Sparta. If the child lived, when he was seven years old, he was obliged to leave his father's home, live in a public institution, and be cared for by a boy trainer. Here he was taught reading and martial music, and practiced gymnastics. On festival days, he was whipped before the altar in order to learn to bear pain without a moan; for a Spartan boy would rather die than cry out. Perhaps you have read the story so often told of a boy who stole a fox and hid it under his tunic. The fox was very

hungry, and the boy allowed it to tear out his vitals before showing by the movement of a muscle that he was in pain.

Boys always ate at the public tables, fifteen messing together in the barracks. While the older men talked over public affairs, the boys must sit like statues unless some one spoke to them; and about the only remark that was ever directed to them was, "Look you, sir, nothing said here goes out there."

Meat was given to them only on holidays. The ordinary food was meal, cheese, and figs, and a black broth so bitter that it needed a very hungry boy to eat it.

When the Spartan was thirty years old he was obliged to marry; but he must still live and eat in the barracks, and not until he was sixty was he released from the hard life.

The only money allowed was in great iron weights; even the sum of a hundred and forty dollars would need either a good-sized room to hold it or an ox team to carry it about. For a Spartan must neither hoard his money nor buy "foreign trumpery"; for him there was neither gold nor ivory nor carpets nor soft cushions nor any of the luxuries so much enjoyed by other people.

In conversation three words must never be used if two would answer. A "Laconic" style, it was

called, the word being taken from Laconia, the little country of which Sparta was the capital. I wonder how the boys and girls of our day would enjoy using a Laconic style!

The one idea of Lycurgus was to make a nation of soldiers who would prefer death to military dishonor. The men were trained in small companies so that every one should fight well. Mothers gave to their sons when departing for war a shield, saying, "With it or upon it"; that is, either bring it back or as a dead warrior be brought home upon it.

If, in flight, a soldier lost his shield, he never again showed his face in Sparta.

And the Spartans *did* become the best soldiers in Greece, and the whole city was a camp. Other cities were protected by walls; Sparta's defense was her camp of sturdy warriors, whose simple lives and perfect drill made them a power everywhere in war times. Five ephors, chosen yearly, governed the city, and with such stern sway that even kings obeyed them.

A story is told of a king, who, on returning from a journey, dared to dine with his wife, and for doing this just once he was severely punished by the ephors. Without their consent, the Spartans were not allowed to visit other lands, and minstrels, merchants, and trading ships from other countries came very rarely to Sparta.

Lycurgus firmly established all his laws; then making the people promise to keep them until his return, he again went to consult the oracle at Delphi. This time it told him that Sparta would be perfect so long as it obeyed him. So he decided never to go back. Perhaps he went into exile, or else starved himself to death; but for five hundred years Sparta was faithful to its lawgiver.

Some have doubted the story of Lycurgus; but whether he really lived or not, these laws were enforced about 900 B.C., and they did make famous warriors of the Spartans.

The Delphic Oracle

Besides the poems of Homer which were sung and recited in every town, the independent states of Greece had three things which they shared together: the amphictyonies, the oracles, and the games.

Perhaps in these we may compare Greece with our own country; for we know that while each state has its governor, there are some important things about which all the United States must consult and agree. Each state, therefore, sends its representatives to Washington, and they with the President decide our great matters.

It is true that the Greeks had no president: had this been the case, its union would have been

more complete; but the three things which they strongly held in common formed a firm bond.

First, the amphictyonic council. Amphictyony is a long word, but it means simply a "league of neighbors." Very early amphictyonies were formed all over Greece. They were councils of tribes formed to prevent cruel war and to protect some favorite temple.

The most famous amphictyony was at Delphi, and it not only protected the temple of Apollo there, but it also regulated the affairs of all Greece.

The oracles became a second bond of union. They were responses given by the gods to those who asked them what it was best to do about some great venture.

We have seen in the life of Lycurgus how the oracle decided everything for him. Like all messages from Mount Olympus, the responses were spoken usually through something in nature.

Apollo was the god by whom the response was generally sent — perhaps because he ruled over life and light, and also presided over the Muses.

Many shrines were dedicated to him, the most celebrated one being at Delphi. Here, on the side of Mount Parnassus, there was a rocky crevice, from which arose an intoxicating odor, and whenever any passers-by inhaled this, they were seized at once with convulsive ravings. So it was decided

that the vapors must be the breath of Apollo, and any one wishing to receive a message from him had only to inhale it.

Over the chasm a beautiful temple was built to the sun god, within which the Greeks placed his golden statue with a fire always burning near. On the exact spot over which the gas issued from the clefts, a sacred, three-legged stool, called a tripod, was placed.

A Delphian priestess, having spent three days in bathing and fasting, would take her seat upon the tripod and inhale the vapors. As she breathed it in, it was thought that she became inspired.

She uttered strange sounds which the priest standing near her would interpret to mean anything he chose. He would make just such a response as he thought best to the anxious people, who perhaps had come from very far to consult the oracle.

Whatever the answer, it must be obeyed fully or the questioner could never again be happy. Such was the confidence which the Greeks placed in this holy oracle.

The Olympic Games

The third link which united the Greeks in a bond of brotherhood was their games. These were a series of athletic sports at first performed at the

tombs of their ancestors. The Greeks believed that the dead could enjoy the same sights which they had enjoyed while living.

Later, the games became religious festivals held at the shrine of some god, who, they thought, was always present.

The Greeks reckoned time from the first Olympiad, or the beginning of the Olympic games, 776 B.C.

They were held at Olympia. Here was Jupiter's most splendid temple and his statue, which was one of the "Seven Wonders of the World." The ruins seen to-day at Olympia are more interesting than those at Athens.

Heralds proclaimed the games, and from all parts of the world people flocked to enjoy them. If a war was raging, a truce would be made long enough for all to go and return in safety. The games commenced and ended with solemn sacrifices. To be admitted to the contest, a man must prove that he was a free Hellene, and that he never had committed a sin against god or man.

The Olympian games lasted for five days. The contests consisted of wrestling and boxing, and foot- and chariot-racing, the contestants with a certain charm and beauty of motion doing everything to increase their muscular strength.

The horse- and chariot-races held the highest rank, and the honor of the victory always be-

longed to the owner of the horse or chariot, whether he was present or absent.

The victor was crowned with an olive garland cut from a tree in the sacred grove of Olympus. Then a palm branch was placed in his hand, and his name proclaimed abroad by a herald.

Many honors awaited him on returning to his native city. Sometimes a breach would be opened in the city wall so as to receive him as a conqueror. Orators lauded his victory, poets sang his praises, sculptors carved his statue, and he wore his victor's wreath all through his life.

The other games were the Delphian, Nemæan, and Isthmian. In some of these, literary contests were held in which poets recited their finest verses and artists displayed their masterpieces. So in both bodily and literary contests the Greeks, through their games, were inspired to do beautiful things.

Solon

Sparta, founded by the Dorian tribes, and Athens, by the Ionian, were the most renowned cities of Greece; indeed, their life and quarrels form a large part of Greek history.

We have spoken of military Sparta and of Lycurgus, the famous lawgiver. His laws and the army which resulted from keeping them were all

that Sparta gave to the world. Not so with lovely little Athens. Her people were fond of travel and commerce; they had a wonderful sense of beauty, and loved poetry, music, and sculpture.

In legendary days, Neptune and Minerva had a contest as to which should name the city; for the privilege was to be given to the one who could bring forth the most useful thing.

Neptune struck the ground with his trident, and a strong and noble horse sprung up. Wise Minerva produced an olive tree, and the judge felt sure that Neptune had won; for was not a horse always more useful than a tree?

Then Minerva told them that an olive tree could furnish wood to build a house, fuel for fire, its fruit would give food and oil, and clothing could be made from the fiber.

So the Greeks knew that they could better live without a horse than an olive tree.

Minerva, having gained the victory, called the city Athens from her Greek name "Athene." Her shrine was placed on the Acropolis, a flat-topped rock rising one hundred and fifty feet above the plain.

In legendary days Athens was governed by kings, and later by archons who ruled the city very badly. They attacked the nobles, treated the people as slaves, throwing them into prison or

THE ACROPOLIS RESTORED

selling them for debt. Indeed, the whole city was given over to terrible misrule.

Then Draco was called upon to assist in restoring order. He made a code of laws which only reduced the old rule to a simpler form, for every crime was punished by death. In fact, his laws were said to be written in blood.

Now Solon appeared, the first of the many famous men whom Greece has given to the world. Though descended from the early kings, Solon was very poor; but he gained a fortune by commerce. Then, like other scholars of his day, he traveled in the East to study the habits of other countries; he became so learned that he was called the first of the "Seven Wise Men" of Greece.

The others were Periander, Pittacus, Chilo, Thales, Cleobulus, and Bion. These "Wise Men" or sages were poets and philosophers, and their short and pithy sayings, called proverbs, helped to decide the questions that absorbed the attention of the thinking Greeks.

Solon, besides being one of the sages, became a poet, statesman, and general. He was loved by the poor and trusted by all. In his time the island of Salamis had just been taken from Athens and the city could not get it back. It seemed so absurd to try that they said that any one who made the attempt should be punished by death.

Solon, like Ulysses, pretended to be mad and went about reciting warlike poems, until his countrymen were so stirred that they made a brave attack to recover their precious Salamis, and they succeeded. Then the Athenians were proud of Solon, and made him tyrant over Athens for two years. The word "tyrant," in those days, simply meant "ruler"; for it was in later times that rulers abused their rights, and became what we now call tyrants.

Solon was asked to make a new code of laws. He first repealed Draco's harsh rules and relieved those who were in debt. He forbade parents to sell their children, instead of which they were to teach each boy a trade. When the fathers were old, the sons, in return, must care for them.

Solon divided the people into four classes, according to their birth, and every free-born Athenian was to have a vote in the assembly. In every way he tried to make the government so free that nobles could not tyrannize over the people. Besides, he wished them to be afraid to do wrong and to do right from a sense of honor.

When he was asked one day how injustice could be banished from a republic, he replied, "By making all men feel the injustice done to each man."

These are two of Solon's best known proverbs:

"He that tells lies in sport will soon tell them in earnest," and "Look to the end of life." Both Draco's and Solon's laws were written on wooden blocks, and placed in different parts of the city where all might read them. The city prospered under Solon's wise rule. But like all great men he could not satisfy everybody. The nobles blamed him for doing too much, and the common people for not doing enough.

Solon himself said that while he had done his best, he knew that his laws were not perfect.

He made the people take an oath that they would keep them for ten years. Then, to get away from all his troubles, he traveled in the East. When he came back, his nephew, Pisistratus, ruled over Athens.

Pisistratus was a proud man, but he treated Solon very kindly, often asking his advice when he was perplexed.

But Solon did not live very long. At his own request, his body after death was burned, and the ashes scattered around the island of Salamis, which as a young man he had won for Athens.

Plato later said of Solon, "If he had loved poetry, Homer would not have been alone in his glory." But Solon loved right laws, and just at this time in Athens they were needed far more than poetry.

CONSTITUTION OF A STATE

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned;
No: men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude —
Men who their duties know,
Know, too, their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain."

—Sir William Jones.

Crœsus

Solon, on one of his journeys, visited Lydia, the richest province in Asia Minor, for it contained mountains full of precious ores, and beautiful rivers and valleys.

Crœsus was the last and most splendid king of Lydia. From his gold mines and the wealth of his cities he had so much money that his name passed into the proverb, "As rich as Crœsus."

Crœsus welcomed Solon to his court and proudly showed him all his treasures, but he was amazed because Solon seemed so indifferent. However, he was determined to force a compliment from Solon,

so he asked the wise man, "Who do you think is the happiest man on the earth?"

Solon replied, "Tellus, an honest man, who was neither rich nor poor, but had good children and died fighting bravely for his country."

Crœsus was surprised and vexed at the reply, but added, "Who do you think is the next happiest?" "Two brothers," replied Solon, "who were so dutiful to their mother that when she wanted to go to the temple of Juno, they yoked themselves to a car and drew her there, and then lay down to sleep and died without pain or grief."

Crœsus could stand it no longer, and said, "Do you not think *me* a happy man?" "Ah!" replied Solon, "call no man happy until he is dead."

Crœsus was mortified, and neglected Solon.

Crœsus was so rich that he was not afraid of anybody, even of the great Cyrus, king of the Medo-Persian Empire. Cyrus was conquering the countries east of Asia Minor, and very gradually was approaching Lydia. Crœsus, determining to attack him, consulted the oracle. The answer was that when he should make the attack a mighty kingdom would be overthrown.

Crœsus, with his usual pride, thought that the oracle intended that he was to overthrow the Medo-Persian Empire. He made a fatal mistake. Instead, Cyrus, the great king of that empire, conquered Lydia,

and prepared to burn Crœsus near the gate of his capital city, Sardis. As the story goes, the pyre was erected and Crœsus bound upon it. Just as they were about to set fire to it, Crœsus called three times, "Solon! Solon! Solon!"

Cyrus was watching in the distance, and asked upon what god or man Crœsus was calling in his trouble. Crœsus replied that it was a man whom he wished every monarch knew; and then he told the story of Solon.

This so interested Cyrus that he at once released Crœsus and took him home with him to Persia, and ever after they were the warmest friends.

So we find that in other countries, as well as in Greece, Solon's words were remembered; and even to-day we may recall with much interest the laws of Solon, the first wise man of Greece.

Marathon

Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis are the great battles of the Græco-Persian War which we have now to fight. Every war must have a cause. To discover the real meaning of this conflict, we begin our story with the rule of Pisistratus in Athens.

Pisistratus was a kinsman of Solon. He called himself the "Friend of the People." At first he

was so haughty that they did not like him; but after he had been banished from the city two or three times, his rule became mild and wise, and they became really fond of him.

After his death, his sons, Hippias and Hipparchus, were proud and insolent, and the people determined that they should continue in power no longer.

So a conspiracy was made to get rid of both men. On a festival day, when every one carried myrtle boughs as well as swords and shields, the conspirators concealed daggers in their boughs. They treacherously killed Hipparchus, but Hippias escaped.

Seeing that the people hated him, and fearing every day that they would try to kill him, Hippias fled from Athens. After long wandering, he reached the court of Darius, king of Persia.

Now let us see what was the empire over which Darius ruled.

For nearly two hundred years the Medes and Persians had been growing strong in western Asia, and when they united and formed the Medo-Persian Empire everything fell before its conquering power.

Persia was an empire of immense extent, and into one little corner of it the whole of Greece might easily have been placed.

The Persians had built great post-roads from Susa, the capital, all over the empire, with ferries and bridges and relays of horses for couriers.

In traveling over these roads, one would meet nobles, peasants, Arab steeds, and donkeys laden with skins of oil and wine, and caravans winding slowly along. Truly, as one has said, "Persia helped to set the world a-mixing!"

The Persians thought their king divine, and royal secretaries wrote down his laws as he spoke them. Though he had power to do nearly everything else, he could never change these, and so arose the proverb, "As fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians." Satraps were appointed as governors over the provinces. They were watched by men called the "Eyes and Ears"; and if the "Eyes and Ears" reported the slightest wrong deed, a satrap was punished by death.

The king was attended in war by ten thousand Immortals, his sacred guard, their armor glittering with silver and gold. They were the finest men chosen from the nations over which he held sway.

Darius was king of Persia. This monarch was very curious about the new unknown continent of Europe, and he had already obtained there two provinces, Thrace and Macedon.

It was just at this time that the traitor Hippias went to the Persian court and told his story. Hippias begged the king to avenge the death of Hipparchus, by conquering Greece and restoring his power in Athens.

THE
PERSIAN EMPIRE
SCYTHIA
Danube R.
THRACE
MACEDONIA
EUXINE SEA
Caucasus Mts.
CASPIAN SEA
SEA OF ARAL
Jaxartes R.
MASSAGETÆ
Oxus R.
SOGDIANA
MYSIA
LYDIA
PHRYGIA
CAPPADOCIA
Halys R.
ARMENIA
Sardis
IONIA
Miletus
CILICIA
Crete
Rhodes
Cyprus
ASSYRIA
Bactra
BACTRIA
PARTHIA
HYRCANIA
MEDIA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Sidon
Tyre
SYRIA
Tadmor
Euphrates R.
Tigris R.
Ecbatana
ARACHOSIA
Hydaspes R.
Hyphasis R.
Jerusalem
Gaza
Babylon
Susa
PERSIA
Pasargada
Persepolis
Pelusium
Memphis
CARMANIA
Deserts
GEDROSIA
Indus R.
EGYPT
Thebes
Nile R.
RED SEA
PERSIAN GULF
ERYTHRÆAN SEA
20
25
30
35
40
45
50
55
60
65
70
75
80
Longitude East from London
Fish & Co.

Darius thought as Greece was so small that this would be an easy thing to do.

It is said that Darius had once seen a beautiful Greek girl, a slave, walking very erect, carrying a pitcher of water on her head, and leading a horse by a bridle which she carried over her arm, while at the same time her hands were busy with her distaff. He had often recalled the girl, and had wished to see more of those handsome Greeks about whom he had heard so much.

So he decided to attack the country. Hearing of the plan of the Persians, a single Greek determined to go to Athens and Sparta and implore their aid against the Persians.

He went with two boxes of plates on which was engraved a map of the world as then known. What a little world it must have been! and on the map it looked quite easy to march from Sardis to Susa! But when the Spartan king found that it would take three months, he would not consent; and when the Greek tried to bribe him, his little daughter cried out, "Go away! father, this man will do you harm!" Cleomenes took this as the response of an oracle, and would not assist.

Then the Greek went to Athens, and the Athenians listened more willingly. They promised to go against the Persians, and helped at once by assisting the cities of Asia Minor to capture and burn Sardis.

Then Darius, the great king, indignantly inquired what sort of men these Greeks were who dared oppose him. Seizing his bow and arrows, he shot into the air praying, "O supreme god, grant that I may avenge myself on the Athenians!" He also caused a slave to repeat to him before every meal, "Master, remember the Athenians."

The request of Hippias and the burning of Sardis had brought on the struggle. Darius at once raised troops from all over his broad empire to send against Greece, under the command of his son-in-law, Mardonius. The land troops were defeated by the Thracians, and the fleet was wrecked by a violent storm while trying to get around Mount Athos.

Darius then sent heralds to demand from the Grecian cities earth and water, — tokens of their submission. The little cities were frightened, and promptly gave the heralds what they asked.

Not so proud Athens and Sparta! They threw the envoys into pits and wells, bidding them help themselves to "earth and water."

Darius was furious and vowed vengeance, and by the beginning of the year 490 B.C. a new army of one hundred and twenty thousand men was ready to march upon Greece.

It was to be led by Datis and Artaphernes, and

the traitor Hippias promised to show them the shortest way to Athens.

There was no time to be lost, and as six hundred ships filled with Persian troops sailed west over the Ægean Sea, the Athenians displayed great energy. Miltiades, the general to whom the command was given, used all his energies to raise an army.

Slaves became soldiers by being promised their liberty, if Athens should win.

Pheidippides, the swiftest runner, was sent to Sparta to ask for help. He ran the distance of one hundred and fifty miles in thirty-six hours, but only to be told that among the Spartans there was an old law which prevented the soldiers from going to war till after the full moon. So Sparta, with her splendid troops, refused to give assistance.

The war could not wait for a full moon, for by that time the Persians might overrun all Greece. With the exception of the Platæans, who were grateful to Athens because of a former kindness, the Athenians alone must now meet the Persian onset.

The Persian fleet appeared in the sheltered bay of Marathon, twenty-two miles from Athens. Around the bay was a crescent-shaped plain, and back of it were hills. One hundred and ten thousand Persians, from over six hundred different nations, disembarked with all the panoply of war.

Even their slaves were more in number than all the soldiers of the Greek army! There were foot-soldiers with bows and short spears, and gayly decked horses with their riders ready to throw their javelins in every direction.

Darius had ordered that they should win the battle first, then march on to Athens, plunder and burn the city, and bring the Athenians in chains to Persia. They had brought with them the chains, and also a great block of white marble which was to be left on the battle-field as their monument of success.

After landing, the Persians spread themselves along the narrow valley, their best soldiers standing firm in the center.

Sheltered by the hills back of the Persians, Miltiades drew up his little army of Greeks, only ten thousand strong. He lined his troops up in ranks as long as those of Persia, but having one-tenth the number of the Persians, his ranks were far less deep.

The Greeks, nerved to great energy, made their sacrifices, invoking the aid of their gods and heroes, and without waiting for the Persians to attack them, at a signal from Miltiades they started at full run down the hill.

The Persians were crowded so closely together on the narrow plain that they could not hurl their javelins. Many of them threw away their weapons

and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the Greeks. The Greeks, having plenty of room, thrust their spears to right and to left, and the wicker shields of the Persians could not withstand them.

In the beginning, the Greeks charged like a tempest upon the wings of the Persian army, and when these were broken, they closed upon its center.

Soon men and horses were rolling and trampling upon one another in wild confusion and the Persians were fleeing to their ships.

Before this the Greeks always had advanced slowly into battle. Herodotus says, "These were the first Greeks that ever ran to meet the foe and the first that beheld without dismay the garb and armor of the Medes." And such faith had they in their hero-king, Theseus, that many believed that during the battle his gigantic form hovered over the Athenians and urged them on to victory.

The Persians left six thousand four hundred dead upon the field. Datis was killed, and the old traitor Hippias died of his wounds.

Only one hundred and ninety-two Greeks were slain, and over them an enormous mound of earth was raised, crowned by ten marble columns, bearing their names. A part of this mound may be seen to-day on the battle-field of Marathon, very near Athens.

Directly after the battle, Pheidippides hastened

to carry the good tidings to Athens, and exclaiming, "Victory is ours!" he fell dead.

Two days after the battle the Spartans arrived. They had marched instantly after the full moon, but they found that they were too late to share in the glorious victory. So congratulating the Athenian soldiers, they marched home again. Indeed, all Greece praised Athens — and what wonder, for was it not a marvelous triumph when ten thousand Greeks had overthrown ten times their number? Very truly this was the birthday of Athenian greatness. Never again was there achieved in the history of Greece a victory more memorable than that at Marathon, four hundred and ninety years B.C.

MARATHON

"Miltiades, thy victories
Must every Persian own,
And hallowed by thy prowess lies
The field of Marathon."

—*From the Greek.*

SELECTION FROM PHEIDIPPIDES

"Yes, he fought on the Marathon day;
So, when Persia was dust, all cried, 'Lo,
Acropolis!
Run, Pheidippides, one race more! the meed is
thy due!

Athens is saved, thank Pan! go shout!' he flung
down his shield!
Ran like fire once more; and the space 'twixt the
fennel-field
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire
runs through,
Till in he broke: 'Rejoice, we conquer!' Like
wine through clay,
Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—
The bliss!"

—Robert Browning.

Thermopylæ

The defeat at Marathon fired Darius of Persia with a great resolve,—he would go himself and conquer Greece. But unfortunately for his country he died before he could carry out his purpose. His fiery, impetuous son, Xerxes, succeeded to the throne, and at once decided to subject not only Greece, but the whole continent of Europe. Then what gigantic preparations were made!

From India to Thrace, from Egypt to the Ægean Sea, the whole world resounded with the din.

A line of march was planned, storehouses were built along the route, and filled with provisions which were the harvest of years. A magnificent bridge, a mile long, was constructed across the Hellespont. It rested upon boats chained together,

and had a double roadway that soldiers and animals might cross on different sides; also high parapets that the animals might not be frightened by seeing the water.

When it was partly completed, it was injured by a storm. Hot-tempered Xerxes, not used to being opposed in such a way, ordered the sea to be lashed with whips, and fetters to be thrown into it to show that he was its master.

As you may know, such preparation took years, and it was not until the spring of 480 B.C., ten years after the fight at Marathon, that the army met at Sardis to pass over the Hellespont and thence through Thrace and Macedonia down into Greece, while the ships and transports were to come by water. I wish that we knew exactly how many soldiers there were. They seem to have numbered anywhere from one to five millions. It was the greatest army that the world has ever seen. But Xerxes was preparing to conquer nearly the whole world as it was then known.

What a wonderful picture the soldiers made as they marched along!

When they reached the bridge over the Hellespont, sacred myrtle perfumed with incense was strewn upon it, and libations were poured out to the sea. Early in the morning, just at sunrise, the passage commenced. First came the ten thousand

Immortals, crowned with garlands as for a festival. Then the chariot of the sun drawn by eight white horses, then the forty-six nations in every variety of dress.

Among them one would have seen Persians with gilded breastplates and scarlet kilts, Arabs in woolen shirts, Scythians in loose spangled trousers, Ethiopians wrapped in leopard skins and gay with war-paint. Some were in bronze armor and others in cotton tunics. All kinds of weapons were carried, — bows and arrows, javelins and swords, lassos, and scimeters.

It was an immense cavalcade, and passed so slowly that it took seven days to cross the Hellespont.

And where was Xerxes all this time? He sat on his white marble throne looking down at the marching thousands, and burst into tears when he thought in how few years all his soldiers would be dead.

And now when the Persian army was marching toward Europe, what is going on in little Greece, which it would seem must soon be annihilated by such a tremendous foe.

Aristides, "the Just," and Themistocles, "the Ambitious," had been ruling in Athens. Aristides and many of the Athenians felt that, after Marathon, the Persians never would come again. The

mistocles and his friends thought differently, and determined that Athens should have a strong navy at once. And so as has happened in many other cities, even in our own day, there were two parties and many contentions.

Just at this time there was a punishment in Athens called "ostracism," because the name of the person to be banished always was written on an "ostrakon" or shell. These shells were thrown into an urn, and when there were six thousand votes against one man, he was banished for ten years.

Themistocles influenced the people until finally Aristides was ostracized. Poor Aristides! the story is told of him that while the contest was going on he met a countryman in the street with a shell in his hand. The man did not recognize Aristides, and innocently asked him to write "Aristides" on the shell that he might vote against him. Aristides wrote the name, and then said, "Pray, what harm has he done that you wish to banish him?" "None at all," replied the man, "only I am tired of hearing him called 'the Just.'"

Themistocles was a very different man from Aristides. When he was a boy, his tutor once said to him, "Boy, thou wilt be either a mighty blessing or a mighty curse to thy country." I think that we shall find that he proved to be both.

Themistocles, having banished Aristides, equipped a large fleet so as to be ready for any attack. When the news came that the Persians were approaching, a congress of Greek states was summoned hastily to decide how or where to meet the great army. A common danger forced the states to act together. The outlook was full of gloom, even the response of the oracles was discouraging.

It was decided that Sparta should take the lead, and that the force of Xerxes was to be met and stopped at Thermopylæ.

Thermopylæ was a narrow pass in Thessaly, in some places not wider than twenty feet; on one side were rugged mountains, and on the other the sea.

In one part of the pass there was a marsh filled with hot springs, making it very difficult for any army to cross. It was named Thermopylæ from these springs, for the meaning of the word is "hot gates."

Leonidas, king of Sparta, with three hundred of his own troops, and a few thousand from other cities, went to Thermopylæ, and over a narrow part of the pass built a stone wall behind which they intrenched themselves. Only a few could fight at once — what use for the immense army of Xerxes! As Xerxes approached, he heard that the soldiers, so few in number, were awaiting, but

probably he thought that they would clear the way for his mighty march down into Greece.

On reaching Thermopylæ, a spy was sent to see what the Spartans were doing. He found them busied with combing their long hair. When Xerxes asked the meaning of this, the man replied, "They mean, Sire, to dispute the pass, for it is the custom of Spartans to adorn themselves before battle." Xerxes then sent a polite message desiring the Spartans to give up their arms. The laconic reply was, "Come and take them."

Xerxes had his lofty throne placed where he could watch the fight. Column after column of his men were flung into the pass, only to be beaten back, and at last the Persians became so frightened that they had to be driven with lashes on to the attack.

The Greeks might never have yielded, had not a traitor shown the Persians a little mountain path through the woods so that they could come around on the other side of the army of Leonidas. They started at nightfall, and in the morning the brave Leonidas found his band surrounded.

Most of the allies were sent home, but seven hundred Thespians and three hundred Spartans remained from choice to die with him. The oracle had declared that either Sparta or her king must perish, and Leonidas would give himself willingly for his country.

A frugal breakfast was eaten, Leonidas telling his men that on that very night they all should sup with Pluto.

Then the heroic band rushed upon the Persians beyond the wall. They fought all day, and as they felt the bristling ranks of the enemy closing about them, they placed their backs against the rock, and fought until they were slain, — every one; and never was field covered with braver dead.

The advancing Persians had trod one upon another, and many rolled into the sea and were drowned. Xerxes had the body of Leonidas placed upon a cross, and asked anxiously whether all the Greeks were like these, and how many more Spartans there were in the world.

Upon a mound at Thermopylæ a marble lion was erected to Leonidas; and a pillar, dedicated to the three hundred Spartans, bore the following inscription: —

> "Go, stranger, and to Lacedemon tell
> That here, obeying her behests, we fell."

Surely the calm heroism of Leonidas and his brave three hundred as they fought and died at Thermopylæ, 480 B.C., must ever claim the sincere admiration of all lovers of freedom.

THERMOPYLÆ

"Who at Thermopylæ stood side by side,
And fought together and together died,
Under earth-burrows now are laid in rest,
Their chance thrice-glorious, and their fate thrice-blessed;
No tears for them, but memory's loving gaze;
For them no pity, but proud hymns of praise.

* * * * *

Leonidas, the Spartan king; a name
Of boundless honor and eternal fame."

— SIMONIDES.

Salamis

AFTER Leonidas and his gallant army were cut to pieces, the Persians marched down into central Greece. Athens was filled with despair, and when the people consulted the oracle, they were told that the security of their city lay in its "wooden wall."

Themistocles thought that by "wooden wall" the oracle referred to the ships, so placing old men and women and children in safety, all the men who were able to bear arms went on board the new ships, which, you remember, had been made ready for a Persian attack.

And then the Persian army came, and finding Athens deserted, pillaged the houses and temples and set fire to the city.

XERXES WATCHING THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS FLEET AT SALAMIS.

Themistocles now called a council to decide what the Greeks should do. While all were thinking, a stranger knocked at the door and wished to speak to Themistocles.

It was the banished Aristides! In a little open boat he had slipped through the enemy's fleet, and had come to tell his countrymen that already the Persian ships were surrounding them in the bay of Salamis. And he added, "Let us be rivals still, Themistocles, but let our strife now be to see which of us may best serve our country."

Thanks to Themistocles the navy was ready, and thanks to Aristides he had returned to do his part.

Ancient ships were low and flat-bottomed, and were propeled by oars, the oarsmen sitting in banks one above another. The number of banks always decided the kind of vessel; for example, a boat of three banks was called a "trireme."

Bows, arrows, javelins, and other weapons might be used; but the best way to make an attack was to run the sharp iron prow of one vessel into another and sink it; or again, by steering alongside, to board the enemy's ship and then fight hand to hand.

The Greeks had more skill in running and turning than the Persians, and, besides, their smaller boats, like their smaller army at Marathon, might prove an advantage. In the battle of Salamis the

Persian fleet was nearly three times as large as that of the Greeks.

This time Xerxes had his throne erected on the sea-beach. The shores back of him were lined by the glittering ranks of his own army drawn up to watch the fight and to catch any fugitives who might try to escape from the Greek fleet. The Greeks did not wait for a Persian onset, but advanced, singing their battle-song. And how they fought! Ships dashed upon ships, their pointed beaks bearing down upon one another. The space was too crowded for the Persians to bring all their forces into action. They ran into one another, lost their oars, and sunk their own ships, while the Greeks about them were plying every weapon.

The conflict lasted from morning till night. Two hundred Persian and forty Greek boats were sunk, and the sea was strewn with dead.

At night the Persians gave a hasty order to retreat, and in the morning the fleet had disappeared from the bay of Salamis. The victory was a glorious one for the Greeks.

Xerxes, with the remains of his shattered fleet, returned at once to Asia, and on the way home many thousands perished from cold and hunger and fatigue. He was not willing, however, to give all up, so he left his general, Mardonius, with three million men, to spend the winter in Thessaly, that

in the spring he might try again to subdue the Greeks. So when the time arrived, Mardonius sent to the Athenians, offering them a favorable alliance with Persia. And Athens returned the following message, "Tell Mardonius that so long as the sun holds on his way in the heavens, the Athenians will come to no terms with Xerxes," and they kept their word.

SELECTED VERSES FROM THE ISLES OF GREECE

"The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung,
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

"A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations — all were his.

He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set, where were they?

"And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? on thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now;
The heroic bosom beats no more.
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

"Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush? our fathers bled.
Earth, render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead.
Of the three hundred, grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ."

— Lord Byron.

Athens and Socrates

We remember old Athens with its little dwellings built around the rocky Acropolis, where stood an old temple, holding an ugly little wooden statue of Minerva; but it was very sacred, for it was supposed to have fallen from heaven. Every day the image was washed and dressed, and once a year it had a new garment called a peplus, which was embroidered by the maidens of Athens. When this was finished it was borne by a long and splendid procession up the steep hill to the temple.

This was the Panathenaic procession, so called from the goddess Athena, or Minerva.

In later years Athens became so rich and powerful that Pericles determined to add to its beautiful buildings. So another temple, called the Parthenon, was erected to Minerva on the Acropolis, and in it was placed her finest statue wrought in ivory and gold.

This loveliest of Greek temples was designed and carved within and without by Phidias, the greatest sculptor that ever lived. He and his pupils erected other buildings of finest architecture on the Acropolis and all over Athens. Streets were made broader, schools and museums erected, theaters were built, and sculptures of gods became so numerous that Athens was called the "City of the Gods."

You will find in any large museum a design of the Parthenon and of some of the other temples and porticoes of Athens as well as of the gods and heroes. If you will go and see them, you may form a little idea of the beauty of the city in the "Age of Pericles."

At this time, too, so many great sculptors and painters and poets and philosophers lived in Athens that the "Age of Pericles" was also called the "Golden Age" in art and literature. When you are older and study about them all, you will

THE INTERIOR OF THE PARTHENON RESTORED

wonder that one city could produce so many famous men at one time. Whenever you recall the fifth century B.C., think of Athens, the "City of the Gods," the "Age of Pericles," and the "Golden Age." Now, in imagination, let us visit this city in all its glory, and study the life of one of its famous men. We find him wandering about the streets, day after day, in rain or in shine. Let us approach him. He seems to be a very homely man, with a large bald head, an ugly face, with flat nose and thick lips. He is poorly dressed and without sandals, and he has an awkward, shambling walk. What an odd figure he appears to us! We know that he attracted more attention in Athens than even wise Minerva in her dress of ivory and gold. In the morning he was found in the schools or gymnasia, where young men were gathered; at noon, in the market-place; and later in the day, wherever most men were gathered, he would be in their midst. He was always talking to them, either asking or answering questions.

He loved as much to talk to the poor tanners and drovers as to the gay and rich young men. Homely as he was, he had a beautiful soul; and if one has a beautiful soul, what matters it if the body is plain. His melodious voice would attract the people on the street as they were passing, and they would stop and listen, and then draw nearer,

perhaps to answer questions; and the longer they listened, the harder it was to leave him.

After he became known, he was followed always by admiring throngs. But who was this man? and what was he talking about? His name was Socrates, and he was born about 470 B.C. Socrates was the son of a stone-cutter, and a poor and homely boy; but he loved to study, and a rich man, seeing that he was an earnest boy, took him to his home as a teacher of his children.

Later, Socrates became a soldier in the Peloponnesian War; but, while he was very brave, he hated to fight. Then he went into politics and voted once or twice; but politics made quarrels, and Socrates loved peace. His real trade was stone-cutting, and while he may have carved two or three figures, he always neglected his work. This was wrong, of course, for he should have supported his wife and children. Xantippe, his wife, had a violent temper. She did not care at all about philosophy, but thought that her husband should study less and earn more money. Sometimes he would bring people home to dinner, and there would be nothing to eat. One day his wife was very angry with him, and after scolding him well, she threw a pail of water over him. Socrates took this treatment very quietly, only saying, "I thought that after so much thunder there would be some

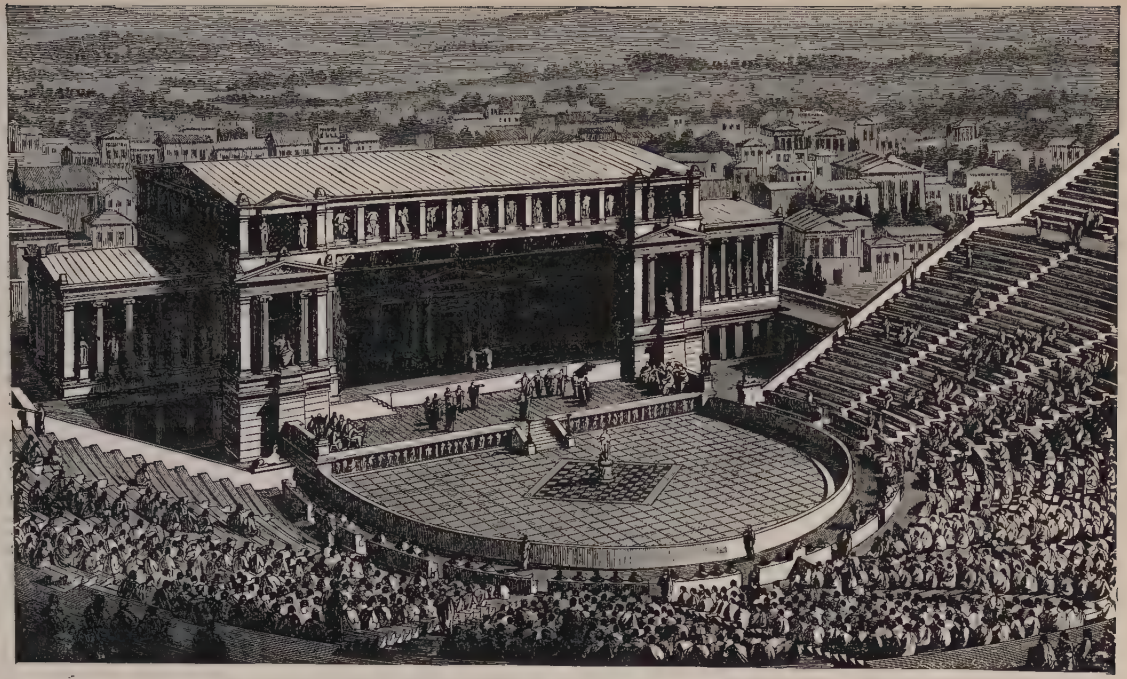
rain." Socrates always comforted himself, feeling that if he could bear his wife's attacks patiently, nothing else could ever trouble him. Xantippe is noted in history as a constant scold; but it seems as if she must have had something to scold about, so let us not judge her too harshly.

But we must leave poor Xantippe and talk about Socrates. He did not like war or politics or stone-cutting; but the one thing that he did enjoy was teaching, and, like Confucius in Asia, he became the greatest teacher in Europe. We have said already how he gathered around him groups of questioning youths; he seemed to feel that all the young men of Athens were his pupils, and he never would take any pay for his instruction.

He loved a simple life. Once a prince invited him to go and live in great luxury at his court. Socrates declined the invitation, saying, "At Athens, meat is twopence the measure, and water may be had for nothing."

Socrates was a philosopher, and that means "a lover of wisdom." He was a very famous one, because he was seeking constantly to find the very best kind of wisdom. It was not about Minerva, for Socrates thought that all the stories of Greek mythology were only silly fancies. Is it not strange that in the "City of the Gods" he ever dared to think and preach about any but Greek gods?

Socrates taught that there was one God, about whom he knew just one thing, and that was that He had placed within him an impulse which he called his "demon." This always showed him what was right to do, and when he obeyed it he was happy, and when he did not he was miserable. He believed that if he obeyed this demon, God would take him when he died to be with Him forever. How much lovelier to think of death in this way rather than as going to be with Pluto in Hades! That, you remember, was where Leonidas and all the other Greeks expected to go. Socrates's demon was what we call our conscience, and when we do as it tells us how glad we are, and how cross and wretched when we disobey its warning. So Socrates walked with his disciples, or lingered with them in the porticoes, teaching them about God and the way to be happy. But, because he was a favorite, some very foolish and fashionable teachers in Athens, called Sophists, abused him, and comic poets wrote satires about him. Finally, one morning, on a portico where notices were placed, appeared the following: "Socrates is guilty of crime: first, for not worshiping the gods whom the city worships, but preaching other new gods; and secondly, for corrupting the youth of Athens. The penalty is death." Then Socrates was tried. He assured his judges that he was innocent, saying



THE THEATER OF DIONYSUS RESTORED

that he never led any one from virtue to vice, and then he added, "Because I am thought to have some power of teaching youths, O my judge, is it a reason why I should suffer death?"

Then his disciples made a vessel ready to carry him away from Athens, and they wished to bribe his jailers that he might escape. But he would not let his friends speak for him; they prayed him to go, but he would not consent. For thirty days he was kept in prison. There he talked freely with his disciples about his belief in God. When a cup of poisoned hemlock was brought him, he drank it quietly, and then lay down and died. He was seventy years old, and the time was about 400 B.C. Plato, his best-loved pupil, said, "He was in death the noblest, and in life the wisest and best."

It is said that on the night before Plato entered his school, Socrates dreamed that a cygnet came to him, and after nestling for a time in his bosom it flew toward heaven, singing sweetly as it rose. He always thought that the dream foretold Plato's coming to him to learn of the heavenly wisdom.

For eight years Plato gave up everything else to study with Socrates. After the master's death, he established in the Academus, one of the beautiful public gardens of Athens, the first school ever called an academy. Plato was very fond of mathematics,

and over the door of the entrance was written, "Let no one enter here who is a stranger to geometry."

Pupils came from all over the world to hear Plato's discourses. He taught the lessons which he had learned from Socrates. His writings, which are in very pure Greek prose, are said to be so like the Bible that he is sometimes called the "Attic Moses."

Let us try to remember three of Plato's sayings: —

1. Let no one speak evil of another.
2. Self-conquest is the greatest of wisdom.
3. We ought to become like God as far as this is possible, and to become like Him is to become holy and just and wise.

Alcibiades

"Rich, beautiful, ambitious," so says one writer of Alcibiades. What a different man he must have been from his teacher Socrates, to whom not one of these epithets fitly apply!

Alcibiades thought that he was descended from Jupiter himself, and he was so proud of having such an ancestor that when he went to war he always carried a shield on which Jupiter was shown hurling a thunderbolt.

He was left an orphan when a very little boy, and was taken to the house of his uncle, Pericles,

who educated him highly. Here he was surrounded by the best society in Athens, and soon became really a spoiled child.

Alcibiades had a very strong will, and it is said that one day when playing in the streets he saw a wagon coming which would stop his game; so he lay down directly in front of it and made it go another way.

He always liked to attract attention. The first day on which he went to a public assembly he carried a tame quail under his cloak, and just as the business was commencing, he let it go, and nothing could be done until it was caught.

He won many laurels at the Olympic games; and once, instead of sending one chariot, as other contestants had done, he sent seven, and bore off the first three prizes.

Alcibiades was graceful, handsome, and very wealthy. He was constantly making feasts and giving presents, so that wherever he went, he was surrounded by friends and flatterers.

One day as he was walking in the streets he heard the voice of Socrates. He was so moved by what he heard that tears came to his eyes and he stopped his ears and fled away, lest he should sit down forever by the side of the great teacher. Day after day he came back and learned of the heavenly wisdom. He finally became the constant pupil of

Socrates, who loved him and was happy in getting an influence over such a rich and gay young man.

But Alcibiades never liked the same thing very long. He had so many gayer influences in his life that he finally fell away from his great teacher and forgot his wise lessons.

While Alcibiades was growing up, the Peloponnesian War had broken out in Greece, and in order to understand about this, we must go back a little.

You remember that after the Græco-Persian War, Athens had grown very rich and haughty, and naturally Sparta, that had remained only a little village-like city, was extremely jealous.

Then each one tried to get the smaller states to form an alliance with it. As a result, the Peloponnesian War began between Athens and Sparta, which lasted twenty-seven years.

For a long time the victories on each side were about equal. Then a terrible plague broke out in Athens, and Pericles died. His nephew, Alcibiades, became a statesman and a general.

He suggested that Athens should fit out a large fleet and take Sicily. Then it would be easy to conquer Italy, Carthage, and Sparta; and then Greece might become a kingdom, with Athens as its capital.

Sicily — Italy — Carthage — let us find them all on the map before the expedition starts out.

It was both reckless and unsafe to follow the plan of Alcibiades. The general, Nicias, and the old men objected, but he would not be opposed. He wished to show the people what great things he could accomplish as a general. He influenced the younger men until finally it was planned to send as large a fleet as Alcibiades thought best. Early one morning, just before the ships were ready to sail, it was found that all the Hermæ, or busts of Mercury, which had been used for milestones on the streets, were mutilated very badly. And do you know that it was found that Alcibiades and his young companions in a drunken revel the night before had broken them all? They had done not only mischief, but sacrilege, for they had injured the gods.

The Athenians were unwilling to pass sentence upon Alcibiades because he was at the head of the army. So he went in command as a general on one of the expeditions. As the fleet sailed away to Sicily, trumpets were sounded, libations in gold goblets were poured out to the sea, and pennons and banners were waving and fluttering from every galley.

When Alcibiades had gone, the Athenians grew more and more indignant as they thought of what

he had done. After he had reached Sicily they sent a trireme to ask him to return. Alcibiades left the army in great indignation and started for Athens; but while the trireme was stopping at a port for provisions, he escaped in his little boat and went to Sparta.

Allying himself with the Spartans, he used all his influence against Athens. In Sparta he lived like a Spartan, eating at the public table and even pretending to like the famous black broth.

We cannot attempt to follow Alcibiades farther in his various adventures; first with Sparta, again with Athens, and again at the court of Persia, where he abandoned himself to Asiatic luxury, and claimed to enjoy it as much as Spartan simplicity.

Brave, proud Athens never should have listened to the advice of Alcibiades and dared to attack Sicily, for the result was that it lost everything in the Peloponnesian War. Sparta conquered it and placed over it "Thirty Tyrants."

What became of fickle Alcibiades after he had done so much harm? After the Peloponnesian War he had taken refuge in Asia Minor, and the Persian satrap of Phrygia had received him kindly there. But Lysander, the brave Spartan general, was afraid of him; for naturally he could never tell with whom Alcibiades might

next ally himself. Lysander, therefore, felt that it would be safer to have him killed.

He sent a message with gold to the satrap, telling him to murder Alcibiades.

One night, when Alcibiades was sleeping, his house was set on fire. As he forced his way through the flames he was overwhelmed with a shower of stones and darts. He sank under many wounds, and died.

Then his body was taken and dressed in fine robes, and such ceremonies were performed over it as would secure his soul's entrance into the realm of Plato. It would be interesting in closing to compare Socrates and Alcibiades, and to decide why these two men lived such widely different lives, and what effect each had upon the history of his country.

Demosthenes

If all the boys in our schools, now awkward and stammering, would study the life of Demosthenes, the most famous Greek orator, and then do with a will some of the things which he practiced, what a number of orators we might have in America! And then if, when speaking in public, they would never fail to utter the thoughts that make for freedom and the right, as did Demosthenes, how our government would be strengthened!

We now study together the life of Demosthenes; perhaps we may learn from it a lesson of patient and persevering effort.

Demosthenes was born in Athens about 380 B.C. He was a sickly, awkward, stammering boy. When he was only seven years old, his parents died. They left him a large fortune, and while his guardians gave him a good education, they stole from him nearly all his money.

Demosthenes determined to get it back if he could. He pleaded his cause with such skill that a small part of his fortune was restored to him. He was proud that he had succeeded so well, and, as he loved oratory, he determined to make a life study of it. His first address in public was a complete failure; his voice was well enough, but he was so weak and awkward that he had to sit down amid laughter and hissing. He was not discouraged, however. A good friend told him that he needed only confidence and strength of body. How hard he worked to gain them!

One of his greatest difficulties was shortness of breath. He practiced running uphill until that was cured.

To correct his stammering, he spoke day after day with pebbles in his mouth.

He had an awkward shrug of one shoulder, and this he remedied by speaking with a sword sus-

DEMOSTHENES PRACTICING

pended over that shoulder and almost touching it.

When he spoke, he made queer grimaces, to overcome which he practiced before a looking-glass. He was confused very easily if others made a noise while he was talking, so he uttered his speeches on the seashore until his voice drowned the sound of the waves.

Then, fearing that he might wish to spend his time in society, he shaved one side of his head, since by so doing he would be ashamed to have any one see him.

He was very fond of studying the works of Thucydides, a famous historian of Greece who had written a history of the Peloponnesian War. It is said that he studied for months in a cave until he could express himself in the concise and stately style of Thucydides.

It goes without saying, that after he had succeeded by his own great effort, he placed himself, as one has said, "at the head of all the mighty masters of speech."

Just at this time, Greece sorely needed an orator to secure her interests.

The quarrels of Athens and Sparta had led to the Peloponnesian War, and after this, Sparta had become stronger than Athens, and its influence had been to rouse all the little Greek

states; and then, in turn, Thebes and Corinth became powerful.

The whole of Greece makes only a very small country, and when its people were divided among themselves, it seemed most easy for another nation to subdue it.

So thought Philip, the king of Macedon, a country which you will find on the map just north of Greece.

Philip incited state against state in Greece, just to continue their quarrels. He sent money to some of the states, and begged them to allow him to assist, for he thought, "Let me but once get into Greece, I will soon conquer it all."

This, then, was the crisis at which Demosthenes appeared. He was the only man clear-headed enough to discover the plans of Philip. In most noble speeches he fought against him for his country's rights.

He took as the text of his orations that at any cost the union and freedom of Greece must be preserved.

As his fiery eloquence was hurled chiefly against Philip, the addresses were called Philippics, — a word which means now any powerful defense against a wrong.

Philip used to say that he really had no enemy but Demosthenes, and that he feared

him more than all the fleets and armies of Athens.

The great orator tried to convince the Greeks that it was a shame to sacrifice Hellas to Macedon. But somehow the Greeks had known so much war and dissension that they had grown spiritless. The warnings came too late, for Philip was conquering city after city. At length Athens and Thebes, roused by Demosthenes's eloquence, met Philip at Chæronea. They were defeated severely, the Macedonian phalanx sweeping everything before it. Demosthenes went to the battle, but he did not know how to fight except with strong words.

Philip's power was being felt all over Greece. There was another orator, called Æschines, who also was very eloquent. He, however, was not so true to his country as was Demosthenes, and sometimes it was thought that he even accepted money from Philip in return for aid given him. At one time it was proposed that Demosthenes should be awarded a golden crown, for he had been such a loyal statesman and courageous orator.

His friends wished to place the crown on his head; but Æschines and his party opposed this so strongly that after a contest kept up for six years the matter was to be decided by a debate. In this his most splendid oration, called "The Crown,"

Demosthenes made a powerful defense of all that he had done for Greek liberty. His clear and stirring words won the debate and the crown. Æschines was banished from Athens. He went to Rhodes and established there a school of oratory. We are told that one day, when his disciples were gathered about him, he read to them Demosthenes's oration on "The Crown," and his pupils were so delighted that they burst into applause. "Ah!" said Æschines, in the excitement completely forgetting his jealousy, "you should have heard the wild beast himself!"

Demosthenes had in Athens other enemies who, like Æschines, were favorable to Alexander the Great, and finally he was banished.

When, however, the news of Alexander's death reached Athens, the people rejoiced and wished to make a great outburst, but a wise man bade them wait a little, for he said, "If he is dead to-day, he will still be dead to-morrow and the next day, so that we may take counsel at our leisure."

The news proved true, and Athens determined to overthrow the supremacy of Macedon. Demosthenes had been banished by secret enemies, but Athens sent ships to bring him back. But, alas, they were defeated by the Persians, and Antipater put a Macedonian guard in Athens, and insisted that Demosthenes with others should be given up.

Demosthenes fled to an island off the coast of southern Greece, but he was followed, and when found, he asked that before being taken he might write a letter to his friends. As he was writing, he bit off the top of the reed which he was using, and in which he had concealed poison, and so killed himself.

The Athenians erected to his memory a brazen statue on which was inscribed: —

> "Had you for Greece been strong as wise you were,
> The Macedonians had not conquered her."

Alexander the Great

Of all the lives about which we are to read, that of Alexander the Great of Macedon is perhaps the most full of a bright and vivid personality.

He was a man who seemed usually to say and to do the right thing; once in a while, however, his ambition or quick temper did get the better of him.

Boys and girls like Alexander because he was so young himself and always on the move.

Indeed he had to be, for in his short life of thirty-two years, he completely changed the map and history of the world. If "the Persians *set* the world a-mixing," surely Alexander the Great *kept* it "a-mixing."

The excitement began with the very opening of his life; for on the day of his birth his father, Philip, had won a battle, and also had taken a prize in the Olympic games. When the news was brought to him that he had a little son, he was so overjoyed that he at once sacrificed to the gods, fearing that they might be jealous because he was so happy. The same night, too, the temple of Diana at Ephesus was burned by a madman who wished to do something to make himself forever remembered. He certainly succeeded.

The crafty warrior, Philip, was the father of Alexander, while his mother was Olympia, a fierce and high-spirited, but very attractive, princess. Philip first saw her performing a mystic rite by dancing fearlessly among some great twining serpents, and her wild beauty charmed him.

When Alexander was seven years old, he was placed like all little Greek boys under the care of a pedagogue who taught him manners and who always went to school with him, carrying his rolled books and his tablets. The little fellow was taught to hate ease and luxury and to endure hardship. He remembered the lessons, too, for long after when passing through Caria in Asia Minor, its queen, Ada, was so delighted with him that she adopted him as

her son and wished to present him with her best cooks to take with him on his march. He thanked the queen, saying, "I was given as a child better cooks than yours, and I prefer to keep them. The one for breakfast was called, 'All-night tramp,' and the one for dinner, 'Light-weight breakfast.'"

When Alexander was fourteen, his father selected for his teacher Aristotle, one of the great philosophers of Greece. The school was in the city of Milza, and there Alexander went with the young friends who were to study with him. They gathered day after day in a delightful grove, and Aristotle sat before them in a great stone chair. Alexander loved to study, and Aristotle was proud of his success. The young pupil was so fond of Homer's "Iliad" that he learned it all and slept with it under his pillow. He made a special hero of Achilles, and decided that Achilles must have been his ancestor.

He strongly wished to do some great thing himself, and one day upon hearing of one of his father's victories, he said to his friends, "Father will get everything in advance, boys; he won't leave any great task for me to share with you."

Philip had a very fine horse called Bucephalus; it was so wild that nobody could tame it, so Philip was going to send it away.

Alexander asked permission to mount it. He

went up to Bucephalus, and noticing that its antics were caused by seeing its own shadow, he turned the horse from the sun, and then stroking and caressing it, he threw off his outer garment and leaped upon its back. The horse pranced and jumped, but its rider held on, using neither whip nor spur nor angry voice; soon the fierce Bucephalus was tamed. Philip, in his pride, embraced Alexander, and he felt sure that his boy would win other victories in the future. Ever afterwards Alexander rode Bucephalus, and when it died years later in India, a city in its honor was named Bucephalus.

Philip of Macedon wished to invade Persia; the Greeks were willing to go with him, for they had not forgotten how the Persians had attacked their country.

But just as he was getting ready, he was assassinated. Only a single thrust from one of his bodyguard, and the youthful Alexander, twenty years of age, was the king of Macedon.

As Alexander mounted the throne he said to the assembled people, "Kings have changed, but the king you will find remains the same."

At first Alexander put down some uprisings in Macedon and Greece; indeed, he terrified all Greece into submission by destroying Thebes that had revolted against him. We have said

ALEXANDER AND BUCEPHALUS

all Greece — all but one man, and that was Diogenes.

His followers were called Cynics, from "kyon," Greek word meaning a dog, because they really lived just like dogs. Diogenes, for example, lived in a great earthen tub. He was always going around with his lantern, seeking for an honest man.

Alexander went to see Diogenes, and he took no notice of him until Alexander said, "I am Alexander the king." "I am Diogenes the cynic," was the reply. Then Alexander asked what he could do for him, and Diogenes said, "Only get out of my sunshine." Alexander walked away, saying, "If I were not Alexander, I would like to be Diogenes."

Like his father, Alexander had one great desire, and that was to conquer Persia, a country fifty times as large as his own.

Ever since Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis, Persia had been growing weak; but at this time it was governed by a good king, Darius III. Before starting out to conquer him, Alexander consulted the oracle at Delphi; it was an unlucky day, and the priestess would not go to the shrine, whereupon Alexander grasped her arm, and she exclaimed, "Ah, my son, thou art irresistible!"

"Enough!" shouted Alexander. "I ask no other reply."

There was a famous Gordian knot which could

be loosened only by the man who was able to conquer Asia. This was cut by Alexander, and so everything seemed to prophesy well for the start.

Alexander set out from Macedon with about thirty-five thousand soldiers, as large a force as it was well to take into an enemy's country. Crossing the Hellespont, he was the first man to leap upon the shores of Asia, and he went at once to old Troy to offer sacrifices on the tomb of his hero, Achilles.

Darius, hearing that the army was coming, sent his troops to seize the mad boy, Alexander, to clothe him in mock purple, and to bring him to Susa, his Persian capital.

The armies met at the river Granicus, where Alexander crossed right in the face of the enemy.

Showers of arrows and javelins fell upon them as they struggled through the ford right on and up to the muddy, slippery shore. Slowly and steadily they pushed ahead, Alexander's white-plumed helmet always in the thick of the fight. Soon the Persians were fleeing, and they hardly stopped until they were out of Asia Minor.

Darius now determined to go himself to meet Alexander. He marshaled a large army, and accompanied by his court and family, and surrounded by great pomp, started westward.

Darius was nearly sixty years old, and his army numbered between five and six hundred thousand men, while Alexander, just twenty-three years old, had only a small force of thirty thousand men.

Darius thought that Alexander would be frightened when he found that he, the great shah, surrounded by the Immortals, was coming against him. Alexander called together his soldiers; he told them not to be afraid, for the Persians could not compare with the Macedonians. The Persians were afraid of war and loved luxury.

Then he spoke to them of Marathon and Thermopylæ, and the brave soldiers took courage, and amid tumultuous cheers exclaimed: "Why do we wait? Lead us on."

It was in the year 333 B.C. when the armies met at Issus. Alexander saw Darius seated in his chariot, surrounded by the Immortals, and he made a mad onset right into the center of the Persian host. As at Marathon, the Persians were crowded by their great numbers. It was feared that Darius would be killed, and he was taken down from his chariot; mounting a horse, he galloped away just as fast as he could.

The Persian ranks were broken, one hundred thousand fell, and fugitives escaped in every direction.

After the battle, Alexander thought that he

would like to take a Persian bath, and seeking the shah's tent, he found that it was very large and draped with beautiful hangings. There were vessels of gold and silver, and perfumes and instruments, and a feast prepared, and slaves all ready to wait upon their master. Alexander had never seen such luxuries before, and exclaimed, "This is royalty, indeed!"

He also found the wife and mother and little son of Darius weeping in the next tent, and then and ever afterwards he treated them royally. Tyre, built on an island, next dared to resist him; he made a mole to the city, over which he rolled his great war engines. After a terrible siege of seven months Tyre was destroyed and its inhabitants were sold into slavery.

His army next marched into Egypt. Here he laid out a city and called it Alexandria. Then the victor marched into the desert, and there, in the great temple of Jupiter Ammon, was declared to be a god.

He now started toward the east for the real conquest of the Medo-Persian Empire. Darius sent him letters, offering him his daughter in marriage and, as her dowry, a part of his kingdom. "I would accept it if I were Alexander," said Parmenio, one of his followers. "So would I if I were Parmenio," replied Alexander.

The forces met at Arbela, 330 B.C. Darius advanced in the midst of his Immortals, his chariots armed with scythes.

All night the armies lay facing each other. Alexander's troops begged him to make the attack in the darkness, but he replied, "I steal no victory."

In the morning, drawing up his forces into the shape of a wedge, he pressed boldly into the very center of the Immortals, and, as at Issus, Darius galloped away as fast as he could.

Alexander marched in triumph into ancient Babylon. The streets were strewn with flowers, and gifts of lions and leopards were borne forth to greet him. We cannot imagine the quantities of gold and silver and jewels and rugs which were brought to him as offerings from the different cities.

Hearing that Darius had been taken prisoner by his own satraps, Alexander followed on to rescue him. Darius had been stabbed and left by the roadside, and when Alexander came upon his dead body, he covered it with his own cloak. He arranged a magnificent funeral procession to escort the shah to his burial in the tombs of the Persian kings.

And then Alexander and his army marched on yet farther to the east. He was so fascinated with all the new worlds, that he was unwilling to turn

back. At last, reaching India, he was met by Porus, a famous Indian prince, with troops and elephants and war-chariots.

Alexander defeated Porus and made him his prisoner. When Porus was brought before Alexander, he was asked what he would like. "Only to be treated like a king," was the reply. Alexander was so pleased with Porus that he gave him his liberty and yet greater power in India. Now the troops of Alexander refused to go farther and to waste their lives in greater peril.

Alexander was disappointed, but determined to return to Babylon and make it the capital of his "World Empire." Before leaving India, he prayed the gods that no conqueror might ever go farther east than he had gone.

After a long time, he again reached Babylon, and then prepared to make it his capital. He had married Roxana, the "Pearl of the East," and he bade his soldiers take eastern wives. He gave high offices to the Persian natives, trained the youths in Macedonian warfare, dressed himself in Persian royal robes, and had himself crowned "King of kings."

His Macedonian troops did not like it that Alexander tried to be a god, for they loved the old, simple ways, and sometimes there were plots against his life.

Alexander now had yet other great designs. But he was seized with a fever in Babylon and grew worse very fast. His old soldiers would not be denied the pleasure of seeing him, and gaining entrance to his palace, they marched sorrowfully past their dying Alexander. It is said that he gave his ring to Perdiccas and his kingdom to the worthiest; but could Perdiccas or any general hold in union Europe and Asia? He died in Babylon in the year 323 B.C., at the early age of thirty-two. Later his body was taken to Alexandria, in Egypt, and buried there in a splendid mausoleum.

In twelve years he had changed the whole history of the world, and wherever he went, he always left something better than he found. He carried Greek art and language and literature with him everywhere, and he never lost a great battle. Very many temples were dedicated to him, and he built splendid cities in all places, calling many of them Alexandria. One of these cities, with walls and houses and public buildings, was finished in just twenty days.

Alexander had a great sculptor, Lysippus, who left several bronze portraits of him, and Apelles, the most celebrated painter of ancient times, lived at his court. It is said that Alexander's favorite portrait of himself was the one in which Apelles represented him as holding a thunder-bolt. He

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER

loaded Apelles with honors and loved to talk with him. But once, when Apelles painted him as mounted on Bucephalus, Alexander complained that his beautiful horse was badly done. The artist was trying to prove that this was a mistake, when a horse stopped and neighed before the picture. Then Apelles turned to Alexander, and said, "Shall this animal be a better judge of painting than the king of Macedon?"

Alexander smiled and gave his hand to Apelles, and ever afterward they were friends. And Alexander loved his friends as he loved a battle.

After his death, the struggle among his generals was terrible for twenty-two years; but finally, in the battle of Issus, 301 B.C., the great "World Empire," the trophy of Alexander the Great, was divided.

Rome

In our course of reading, starting from China, we have traveled westward to Italy, which now is our halting-place.

Italy is the smallest of the peninsulas of southern Europe. It is a country of plains and streams and mountains, and sunlit skies. Its beauty and fertility very early tempted many tribes to settle in its valleys, around fortified hills. If you look at a map of Italy, you will see that it is shaped

like a boot, with one long range of mountains running through its whole length, while the Alps on the north form a grim wall.

Our story opens in the valley of the Tiber, where the river winds among seven low hills on its way to the sea. Around the Palatine, one of these hills, there were clustered, in very early times, perhaps a thousand miserable thatched cottages. The farmers and traders living in them tilled the soil and bartered. On the approach of an enemy, they fled within the fortifications. They called their village Rome. Some say that the word came from Romulus, its founder; others that it means "famous," and yet others "a border."

But whatever the origin of the word, when we think of Rome, we recall the little village of mud huts, the town which ruled over neighboring ones, the capital of Italy, and the proud "Mistress of the World."

The Romans worshiped many of the Greek gods. Every home was dedicated to Vesta, and at the hearth were placed the Lares and Penates, little household gods, which were sacred to the ancestors of the family and to the powers of nature. In their honor, a fire was kept constantly burning; the head of the house offered sacrifices to them for the family. On feast days, these gods were decorated with wreaths, and, on the departure

or return of any member of the household, they were saluted in the same manner as the rest of the family.

The city hearthstone was the round Temple of Vesta, which remains to-day one of the most beautiful of the monuments of ancient Rome. Here the sacred fire was always burning, for fire was the Roman emblem of friendship and hospitality, and trouble came to the city if the flames went out. Little maidens, called vestal virgins, from six to ten years old, were chosen from the best families to guard the fire. There were never more than six in charge at one time. If they let the sacred fire go out, they were scourged by the Pontifex Maximus. Great reverence was paid to them. They were always robed in white, and, in public processions, they were covered by veils. At public games they sat next to the emperor.

We have spoken of the Pontifex Maximus. He was the high priest of Rome. The name "Pontifex" means "a maker of a bridge"; because the first bridge over the Tiber was built and consecrated by a priest. To-day the Pope is Pontifex Maximus.

Besides the household gods and vestal virgins, every city had its guardian spirit, every wood its faun, and every stream its nymph.

Jupiter, king of the gods, "Best and Most High,"

had his temple on the Capitoline Hill, whence he looked down over the city which he guarded. There were many religious festivals. One was given to Mars, the god of war, in his month of March. Then his priests would sing and dance in the streets. Perhaps the most interesting of all was the Saturnalia, which lasted several days, even the slaves being allowed to join in the merriment.

This festival was sacred to Saturn, because in the "Golden Age" in which he had lived he had taught the people how to sow their grain and to gather their rich harvests.

All gates were sacred to Janus, the two-faced god. His temple was placed at the entrance to the city. Its gates were open in time of war and closed in time of peace. One face of his statue looked over the city, and the other beyond the gates.

January, the month dedicated to Janus, stood at the beginning of the New Year, one face looking into the past, the other toward the future. On the first day of this month, the Romans greeted one another with gifts and good wishes.

The Romans had no oracles, but, instead, important omens given by augurs and haruspices. The augurs wore a sacred dress and carried a curved staff. These were held in highest regard. Usually they sought to know the will of the gods concern-

ing the future by observing the flight of birds or by thunder and lightning.

When starting on a journey, a Roman would watch for the birds. If he saw them flying on his right, he would have success; but if on his left, something bad was expected to happen.

The augurs kept chickens in coops, and from their manner of eating or fluttering, happiness or disappointment would be foretold. The haruspices were of less importance than the augurs. They prophesied the future by examining the entrails of animals which had been sacrificed to the gods.

In our next chapter we shall begin the history of Rome far back in its legendary days, and as we get interested in turn in the village, the town, the capital, and the "Mistress of the World," we may know the meaning of the words of the historian Freeman. He says, "The center of our studies, the goal of our thoughts, the point to which all paths lead, and the point from which all paths start again, is to be found in Rome and her abiding power."

Æneas

The tales of early Rome are so full of improbabilities that we know not which to believe. But as Rome is really in existence, there must be a bit of truth somewhere mixed up with all the fable.

The Latin poet, Virgil, took an old Greek tradition of the founding of the city, and made it the theme of his poem, the "Æneid." In this he describes the coming to Italy of Æneas, a Trojan hero, after the fall of Troy, and he made the story so real that in Virgil's day the Romans thought themselves the direct descendants of Æneas.

We remember how the Greeks loved their great poems, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," because they told of the deeds of Grecian heroes; and the Romans loved their epic, the "Æneid," in just the same way, because it related the adventures of their own hero, Æneas.

Æneas was the son of Venus and Anchises. On the fatal night when the wooden horse was carried into Troy, and the city captured and set on fire, Æneas rushed to his house and seized his father, Anchises, who was too feeble to walk fast. He begged him to hold the household gods as he carried him out upon his shoulders. He led by the hand his little son Ascanius, while his wife Creusa followed closely behind. In the confusion of the escape from the burning city, Creusa was swept away, and Æneas never saw her again. For his prompt devotion to his family on that terrible night, he has ever since been called the "Pious Æneas."

His little party was joined by other Trojans,

ÆNEAS ESCAPES FROM BURNING TROY

and together they went to the forests of Mount Ida. There they built for themselves boats, in which they later sailed away over the Great Sea to find new homes in a more favored land than Troy.

When you read the "Æneid" in Latin, you will learn all about Æneas's stirring adventures. On one occasion the party landed on the Island of Delos, and there asked the oracle where they would better go.

The reply was as follows: "Seek your ancient mother; there the race of Æneas shall dwell and reduce all other nations to their sway."

This answer seemed difficult to understand, until it was revealed in a dream to Æneas that Italy was the "ancient mother" of the Trojan race. Then he determined to sail to Italy and there make his home.

Later, poor Anchises died; and while Æneas was sorrowing for him, Juno, who hated the Trojans, stirred up a high sea. The ships, which were just rounding Sicily, were driven into a beautiful bay on the coast of Africa. The mariners disembarked, and, coming to a high hill and looking down, they saw people building a city. They descended the hill, and, entering one of the temples, Æneas was surprised to see sculptured on its walls the story of the siege of Troy. He could recognize the different warriors, the likenesses were so perfect.

Just then the beautiful Queen Dido entered the temple. Formerly she had been queen of Tyre in Phœnicia, where her husband had been murdered. She had escaped with a few faithful followers, and here they were laying the foundations of the splendid city of Carthage.

Dido received Æneas and his friends with great hospitality. She told them that she was herself acquainted with distress and had learned to help the unfortunate.

She became greatly fascinated with Æneas, and, filled with admiration of his exploits, she longed to marry him. She offered him both herself and her kingdom, and several months passed very happily, Æneas quite forgetting all that the oracle had bidden him to do. At last Jupiter dispatched Mercury to him with a message, reminding him that he was destined to found a kingdom, and commanding him to resume his journey at once. Dido earnestly begged him to remain, and, when he refused and had departed, she was in deep despair. She ordered a funeral pyre to be erected. When all was ready, she mounted it and stabbed herself with the sword of Æneas, and then she was consumed. As Æneas sailed away, he saw the flames rising over Carthage.

After a voyage of several years and the loss of thirteen ships, Æneas finally reached the mouth

of the Tiber. Latinus, the king who ruled the country, at first treated him very kindly, and entertained him with stories of the peace and plenty that reigned in the "Golden Age" of Saturn.

Latinus had no son to succeed him; but he had a charming daughter, Lavinia, who had been sought in marriage by many suitors. Latinus offered her to Æneas, but a fierce war with Turnus, a rejected lover, followed; and with the death of the latter the "Æneid" closes. We know, however, that Æneas, favored by Mercury and led by his mother, Venus, triumphed at last; and the legend properly ends with his marrying Lavinia, and ruling over the kingdom of Latinus.

Later, his descendants founded Alba Longa, the "Long White City," and this, after many years, was the birthplace of Romulus and Remus.

Romulus and the Kingly Period

Romulus, the first king of Rome, is said to have founded the city 753 B.C. Now in this eighth century before Christ we are yet only in story land. This is because it was five hundred years after the legendary founding that the first real history of the city was written. All this time the fathers had been telling to their children varying stories of early conflict and settlement. Moreover, every

one who studies Roman history begins with these traditions. As we read them, each of us may decide what part of each is fact and what part is fiction, for there is a fragment of genuine history running through every one.

The story always describes the doings of seven kings; first, Romulus, the founder; second, Numa Pompilius, the lawgiver; third, Tullus Hostilius of the famous combat; fourth, Ancus Martius, the conqueror. The last three, Tarquinius Priscus, Servius Tullius, and Tarquinius Superbus, were all very famous builders. Each of these kings governed with a senate chosen from the fathers, under which was an assembly of the people.

Romulus and Remus were descended directly from Æneas, and their father was Mars, the god of war. Their grandfather Numitor was king of Alba Longa. When they were only babies, a usurper seized Numitor's crown, and, wishing to kill the children, put them into a little trough which was thrown into the Tiber. The trough was cast ashore at the foot of Mount Palatine. Here a kind wolf found and nourished the children, and a woodpecker — a bird sacred to Mars — fed them with berries.

Faustulus, a passing shepherd, saw them, and, although he was very poor, he took the babies home and brought them up as brave shepherd

boys, strong in fighting robbers and wild beasts. When they became of age, their foster father revealed to them that they were of royal birth. Then Romulus and Remus killed the usurper, and placed their grandfather Numitor again on his throne.

As both wished to build a city, they watched the flight of birds so that they might decide which should do it. While they were looking, Romulus saw twelve vultures and Remus only six. From this Romulus knew not only that he was to build the city, but that it would be famous for twelve centuries. He marked his boundary with a plow and built about it a low mud wall. Remus, seeing this, leaped over it, exclaiming in scorn, "This is the way your enemies will do!"

Romulus killed Remus on the spot, saying, "So perish all who leap over my walls!"

To secure plenty of inhabitants for the new city, Romulus made it an asylum for outlaws. But how should they get wives? for no one would be willing to marry robbers. Romulus tried a cunning trick which proved successful.

A great feast was made in honor of Neptune, and to this the Sabine neighbors were invited. In the midst of the banquet, at a given signal, every Roman youth seized a Sabine maiden and carried her off. The indignant fathers naturally went

home to prepare for war. While they were gone, the marriage ceremonies took place.

Very soon after, the angry parents returned to rescue their daughters. As they entered the city, Tarpeia, the daughter of the commander, offered to betray the fortress to them if they would give her the bracelets which they wore. They gave them, but as they rushed in through the gates she was crushed by their heavy shields. Henceforth, the citadel was called the Tarpeian Rock, and over it traitors were hurled.

Then the Romans and Sabines drew up in battle array, and, just as the fight was beginning, loud cries were heard. The Sabine maidens, who had grown very fond of their Roman husbands, rushed between the combatants and implored peace. From this time the Romans and Sabines, or Quirites as they were called, lived in harmony and in turn governed the city.

Romulus divided the people into Patricians and Plebeians. He reigned for thirty-seven years, doing everything according to the will of the gods.

One day, while reviewing his army, a terrible thunderstorm arose, and the frightened people fled in every direction to their homes. Romulus never was seen again.

Of the various stories of his disappearance, the

best of all is that his father Mars carried him up to live among the gods.

The people mourned for Romulus, but they were comforted when in glorified form he appeared to a Roman, and told him that the Romans were to become the lords of the world, and that he would be always the guardian of the city.

The senate next elected Numa as their king. He came with reluctance from his quiet home among the groves.

He was taken first to the top of the Tarpeian Rock, where the chief augur, laying his hands upon his head, watched with him until some birds flew by on the right hand.

Then Numa was invested with royal robes and hailed as king. He made the country so peaceful that the gates of the temple of Janus were constantly closed.

He was beloved by Jupiter, who promised him that he would ask no more human sacrifices from the Romans.

There was a sacred grove near Rome, and here the nymph Egeria gave him wise counsel. One day Numa made a feast, at which some Romans questioned whether Egeria was a real nymph. To prove her power, she immediately changed his earthenware dishes with homely fare into golden ones filled with dainty food.

Numa was really as much the religious founder of the city as Romulus was the military one. After reigning for thirty-eight years, he gradually faded away. Egeria wept until she became a fountain in her own valley.

The reigns of the next kings are full of conflict. Tullus Hostilius fought with the people of Alba Longa, and at last it was determined to decide the war by a combat between three young Roman warriors called the Horatii, and three young Alban warriors called the Curiatii. The battle was a fierce one. Finally two of the Horatii were killed and all three of the Curiatii wounded. The Romans were in despair when they saw the third Horatius pretending to flee, and the three Curiatii feebly following him.

Suddenly Horatius turned and killed them, every one. The Romans crowned him with a wreath, and, amid singing and dancing, and loaded with the spoils of the Curiatii, he was led into the city.

His lovely sister hurried to meet him, but alas! she was betrothed to one of the Curiatii. Would she be true to her Roman brother or to her Alban lover? As Horatius advanced, she saw that he carried over his arm the robe, now all blood-stained, which she had embroidered for her lover. She saw it, and wept in her agony of grief. Then Hora

tius killed her, saying, "So perish any Roman woman who laments a foe!" The next kings were very famous builders, and even to-day we see in Rome the remains of some of their great works.

Tarquinius Superbus was the seventh and last king of Rome. Among his beautiful buildings was the temple to Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill. During his reign, the Cumæan Sibyl visited him. Sibyls were mysterious women who foretold future events.

This one came to Tarquinius, offering to sell him nine volumes of prophecy for a fabulous price. He declined to purchase them, and she went away. After burning three volumes, she returned with the remaining six, offering them for the price named at first. Then Tarquinius laughed at her. She again left and burned three more. She appeared before the king with the last three which she offered him at the original cost.

Tarquinius was a superstitious man, and now he was frightened and his curiosity excited. So he sent for the augurs to advise him. They told him to buy the volumes because they contained important revelations concerning the future of Rome. After purchasing, Tarquinius deposited them in vaults under the new Capitol, and in all times of danger they were consulted, that through them the people might learn the will of the gods.

In time the kings of Rome became very tyrannical. So in 500 B.C. it was decided to banish them and to establish a republic with two consuls at its head. These consuls wore all the emblems of royalty except the crown. They were accompanied by twelve lictors, each of whom bore a bundle containing an ax surrounded by twelve rods or fasces, which represented the power of the magistrates to punish offenders.

Coriolanus, Cincinnatus, Camillus

After the Tarquins had been banished from Rome, and the consuls had taken the power, the Romans determined that they would never have another king. In the following centuries they tried many different forms of government. There were constant struggles between the Patricians and Plebeians. The Patricians, descended from the old Roman fathers, were very rich and proud; while the poor Plebeians, descended from conquered tribes, had at first few rights, but were continually gaining power.

Some of their most important wars took place in the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ. We remember that in Greece all the great events of the fifth century before Christ cluster about three "P's": the Persian War, Pericles, and the

Peloponnesian War. In Rome, in like manner, the great events of the fifth and the latter part of the fourth century before Christ are grouped about three men whose names begin with "C": Coriolanus, Cincinnatus, and Camillus. The two centuries were famous ones in both Greece and Rome; let us remember them by the "P's" and the "C's."

Our first "C" is Caius Marcius, a brave patrician youth, who, for his bravery in the capture of the city of Corioli, was given the name of Coriolanus.

Coriolanus hated the Plebeians. They had gained too much power. Once, in time of famine, a quantity of corn was sent to be divided among the people, and Coriolanus begged that none should be given the Plebeians, unless they surrendered their rights. They were so indignant with him that he was obliged to flee.

Before going, he took leave of his mother, wife, and children, then went directly to the Volscians, who were enemies of the Romans. He led the Volscians against Rome. As the army approached, the priests and augurs went to meet him, begging him not to attack his own city; but the entreaties were of no avail. Finally his mother and wife, clad in deep mourning and each leading one of his children, went out. As they drew near, he sprang to meet his mother. She

besought him if he must destroy Rome to begin by slaying her, saying, 'Let me know whether I stand in thy company thy prisoner or thy mother: whether I am speaking to an enemy or to my son.'

The priests and augurs could not move Coriolanus, but he was overcome by the entreaties of his mother, the agony of his wife, and the sight of his children. He exclaimed, "Oh, my mother, Rome thou hast saved, but thou hast lost thy son!" Then he turned from the city, and the tradition is that the disappointed Volscians stirred a tumult and killed him.

The character of Cincinnatus forms a striking contrast to that of Coriolanus. He lived on his little four-acre farm on the banks of the Tiber, and there the senators loved to visit him and to listen to his wise counsel.

In his day great danger threatened Rome. The army had been shut up by the Æquians in a little valley, and there they must submit or starve to death. A few knights escaped and brought the news to the city. The senate met and at once decided that Cincinnatus must be dictator. A dictator was an officer chosen in times of great emergency, and he was expected to act immediately.

Messengers were sent to bring Cincinnatus to the city, and they found him plowing in the homely dress of a farmer. Without hesitation, he

asked his wife to bring his toga. This was a garment which the Romans put on with the greatest care; for it must hang gracefully and leave one arm free. As the Romans went bareheaded, sometimes a fold was drawn over the head. We are told that Cincinnatus put on his toga, washed his face and hands, and at once was saluted as dictator. He then went by boat to Rome, where he was met by lictors, who escorted him through the city. He ordered every person capable of bearing arms to meet him at sunset, bringing provisions for five days.

At the head of his small army he traveled all night, and in the morning the Æquians were surprised to find themselves between two Roman armies. Those who had been shut in the valley heard the familiar battle shout and knew that help had come. All fell upon the Æquians, and they were so defeated that they were forced to pass under the yoke. The Romans returned with rich spoils and proud of their victorious leader. Cincinnatus at once resigned the dictatorship and went back to work on his farm.

Camillus, the third hero, distinguished himself first by taking the Etruscan city of Veii. It was situated on a hill not far from Rome. After the capture of Veii, Camillus was allowed a triumph, and, painting his face with vermilion, he drove

through the city in a four-horse chariot. He seemed to wish to be honored as a god rather than as a man. The people did not like this, and also thought that he had kept more than his share of the spoils. He was banished from Rome, and on leaving it he called upon the gods to bring it to repentance for the way in which he had been treated. And we shall see how severely the Romans were punished.

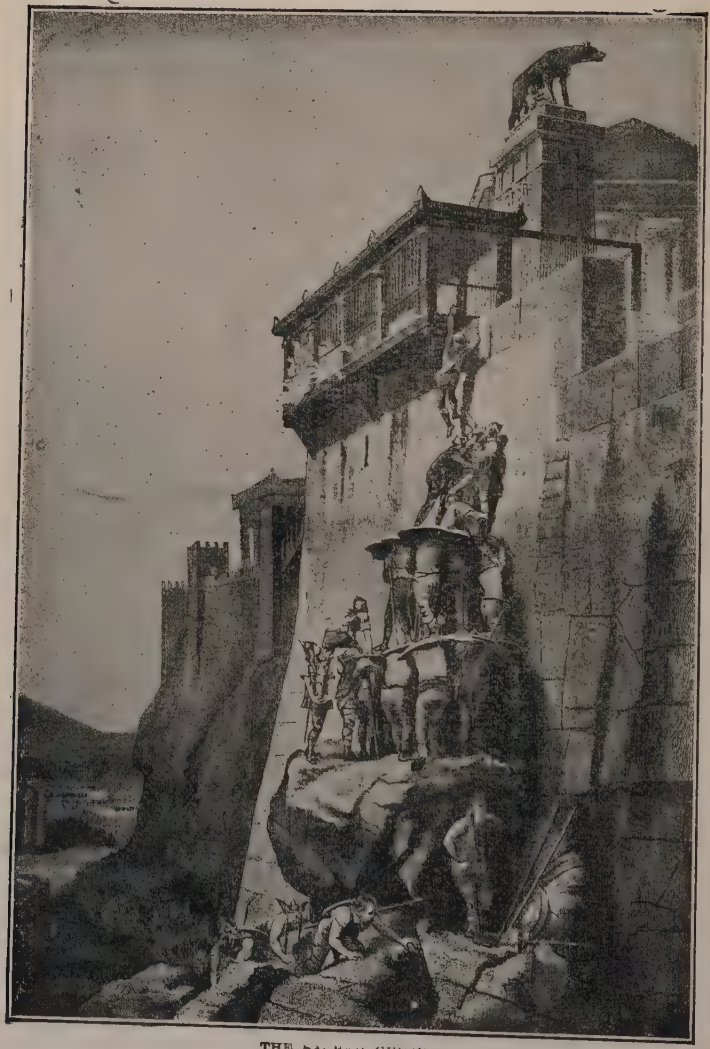
Not long after Camillus had left the city, the yellow-haired, strong-armed Gauls, carrying their glittering shields before them, came sweeping down from northern Italy. Greatly frightened, the Romans sent an army to meet them at the river Allia, a few miles north of the city. Here the Romans were terribly defeated.

The Gauls, after the victory, instead of marching on, stupidly spent two or three days in pillage and in feasting. This gave the Romans a little time to prepare for an assault on the city. The sacred vessels of the temple were buried, and the vestal virgins hurried away, carrying the sacred fire to a safer place. The helpless inhabitants fled; only a small garrison was left in the Capitol. The aged senators felt that it would be unworthy of their dignity to flee. Arrayed in their robes of state, and holding their ivory scepters, they seated themselves in their chairs in the Forum, and calmly awaited their fate.

When Brennus and his Gauls entered the city, they found the gates wide open. Reaching the Forum, they saw the venerable senators seated there motionless as statues. At first they thought that they must be gods. A curious Gaul approached one of them and stroked his beard, and the insulted senator struck him in the face. Then the Gauls fell upon them and massacred them all.

After plundering and burning the city, they wished to attack the Capitol. They chose some light and agile men, who, at night, scaled the precipitous steep. They might have surprised and captured the small garrison, had it not been for the cackling of some sacred geese. Thus aroused, the Romans seized their weapons, and the Gauls were killed and thrown from the rocky fortress.

After a time, Brennus became discouraged. His soldiers in the marshes were suffering from fever, and he was anxious to go home; so he told the Romans that he would leave if they would pay him a ransom of a thousand pounds of gold. The Romans could do nothing but yield, and the sum was raised from the temple treasures and the ornaments of the Roman women. As the money was being weighed, the Romans complained that the Gauls were using false weights. Whereupon Brennus threw his sword into the scales, exclaiming, "Woe to the vanquished!"



THE SACRED GEESE

At this critical moment Camillus appeared. He scattered the barbarians with heavy blows, shouting, "Rome is ransomed with steel and not with gold!" So the Gauls left, and the city was rebuilt. This forms a picturesque story, but if all the truth was really known, we imagine that the Gauls won a greater victory than the Romans were willing to acknowledge.

And now as you recall the lives of the three "C's" — Coriolanus, Cincinnatus, and Camillus — which one would you rather have been, and why? We must remember them, for they reveal to us so perfectly the courage and simplicity of the Roman character in the times of the republic. Perhaps of all the Roman tales of this age the most striking is that of Marcus Curtius.

When the Romans were rebuilding their city, after the invasion of the Gauls, there was an earthquake, and a great chasm opened in the Forum. The augurs told the people that the gods were angry, and that they must appease them by their most precious offerings. So gold and jewels were thrown into the chasm, but it would not close. Then the augurs declared that courage was the most precious thing in Rome. And now appeared a brave Patrician youth named Marcus Curtius. He arrayed himself in festal robes, put on his armor, took his shield and sword, and mounting,

his horse, leaped headlong into the chasm; thus offering to the gods courage and devotion, the most valued treasures of the Roman youth. The chasm at once closed!

Pyrrhus

THUS far in our story of Rome it has seemed very difficult to know just what to believe, but the life of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, brings us to the third century before Christ, and this is a really historic age.

The Romans had fought hard for existence, and now had become the rulers of central Italy, and established a regular standing army.

Our next points of interest will be Tarentum, Epirus, Sicily, and Carthage; and before beginning the war with Pyrrhus, it will be well to find them all on the map.

The Greek cities in southern Italy, of which Tarentum was the richest and most prominent, did not like Rome, and were determined that they would not submit to its power.

The people of Tarentum made the Romans promise that they never would send their vessels into its waters. But one day as they were enjoying a play in the open-air theater, what was their surprise to see some Roman galleys sailing past!

On a sudden impulse they rushed from the

theater, put out in boats, and captured four or five of them.

The Romans at once sent an envoy to ask an explanation. He spoke Greek so badly that the Tarentines laughed at him and threw mud on his white toga. The envoy, telling them that his toga would soon be washed out in torrents of their blood, went home, and the Romans at once declared war. The Tarentines were frightened, for they were a weak people and did not know how to fight.

They finally decided to ask Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, to come over and win their battles for them.

Pyrrhus was a cousin of Alexander the Great, and a brilliant and fascinating man. His one great ambition was to conquer Rome and Carthage, and so to found an empire in the West like the one which Alexander had tried to establish in the East. He came from Greece to Italy with a goodly army of horse- and foot-soldiers, but the most valuable thing which he brought was twenty elephants, which in Italy were called "a new kind of oxen."

The first battle began well for the Romans; but when the elephants made a mad onset, and trampled everything before them, the Romans, who never had seen such huge animals before, were

struck with terror and fled in dismay. Pyrrhus won the battle, but he lost so many troops that he said, "With another such victory I must return to Epirus." He was enthusiastic over the Roman soldiers and their manner of fighting, and exclaimed, "Had I such soldiers I should soon be master of the world!"

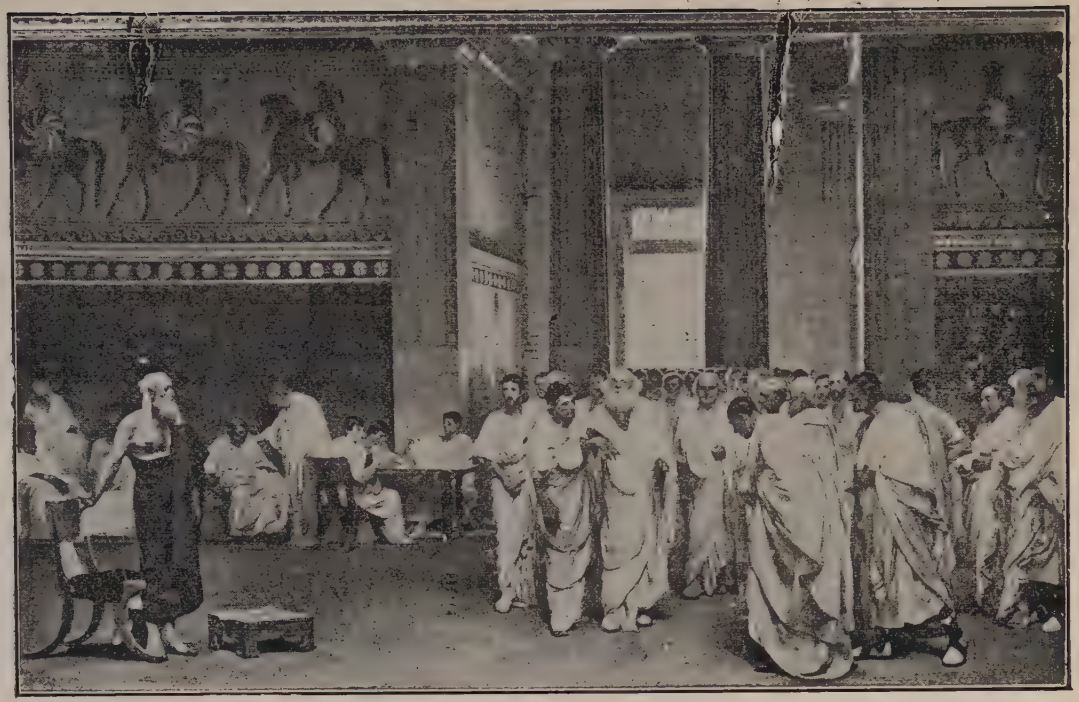
After the battle, Pyrrhus sent an embassy to Rome led by his eloquent minister Cineas, who, according to the Greek custom, carried gifts and offered terms of peace. The former were rejected haughtily by the wives of the senators, who said that they did not take bribes.

The senate hesitated about accepting the terms of peace offered by Pyrrhus until blind old Appius Claudius was led into the senate. He settled the matter by saying, "Rome will treat with no invader while he stands on Italian soil."

Then the Romans sent the honest Fabricius to make terms with Pyrrhus in his tent. Pyrrhus was charmed with Fabricius, and promised him more gold than could be found in Rome, if only he would enter his service; but the sturdy Fabricius replied, "Poverty, with a good name, is better than wealth."

Then Pyrrhus tried to frighten him.

While they were talking, a hanging at one end of the tent was drawn aside, and there stood an



THE BLIND APPIUS CLAUDIUS LED INTO THE SENATE

enormous elephant which raised its trunk and trumpeted loudly. Fabricius, looking up, said quietly, "I am neither to be bribed by your gold nor frightened by your great beast." We may be sure that the prisoners were honorably discharged.

Fabricius is as noted to-day, as in the time in which he lived, for his simple, straightforward honesty. The next year he received a letter from the physician of Pyrrhus, offering, for a sum of money, to poison his king. The indignant Roman at once sent the letter to Pyrrhus, adding, "You choose your friends and foes badly; this letter will show you that you make war with your friends and trust rogues and knaves." Fabricius also sent back the traitor in irons, and Pyrrhus, not to be outdone in generous action, set free all the captives, saying, "It is easier to turn the sun from its course than Fabricius from the path of honor." Pyrrhus gained one more victory, but he lost so many of his soldiers that he could not follow it up.

Then he went to Sicily to help the Greeks to fight against the new power of Carthage, but he met with no success, and, hearing that the Romans were advancing, he went again to Italy. At Beneventum he met the brave Roman general, Dentatus. This time the Romans were sure of victory, for they had learned the secret that elephants are frightened by fire, and they threw firebrands

among them. And now the elephants instead of the Romans scattered in terror and confusion.

Pyrrhus was conquered, and after nine years his dream of empire was shattered, and he went back to Epirus a disappointed king.

Tarentum now yielded to Rome.

Dentatus enjoyed the grandest triumph ever seen, for several elephants marched in the procession through the streets.

Rome now had conquered all Italy. Colonies were established throughout the country as military posts, and these were connected by magnificent paved roads, all of which led to Rome.

Hannibal

HANNIBAL was one of the knights of the olden times, about whom boys and girls delight to read. He was the hero of the Second Punic War. There were three of these wars, and they lasted from 264 to 146 B.C. They took their name "Punic" from Pœni, the Latin word for Phœnicians, because Carthage, a Phœnician colony, fought in them. The cause was a quarrel between Rome and Carthage as to which city should be greater. Rome was trying to become mistress of all southern Europe and western Asia; while Carthage, over the sea, claimed most of northern Africa, a part of Spain, and many islands in the Mediterranean.

We remember Carthage in legendary days as Queen Dido's city. When her husband had been killed, and she was escaping from her wicked brother Pygmalion in Tyre, she asked for just as much land as a bullock's hide would cover. Then, with her attendants, she sailed for what is now the coast of Tunis, in northern Africa. She cut the hide into narrow strips, and with it inclosed ground which, in time, became a city, twenty-three miles in circuit.

Carthage was called the "City of Merchants," with beautiful temples, villas, and gardens, brave with skilled seamen, and wealthy from its commerce with many lands. As you see on the map, Rome and Carthage faced each other across the water. The question was, Which one should have all the world? Of course they must fight, and Sicily, in the Mediterranean, just between the two cities, was the scene of the first contest.

It was in this way that the war began. The Carthaginians owned most of Sicily, and some pirates seized one of their cities, Messana, and asked the Romans to help them to keep it. The senate did not think it right to assist robbers, but the temptation was too strong to resist, and very soon Rome also had gained a foothold in Sicily. But Rome had an army and Carthage a navy — so how could they fight with each other? The

Carthaginians begged the Romans not to meddle with the sea, for it belonged alone to them, and they would never allow the Romans even to wash their hands in it. The Romans thought differently, and at once seized a Carthaginian galley that had been wrecked on the coast. Taking this for a model, they built their own galleys, and in sixty days one hundred and twenty of these were ready for service. While they were being made, the Roman soldiers had practiced the motion of rowing on long benches placed on the beach.

Soon the Romans began to win victories at sea. When Duillius had gained the first one, his countrymen were so proud of him that they gave him a temple.

The First Punic War was fought principally on the sea, in Sicily, and in Africa, and Regulus was its hero. Battles were won and lost on both sides, but Carthage was discouraged by the terms of peace, for Sicily became a province of Rome.

After the war, Hamilcar, the father of Hannibal, tried to make Carthage very strong. After a time, it was thought best to send Hamilcar to Spain, and we have our first glimpse of little Hannibal when, as a lad, he is standing with his father before an altar and swearing eternal enmity to Rome.

Young Hannibal went with his father to Spain, and, under his wise training there, grew into an

honest, manly youth, the idol of the soldiers. The thing which he most enjoyed was a fine horse, and, when he was only eighteen, he was appointed to the charge of the cavalry.

He was at Hamilcar's side when he died in battle, and then Hannibal became commander-in-chief of the army. He was then twenty-six years old. Both Romans and Carthaginians claimed power in Spain, and when Hannibal took from the former their fine city of Saguntum, the Romans declared war against Carthage. Thus commenced the Second Punic War.

At once, Hannibal decided what he would do. Leaving his brother Hasdrubal in command in Spain, he resolved to cross the Alps, go down into Italy, and conquer Rome. His passage of the Alps is one of the wonders of history. As the men and animals toiled up the snow-covered mountains, benumbed with cold and famished with hunger, rude mountaineers rolled down stones upon them, avalanches overwhelmed them, and many slipped over icy rocks into terrible crevasses. It was, indeed, a marvel that one fourth of his army lived to tell the story, but they appeared in Italy as twenty-six thousand "heroic shadows."

The warlike Gauls joined the Carthaginians, and the frightened Romans, hastily collecting their army, advanced to meet Hannibal.

The Carthaginians gained three victories; then Fabius was appointed Roman dictator against them. He determined to avoid another pitched battle; but, instead, with his army he followed and watched the Carthaginians, and injured them in every possible way. So the Romans named him "Fabius the Delayer."

Fabius was doing the wisest thing; but the Romans thought him too slow, and so they recalled him and hurried on a battle at Cannæ in the year 216 B.C.

This was the worst defeat that the Romans ever had known, for they lost ten times as many soldiers as their opponents. After the battle, Hannibal sent to Carthage whole bushels of gold rings, taken from the fingers of the Romans.

Hannibal now made the great mistake of his life; for if he had marched at once into Rome, probably the city would have fallen into his hands. Instead, he went to Capua, which opened its gates to him, and soon he was master of the whole of southern Italy. It is said that he *did* march once to the gates of Rome, and threw into it a burning torch; and that afterward mothers would frighten their children by saying, "Hannibal's at the gate!"

He remained in southern Italy for thirteen years, and his men became weakened by the beautiful climate and the luxurious living.

At last, Hannibal sorely needed troops and money, and he begged Carthage to send them, but no response came to his repeated requests, and he grew discouraged.

Meantime the Romans were not to be frightened by defeat. They raised a new army, principally of boys and slaves and criminals; and for arms, they took the spoils of war which they had hung in the temple and dedicated to the gods.

Realizing the strength of the Romans, and feeling that something must be done, Hannibal asked Hasdrubal, his brother, to come with his army from Spain and join him in Italy.

Hasdrubal promised and started. But the Romans, knowing that one Carthaginian army was enough for Italy, met and defeated him.

Hannibal first learned of the bad news when his brother's head was thrown into his camp.

Truly, as has been said, Hannibal "saw in that dead face the fate of Carthage."

A Roman army under Scipio now carried the war over into Africa, and Hannibal was recalled.

Hannibal had lost an eye in Italy, his army was exhausted, and he was to return to Carthage after an absence of thirty-six years. He had not been home since the time when, as a boy, he had sworn enmity to Rome and had gone with his father to Spain. Now he must return to fight the youthful

Scipio, at the head of a vigorous and conquering army.

Hannibal, very sad, sailed away from beautiful Italy, and, just as he had prophesied, he went home to be defeated.

The battle was fought at Zama, 202 B.C.

The Romans won, and the Carthaginians were obliged to surrender elephants, ships, and spoils, and to pay an immense tribute; what was harder, they must promise never again to make war with any country without the consent of the Romans.

Scipio returned home as Scipio Africanus, and a splendid triumph was given him. As he rode through the streets of Rome, in the midst of applause and admiration, he had with him a slave, who, from time to time, whispered in his ear, "Remember that thou art mortal!" Scipio was always one of the most loved and honored of Roman generals.

After the war, Hannibal became chief magistrate of Carthage. He reformed the government, and once more prosperous days came to the city; but his ungrateful countrymen were jealous of the great man, and sent word to Rome that he was trying to bring on another war. Then the Romans, who seemed as much afraid of the statesman Hannibal over the sea as of the general Hannibal in Italy, insisted that he should be banished from Carthage.

While the Carthaginians were thinking what they would do with him, he saved them the trouble of a decision by fleeing to the court of Antiochus, king of Syria. But Rome was spreading her conquering arms everywhere, Syria became a Roman province, and Hannibal must move on. This dark-skinned hero was growing old and gray, but the fire of his hatred never died, and always he was trying to rouse the enemies of Rome. He fled next to the king of Bithynia, who agreed to surrender Hannibal to the Romans. Then, disheartened, the famous leader determined to take poison, which he kept concealed in a ring, for he said, "Let us rid the Romans of their terrors since they are unwilling to wait for the death of an old man like me."

Noble, heroic Hannibal! always steadfast to the oath of his boyhood! He was very brave, either as a victorious or a defeated hero. He stands as a true patriot by the side of Julius Cæsar and our own George Washington.

Cato

After the Second Punic War, fifty years passed, during which time Carthage was recovering her prosperity, and Rome was making so many conquests that her martial pride was becoming very great.

We turn aside now from the heroic days of the old republic to the new city of Rome, fast growing splendid and luxurious. Just at this time, there lived in Italy "a rough, stern man, with red hair, projecting teeth, and coarse robe," whose name was Cato. He was destined to become prominent as the "Censor." He believed in a simple, quiet life, and he lived on his small Sabine farm, dressing like his servants, and eating at the table with them. In the Second Punic War he had left his home, buckled on his armor, and fought against Hannibal, and in several contests had shown great valor. After the war was over, he was persuaded by his friends to go to Rome to live, and there he practiced law. The growing luxury of the city troubled him greatly; and he severely criticised jewelry, rich robes, and costly furniture, trying hard to restore the plain living of the olden days.

Cato found much time for literary labor. He wrote at least one hundred and fifty orations, and a work on medicine. In this he opposes Greek physicians, and recommends simple remedies. He wrote seven books called the "Origines," a history of his country, which takes its name from the first three books which told about the *origin* of Rome and the Italian states.

Cato held various offices in Rome, and finally

became censor, much to the disgust of some of the splendor-loving senators. A censor had moral oversight of the people, and if he thought that either a citizen or a senator did wrong, he could remove him from office. This was great liberty to give a man whose whole life seemed to be spent in stanch resistance to luxury, but Cato is said to have used his power moderately. About this time the king of Numidia attacked Carthage. Carthage asked Rome for protection, and an embassy was sent over to Africa to inquire into the trouble. Cato was one of the messengers. He was greatly surprised to find that Carthage was a most beautiful city, with gardens and villas, and fine harbor and prosperous trade, and he returned to Rome feeling that it must be destroyed. He at once carried to the senate a bunch of fresh figs which he had brought home, and from their freshness he argued how near Rome was to Carthage. "So fresh, so near to us is Carthage." From that time, growing more and more jealous of the rival city, he finished every speech with the words, "*Delenda est Carthago!*" (Carthage must be destroyed.) The Romans had great faith in Cato's wisdom, and, on a slight pretext, war was declared.

The Carthaginians submissively gave up hostages, weapons, and armor, but when they were bidden to leave their city they were driven to

despair. The city became a great workshop. Old and young toiled at the forges to make new arms. Not only jewelry and vases of gold and silver, but even the statues of the gods were melted, and the women braided their long hair into bowstrings.

When Scipio appeared with his Roman soldiers, they were surprised to find the Carthaginians ready for strong defense. Men and women fought desperately; but at last, in the year 146 B.C., the city fell and was given up to seventeen days of plunder and conflagration. But few inhabitants were saved alive, and these were sold into slavery. It is said that when Scipio beheld the desolation of the city, he burst into tears, and then quoted Horace's words, thinking that they might yet prove true about proud Rome: —

> "The day will come when Troy shall sink in fire,
> And Priam's people with himself expire."

The news of the victory brought great rejoicing to the Romans, and a splendid triumph was awarded to Scipio. Cato's desire was accomplished, for Carthage *had* been destroyed!

The Gracchi

ONE of the loveliest pictures which we recall from the pages of Roman history is that of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, surrounded by

CORNELIA AND HER SONS

her children. Dressed in her stola, a long, graceful garment, girded at the waist, we may imagine the noble Roman matron seated or reclining in her atrium, the living room of the household, perhaps dining with her children; or again, making with them the daily offering at the hearth to the household gods; or, in the midst of her maidens, spinning and weaving the garments for the children to wear.

Cornelia was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, and much as she honored her father's brilliant victories over Hannibal, she was prouder of her sons, the Gracchi, than even of the great Scipio. Her husband died when her children were very young, but she determined to give them the best education. At this time there were good schools in Rome, and probably Tiberius and Caius Gracchus — for these were the names of the boys — went every day. They were accompanied by a slave who carried their books, writing tablets, and counting boards, and also by a pedagogue or Greek tutor, who, as they walked, instructed them in the Greek language and literature, in art, music, science, and philosophy. They were taught rhetoric and declamation also; and we are sure that in these studies Tiberius and Caius did well, for both became such famous orators.

One day a rich lady visiting Cornelia showed to

her some magnificent jewels. Cornelia asked her to wait a little, saying that she wished to display her own. When her children returned from school, she brought them to her friend, and proudly said, "These are my jewels!"

While Tiberius and Caius were growing up, there was a contest in the city between the rich and the poor, for "Rome had become a commonwealth of millionaires and beggars." The millionaires had gained their wealth from the spoils of conquered cities, and the poor had grown poorer, their little farms having been desolated by the wars of Hannibal.

When Tiberius, the elder of Cornelia's "jewels," had reached the age of seventeen, he buckled on his sword and was sent to join the army; and, as he traveled through Italy, he was shocked at seeing the desolation of the country. The noble passions were aroused within him. On his return he became a noted champion of the poor and such a popular orator that he stirred the hearts of the people to their very depths. In one of his speeches he said, "You are called 'Lords of the Earth,' without possessing a single clod to call your own." By such words he urged on the Romans, and they made him a tribune. After much difficulty, Tiberius managed to pass an agrarian law, giving land to the people. When the dying king of Pergamus

left a large sum of money to Rome, Tiberius begged that it might be given to the poor to enable them to stock their farms. The nobles were indignant and determined to silence Tiberius, and they spread a report that he was trying to gain a crown.

He was attacked with his followers in the Forum, and with three hundred others was killed and thrown into the Tiber.

Caius Gracchus was nine years younger than his brother, and as soon as he became of age he took up his brother's work. His mother besought him to take warning from the fate of Tiberius, but he told her that his brother had appeared to him in a dream, saying, "Caius, why do you linger? there is no escape; one life for both of us and one death in defense of the people is our fate."

The schemes of Caius seemed even greater than those of Tiberius. He determined in every way to weaken the influence of the nobles. He became tribune, and had new laws made by which corn might be freely distributed to the poor. He also found work for them upon roads and bridges. He tried to establish colonies all over Italy, and upon the ruins of Carthage. While the senators were bent upon his destruction a battle took place in the street. Caius fled with a faithful slave into a sacred grove, whence he hoped to reach the Tiber, but he was surrounded, and resolving not

to fall alive into the hands of the enemy, he commanded the slave to kill him. The slave did as he was told, and then, in grief for his master, fell on his own sword.

Three thousand of the followers of Caius were either imprisoned or killed. The Gracchi were true martyrs in the cause of freedom, but their work was at once overthrown, and for long the Romans were not allowed to speak their names. Poor Cornelia was not permitted to wear mourning for her sons, and she returned broken-hearted to her country home. Later, however, statues were erected to the brothers in the public square of Rome, and a monument was placed also in memory of Cornelia. It bore the simple yet impressive inscription, "The Mother of the Gracchi."

Spartacus

Between the death of the Gracchi in the second century before Christ and the rule of Julius Cæsar in the first, there were very many plots and factions and leaders in Rome; but in spite of its troubles, the city was winning new victories.

Between the years 72–71 B.C. the gladiatorial wars took place. Gladiatorial combats had become a favorite amusement among the Romans. No festival was complete without one. The bravest captives taken in war were kept in training-schools,

learning how to slaughter one another in the amphitheater. The brilliant audience, frantic with excitement, urged on the fighters, shouting wild applause, as they watched the onset.

When badly wounded, the gladiators dropped their weapons and held up their forefingers, begging for life. If they saw the audience with thumbs turned, and waving handkerchiefs, they knew that there was mercy for them; but clenched fists meant their certain death.

In one of the training-schools in Capua was Spartacus, a Thracian captive, and he revolted from a fate so terrible. He influenced the men about him, and they forcibly broke away from the prison and, seizing some weapons, fought their way to Mount Vesuvius. There they took refuge in the crater. In that strange place, the gallant Spartacus proclaimed freedom to all who would join him. Thither flocked slaves and pirates and discontented peasants, and in time his army numbered over one hundred thousand men. For nearly three years, they bade defiance to Rome. Their camp became like a great fair, filled with all kinds of plunder. Merchants came to buy of them, and in payment they would receive nothing but bronze and iron, which, with their forges, they at once converted into weapons.

Spartacus was clear-sighted, and he knew that

his band could not defy the Romans for long. He begged his followers to try with him to force their way out of Italy, that they might reach their homes in Gaul, Spain, and Thrace. But the gladiators refused, because the plunder of Italy was so very tempting.

After a time, a famous Roman named Crassus, the richest man of his day, determined to rid Italy of the foe, and with his army he crowded Spartacus and his men into southern Italy. Still feeling that they would better leave the country, Spartacus bargained with some pirates to carry them over in their wicker boats to Sicily. The pirates promised, and were paid for the passage. Then they weakened in their purpose and sailed away, leaving the men to their fate. To prevent their escape to the north, Crassus threw up a wall across the isthmus; but the gladiators broke through it, and hurried northward, only to be terribly defeated by Crassus. Spartacus was killed, but five thousand of his followers escaped and fled toward the Alps. There they were met by another distinguished Roman, Pompey the Great, who was just returning from victories in Spain. He killed them all, and in ways so cruel that their terrible fate proved a warning to any slaves who might ever be tempted to rise in rebellion against Rome.

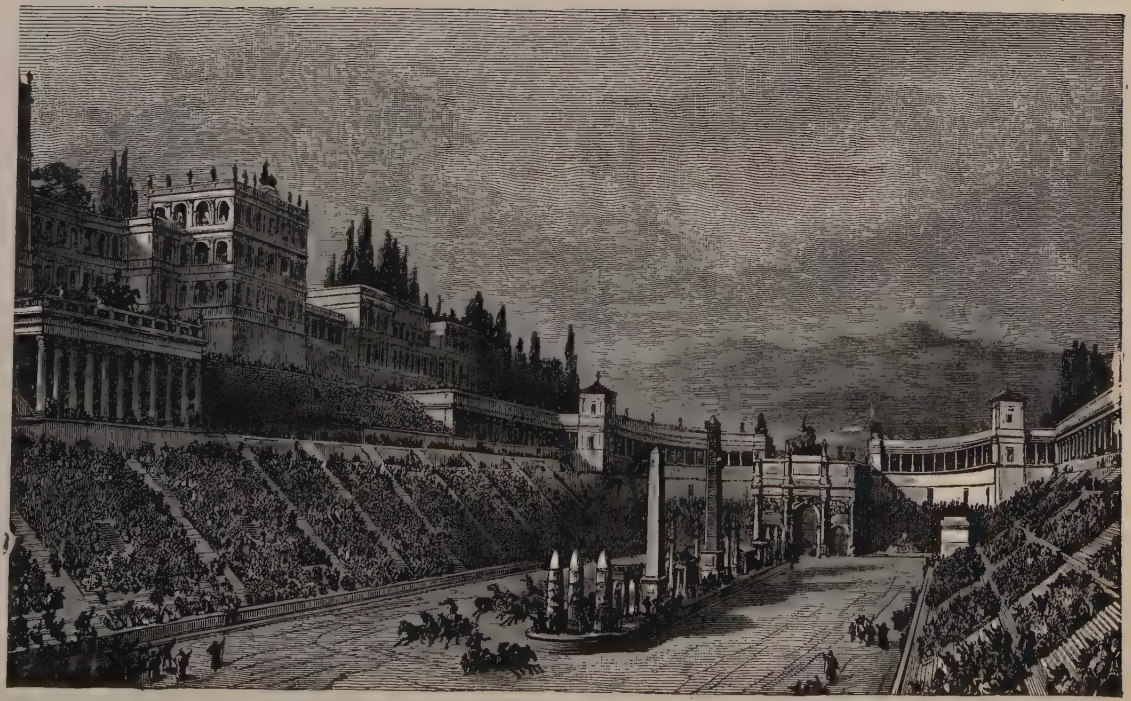
In the gladiatorial shows, not only gladiators but

even Christian martyrs, and among them beautiful young girls, were brought into the arena. There they were attacked by lions, elephants, and hippopotami, and other wild animals, brought from a far country and goaded on to fury "to make a Roman holiday."

For these shows the Colosseum was built. It held eighty thousand spectators, and when it was dedicated, five thousand animals were thrown into the arena. It was also used for chariot-races and magnificent shows of all kinds. The combats went on for hundreds of years, to be ended later, like many other evils, by the simple power of Christianity.

It was in the reign of Honorius, in the fifth century after Christ, that one day, in the midst of the contests, a Christian monk descended into the arena, and rushing between the combatants, tried to separate them. He was killed instantly, but the heart of the emperor was touched, and the martyrdom of the monk Telemachus accomplished more than Spartacus with all his fighters, for there was issued an imperial edict, which forever abolished gladiatorial combats.

"I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand, — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,



A CHARIOT RACE

And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him: he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday, —
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!"

— Byron.

Julius Cæsar

The first century before Christ presented a great contrast to the virtuous days of the old republic. The years were full of strife and bribery and conquest, the law was little respected, and there were always two or three rival candidates, each striving to be leader.

Rome really needed one man to govern it, and Julius Cæsar was to be that man. Shakespeare calls him "the foremost man of all the world."

Let us now read about Julius Cæsar, and then each of us may form his own opinion.

He belonged to the illustrious Julian family in Rome, and claimed to be descended from the gods. He was born about 100 B.C. His father died when he was sixteen, and his mother had him educated very carefully.

He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with a kind of fascination about him that always belongs to those who lead others.

Once, while on the Mediterranean, Cæsar was attacked and taken prisoner by some pirates. He treated them very courteously, and entered into their amusements. They liked him so much that they really regarded him as their leader.

He asked them what price his ransom should be, and when they named a small sum, he told them that it was not enough and that he should double it. After payment, he was dismissed. At once he fitted up a small fleet, followed the pirates, overhauled their vessels, and nailed them all on crosses.

Pompey and Crassus were now the leading men in Rome, and Cæsar was given a command in Spain, and there he gained military honors. On his return to Rome, he found that there was much jealousy between Pompey and Crassus: one was trying to please the Romans by giving shows, and the other by giving feasts.

Cæsar proposed they should all three join in a

kind of league called a triumvirate, to oppose the senate and get the power into their own hands — Cæsar giving his brains; Crassus, his money; and Pompey, the influence which he had gained through great military services.

So in 60 B.C. the First Triumvirate was formed, composed of Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar. Later Cæsar went to Gaul, and Crassus to Syria, and Pompey remained in Rome.

Before reading further into Cæsar's life, we must become better acquainted with his great rival Pompey. Pompey had already done great deeds. He had been successful in Gaul and Spain. We remember that he destroyed the five thousand gladiators fleeing from Italy. Perhaps his most brilliant campaign had been his conquest over pirates who infested the Mediterranean. They had become so rich that they had warehouses full of plunder, their galleys carried silken sails, oars inlaid with ivory, and bronze prows.

These galleys had attacked merchant and wheat vessels on the sea, and towns along the coast, stealing men, women, and children for ransom. They spread terror wherever they went. Pompey was appointed dictator to rid the waters of such bold robbers; and after ninety days he was successful.

Then he fought bravely in the East, in Asia Minor and Syria, defeating, among other rulers,

the great Mithridates, king of Pontus, who had troubled the Romans for many years. And a wonderful man was Mithridates! He was the swiftest of runners, could drive sixteen horses in a chariot-race, speak twenty-two languages, and do many other remarkable things.

After all Pompey's victories, he had returned to Rome, where a splendid triumph was given him.

Then the First Triumvirate was formed, of which we have already spoken.

Cæsar now went with his legions to Gaul, in the year 58 B.C., and he remained there for eight years.

Hordes of warlike barbarians were crossing the Rhine and establishing themselves in Gaul, and Cæsar felt that they must be pushed back. Gaul was soon converted into a great battle-field.

As we are reading about Cæsar's Gallic campaigns, it may be interesting to know something about the formation of the Roman army. The largest body of men was the legion, numbering from three to six thousand soldiers. This was divided into cohorts, companies, and centuries. The century contained a hundred men, and its officer was called a centurion. At the head of the army a gilt eagle was carried — Rome's emblem of pride and victory.

The drill of the soldiers consisted in running, jumping, and swimming in full armor, and in

marching for long distances at the rate of four miles an hour. On the march each soldier carried besides his arms enough grain to last from seventeen to thirty days; and, also, stakes and intrenching tools, so that in a halt ditches could be dug and palisades made to prevent sudden attacks.

The principal machines were the ballista for flinging stones; the catapult, for hurling darts; the battering-ram, for making breaches in the walls of a city; and the movable tower which could be placed close to the fortifications, and from the top of which stones and darts could be thrown.

Cæsar went everywhere with his men, swimming rivers, plunging into morasses, climbing mountains, and in the field he was always in the thickest of the fight. Twice he crossed the Rhine and frightened the Germans; and twice he went to Britain, an island before this known only by name to the Romans. When he had conquered the tribes he tried to civilize them and to make them contented under Roman rule, and he built many Roman roads. Sometimes the barbarians would feel the spirit of revolt and the desire for liberty, but many of them learned to know and love the will of their leader. Finally, Cæsar conquered Gaul after eight years of heroic struggle.

Right in the midst of the warfare, he wrote his famous "Commentaries," in such pure and polished

Latin that even to-day in every school they are models of Latin composition.

The "Commentaries" tell us in a clear and vivid way the true story of the conflict, as the "Roman Eagle" marched on its conquering career over the whole of Gaul, and even into the German forests, and up the white cliffs of Dover. It is said that Cæsar could read, write, and dictate from four to seven letters at once.

During the years in which Cæsar was away, he was sending to Rome wonderful spoils which dazzled the eyes of the people, and at one time a public thanksgiving of fifteen days was made in Rome in honor of his victories.

Crassus, the third member of the Triumvirate, had taken possession of his province of Syria. In order to grow richer and to gain successes in the East that might rival those of Cæsar in the West, he set out to conquer the Parthians. His army was attacked suddenly by a shower of arrows, sent by these wild horsemen, and, in attempting to retreat, Crassus was killed. With his death in 56 B.C. ended the Triumvirate.

Cæsar lost in Crassus one of his truest friends. During the last years of Cæsar's wars in Gaul, he knew from many things that Pompey in Rome was jealous of him. The people joined with Cæsar, and the senate allied itself with Pompey.

At last, under the influence of the latter, word was sent to Cæsar that he must resign his position as governor of Gaul, lay down his arms, disband his army and return home; otherwise he would be considered a traitor to his country.

The southern boundary between Cæsar's province of Gaul and Italy was the Rubicon, a famous river in history, but so small that to-day it is difficult to decide as to its exact location. No enemy to Rome was allowed to cross the Rubicon.

When the news of the action of the senate reached Cæsar, he decided at once what he would do. With one legion he hurried to the Rubicon, and there he paused. If he crossed, he must fight with Pompey; if he retreated, he would be called a traitor.

And the story is, that as the legion halted, a shepherd boy came from the neighboring field and began to play upon his pipe, and the officers gathered about him to listen. As he played, the trumpeters came along, and putting down his pipe, the boy took one of the martial instruments and sounded a charge.

"An omen! a prodigy!" shouted Cæsar, "the die is cast!" and the whole army hurried over the little stream.

As they marched, town after town opened its gates, until it seemed as if Cæsar were marching

home as a conquering general at the head of his troops.

News of his coming had reached Rome, and before he crossed the Rubicon, the senate had passed a decree deposing him from his command; but after he *had* crossed it, and was marching triumphantly toward the city, the terrified senate fled.

Pompey set out at night with some followers for Brundusium, and from there crossed the Adriatic. Within sixty days, without bloodshed, Cæsar was ruler of all Italy. After making preparations to guard his coast with castles and batteries, he started out to conquer Pompey. He crossed the Adriatic and met him at Pharsalus, in Thessaly, 48 B.C. Cæsar had but half as many men as Pompey, but Pompey was defeated, and fled to the coast, and thence escaped to Egypt.

He sent a message to the Egyptian king, Ptolemy, begging him to give him shelter; but the king, thinking to please Cæsar, had Pompey killed just as he was landing at Alexandria. His body was thrown into the surf, and his head was sent to Cæsar. Cæsar wept when he saw it, as he thought of Pompey's life and of Pompey's fate.

After Cæsar's arrival in Egypt, he found that there was a dispute there respecting the throne, and he remained nine months to settle it.

The beautiful Cleopatra, the sister of the king,

wished to see Cæsar, and she had herself wrapped in a roll of carpet and carried to him as a bale of goods. He was so pleased with her that he overthrew the reigning Ptolemy, and secured the kingdom for her and a younger brother.

While in Egypt, Cæsar heard that Pharnaces, son of the great Mithridates, was in rebellion against Rome; so he went against him and defeated him, and in five days the war was over. Then he sent to the senate a message in the three words, "Veni, vidi, vici" (I came, I saw, I conquered).

Cæsar now returned to the West. Hearing of a revolt in Africa, he went there, and in the year 46 B.C. overcame the Republican forces in the battle of Thapsus; after which the leader, Cato the Stoic, killed himself. Next Cæsar crushed a conspiracy in Spain and returned to Rome. There a four days' triumph was awaiting him. Every citizen was given a present, and the people were feasted in the streets on thousands of tables. There were no proscriptions as in Sulla's day to mar the joy.

Cæsar's statue was placed in the Capitol opposite Jupiter's, and he was made dictator for ten years and censor for three. It seemed as if in a moment he had become "the foremost man of all the world."

Nothing had been too great for him to accom-

plish as a general; now nothing was too great as a statesman.

Order and justice were established everywhere; he revised the calendar, and the month of July was named for him. He relieved the distress of the poor by sending colonists to rebuild Carthage and Corinth; he had new buildings in the city and country, and paved and lighted the streets. He guarded the boundaries of the empire, which now extended to the Rhine, Danube, and Euphrates rivers.

Finally he was made dictator for life. Some thought that he wished to be king, and one day when passing through the streets he was hailed as such, and he cried out: —

"I am not king, but Cæsar!"

At a festival one of his friends heard Antony offer him a crown, but he thrust it aside, though perhaps reluctantly.

But Cæsar was ambitious, and the nobles envied him; and under the pretense that they wished liberty they formed a plot to assassinate him. The principal conspirators were Brutus and Cassius, two men who had received much kindness from Cæsar. He had a warning: "Beware the Ides of March" (the fifteenth day of that month).

On the night before, his wife Calpurnia had a dream which troubled her, and she begged Cæsar

not to go to the senate on that day. But he trusted his friends and would not be frightened. The senate met in a new building erected by Pompey the Great, and in the immense hall stood Pompey's statue.

As Cæsar entered, the conspirators crowded about him, concealing their weapons. One of the senators struck him with a sword, and then many swords were drawn.

Cæsar moved back toward Pompey's statue, and seeing the face of his friend Brutus, he exclaimed, "Et tu, Brute!" (Thou, too, Brutus!) Pierced with twenty-three wounds, he drew his robe over his face, and fell at the foot of the statue. This was on the 15th of March, 44 B.C.

The conspirators thought that they had done a great deed and that Rome would rejoice, but Cæsar had been an idol of the people, and he had left a bequest to each Roman citizen.

The populace vowed revenge upon the conspirators, and Brutus and Cassius fled at once.

The time for the observance of the funeral ceremonies was made known by proclamation. They were held in the Field of Mars, an immense parade ground, and a pile was made for the burning of the body. It was placed on a bed adorned with scarlet and cloth of gold, and at the head was put the robe in which Cæsar had been killed. Mark Antony pro-

nounced the funeral oration, showing the glory and honor which Cæsar had conferred upon Rome.

Then Antony, with Cæsar's nephew, Octavius, and Lepidus, one of his lieutenants, formed the Second Triumvirate, in 43 B.C., and the three men divided the world among themselves. They followed Brutus and Cassius to Philippi in Thrace, and there a battle was fought. Brutus and Cassius were defeated, and both committed suicide; and so, in the year 42 B.C., Cæsar's death was avenged. As an orator, soldier, writer, and statesman, Julius Cæsar was great. Do you think with Shakespeare that he was "the foremost man of all the world"?

"*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest —
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men) —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious:
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
Oh, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me."

— SHAKESPEARE.

Cicero

THERE are two men in ancient literature that are often associated — Demosthenes and Cicero — because both were famous orators. Demosthenes, in Greece, had, in the fourth century before Christ, thundered his "Philippics" against Philip of Macedon; and Cicero, in the first century before Christ, had determined to be the Roman Demosthenes. His philippics were aimed against every man who threatened the freedom of the Roman government. Cicero was born one hundred and six years before

Christ. His family loved the old Roman ways, especially his grandfather, who could not bear to have the Greek language and literature so much studied in Italy. Indeed, he is known to have said, "The more Greek a man knows, the greater rascal he becomes."

Cicero's father, however, loved books, and he determined that his son should have a fine education. Little Cicero became such a good scholar that the parents of the other boys would sometimes come to the school just to hear him recite.

Cicero loved study more than anything else, and he said that no one must blame him if, while others were busy with all kinds of pleasure, he gave his time to learning. The subjects that he most enjoyed were grammar, rhetoric, and Greek literature, law, and oratory.

At this time books were becoming more common in Rome; they were not printed like ours, but every one was written on either papyrus or parchment. The work was done by scribes, who were usually educated Greek slaves; one would dictate, while many would write. The finished book was rolled upon a stick and kept in a circular case.

Cicero read many books, and later owned a magnificent library, constantly adding to it rare books, copied by his own slaves.

Cicero traveled and studied in the famous school of oratory in Rhodes, and also in Athens. While in Greece he consulted an oracle, asking how a man should attain the most glory, and the excellent response was, "By making your own genius, and not the opinions of the people, the guide of your life."

When Cicero was thirty years old, he went to Rome, carrying a richly stored mind. He became, after a little, the most famous Latin orator of all the world. And it is not to the distant province, or on the battle-field, that we go to study his life, but right to the very heart of Rome, to the rostrum in the Forum. The Forum was the grandest square in Rome. It was covered with splendid edifices and ornamented with sculptures, porticoes, statues, columns, and triumphal arches that told the deeds of the brave Romans. There were also booths with goods on sale. Here assemblies and courts of justice met; indeed, everybody came to the Forum to buy and sell and to hear tidings from all parts of the world. Sometime in his life every ambitious leader in Rome made his voice heard here. The rostrum was the pulpit on which the orator stood. And it took its name from the brazen beaks of ships with which it was adorned.

And on the rostrum we find Cicero, the brilliant young orator, lifting his eloquent voice; for more

than any other man in Rome he knew the art of pleasing and convincing.

Many of his orations are read to-day; but the ones in which he won his greatest triumphs are those against Verres and Catiline. Verres, a dishonest Roman governor in Sicily, had for three years plundered the beautiful island just to make himself rich. The Romans were indignant at him, and he was impeached by Cicero and fled.

But the best service that Cicero ever did for Rome was to save the city from the conspiracy of Catiline.

Catiline was a weak, reckless, ambitious young noble of fascinating manners. He gathered some idle young nobles about him. In the year 63 B.C., during Pompey's absence in the East, Catiline formed a plan to murder the consuls, set fire to Rome, and completely overthrow the government. The conspirators expected help from slaves, criminals, and gladiators in the city, and also from soldiers in Africa and Spain. They had a secret, but too many were trying to keep it. So it was found out, and Cicero determined to punish Catiline. One day, in the Senate Chamber, when Catiline was present, Cicero boldly accused him, and in one of his fiery philippics exposed the whole plot. Catiline, overwhelmed by Cicero's eloquence, fled from the Senate Chamber and the city, and joined his

CICERO DELIVERS HIS ORATION AGAINST THE CONSPIRATOR CATILINE

band of conspirators. Later he was slain, fighting at their head, and Cicero became the "Savior of his country." His orations against Catiline should be studied by every Latin scholar.

Cicero was a delightful letter-writer, for in every letter that he wrote he tried to express his thoughts clearly. Among his essays, those on "friendship" and "old age" are charming.

Cicero took part with Pompey against Cæsar, but after Pompey's death he renewed his friendship with Cæsar. After his assassination, Cicero felt that Mark Antony was assuming too much power, and he took the part of young Octavius, Cæsar's nephew. Cicero hurled against Antony terrible philippics, but this time he paid for his defense of freedom with his life. Octavius and Antony later became friends, and with Lepidus made a Second Triumvirate.

Now there was a terrible proscription, in which all who had spoken against any of the triumvirs were killed, and Octavius gave up Cicero because Antony hated him. Cicero's friends begged him to flee from the country, but he said, "Let me die in my Fatherland which I have so often saved." It is thought that he was calmly reading his letters when he was found by Antony's messengers. It was in the year 43 B.C. that he was killed, and his head and hand were nailed upon the rostrum from

whence the Romans had so often been touched by the charm of his eloquence.

The Age of the Twelve Cæsars and the Five Good Emperors

The Greeks made beautiful statues of their gods, but the Romans had not their genius, and instead they carved in marble likenesses of their emperors. These portrait statues are very famous to-day. They show a great variety of expression; for example, there is the noble and dignified statue of Augustus, and then the bust of the horrible Caracalla. It seems as if the sculptor must have hesitated to cut the latter in marble. These portrait statues and busts are in the sculpture gallery in Rome, and we may find copies of them in many art museums.

We cannot study them here, but instead we will try to get a memory picture of each of these emperors as they pass in hasty review before us. They are such striking men that they will not be difficult to remember. These are the names of the twelve Cæsars: —

1. Julius Cæsar.
2. Augustus.
3. Tiberius.
4. Caligula.
5. Claudius.
6. Nero.
7. Galba.
8. Otho.
9. Vitellius.
10. Vespasian.
11. Titus.
12. Domitian.

We recall, as the first, the great warrior and statesman, Julius Cæsar. After his death his young nephew Octavius came to Rome, and with Antony and Lepidus, formed the Second Triumvirate. Lepidus was soon set aside, and Antony in Egypt was so carried away with the charms of the beautiful queen Cleopatra that he lost his military fame. The Romans made war against him, and his defeat in the battle of Actium, 31 B.C., left Octavius master of the Roman Empire. Taking the name of Augustus, he became the first emperor; but warned by the fate of Julius Cæsar, he did not take a kingly title. He lived very simply. His wife Livia wove his toga; he walked the street like any other citizen, and he charmed the people by his kindly manner.

No pirates or barbarians now threatened Italy, civil war was over, and the gates of the temple of Janus were closed. It is true that in a distant German forest, Varus, the general of Augustus, was defeated by Arminius, the freedom-loving German, and that when Augustus heard this, he cried, "O Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!" But no danger disturbed Rome itself, and no other city can compare with the Rome of the Augustan Age. Augustus boasted that he "found it a city of brick, and left it a city of marble." He adorned it with beautiful palaces and temples, the most famous

one being the Pantheon; although this was built nearly two thousand years ago, it is used to-day as a place of Christian worship. Augustus was a patron of art and learning, and his reign is called the "Golden or Augustan Age" of Roman literature. Virgil, who wrote the "Æneid," and Horace, the poet whom the people loved best, were among the many distinguished men who lived at this time.

But there was one fact which made the reign of Augustus more famous than that of any other emperor. In the year 4 B.C. Christ, the Prince of Peace, was born in Bethlehem of Judea. The month of August was named in honor of Augustus, and Christmas in honor of the birth of Christ.

Now, turning from Augustus, we draw from the reign of his successor Tiberius, a very dark picture; for he was a mean and jealous man who poisoned his brave nephew Germanicus. After giving the power into the hands of an unworthy favorite, he went to the island of Capreæ, and there spent most of his evil life.

Rocky Capreæ, with its blue grotto and its pretty and gayly dressed peasant girls, is very beautiful in its bright setting in the bay of Naples; but the ruined villas there must remind us always of the miserable reign of Tiberius.

Caligula, the next Cæsar, was so named from the little soldier boots which he wore when a small

boy. He has often been called the "madman upon the throne"; and you will think this a good name for him when I tell you what he did. He made his favorite horse a consul and gave it a golden manger; he fought sometimes as a gladiator; he called himself a god; and in order to be "next neighbor to Jupiter" he connected his palace and Jupiter's temple by a bridge; and finally he wished that all the people in Rome had but one neck, that he might cut it off at a single blow!

In the reign of Claudius there is told a touching little story which will make a fine contrasting picture to the last. Claudius made conquests in Britain, and among the captives whom he brought to Rome was a savage of gigantic size called Caractacus. When Caractacus saw the magnificence of Rome, he exclaimed, "How can a people with such a splendid city envy Caractacus his humble cot in Britain!" When he was taken before the emperor, he made such a plea for his freedom that Claudius instantly had his chains struck off.

Nero, the next, was really the very worst of all the twelve Cæsars; and what seems strange, he was so tender-hearted at first that if asked to sign a death sentence, he felt so sorry to do it, that he wished he had never learned to write. He had an excellent teacher Seneca, but seldom a teacher has a pupil that turns out so badly.

Nero's life was full of crimes, and among those nearest to him whose death he caused were his mother and his wife and Seneca.

A terrible fire broke out in Rome, and while the city was in flames, he played on his flute, and sang a poem which he had composed on the burning of Troy. Soon afterward, as Nero declared the Christians had started the fire, a terrible persecution followed. They were hunted in the skins of wild beasts; they were covered with pitch and lighted to serve as torches at night. Is it a wonder that the poor Christians sought homes and burial-places in the Catacombs or stone quarries beneath the city?

Nero loved to sing with his squeaking voice, to recite verses, to act in the theater, and to ride in chariot-races. No matter how foolish his performance, if any one dared make fun of it or to leave before he had finished, the life of that person would be ended, either by poison or the dagger. Nero built for himself a golden house, so immense that it seemed like a small city. Some parts of it were overlaid with gold, and some with mother-of-pearl. The banqueting hall constantly revolved, to imitate the motions of the heavenly bodies.

Nero brought beautiful statues from Greece, and in one portico was his own, one hundred and twenty feet high. When his golden house was finished,

he exclaimed, "Now I have a dwelling fit for a man!" Are you surprised that at his death the people expressed the wildest joy?

The next three Cæsars — Galba, Otho, and Vitellius — are all so weak that we shall not introduce them into our gallery of memory pictures.

Following these was Vespasian, a stern and honest man. His reign was prosperous, conquests were made in Britain, and among his many public works at home he began the stupendous Colosseum, which held, after completion, eighty thousand people.

The most important event of his reign was the destruction of Jerusalem by his son Titus, in 70 A.D. The Romans had treated the Jews and Christians as enemies because they would not worship their emperors and gods. So Titus honestly felt that he was doing the will of the gods when he destroyed Jerusalem. The fight was terrible; the Jews fought desperately, and it is supposed that over a million of them were killed. Titus robbed the temple of its sacred treasures, taking them to Rome to grace his triumph. And to-day we may see pictured, inside the Arch of Titus in Rome, reliefs of the seven-branched candlesticks, the trumpets, and the table of shew-bread. After Titus returned to Rome, he ruled with his father Vespasian.

Vespasian was the first emperor after Augustus who did not meet a violent death. In his last

moments he begged his attendants to raise him to his feet that he might die standing, as befitted a Roman emperor.

Titus was called the "Delight of Mankind," and he judged that day lost in which he had not done some good. It was during his reign in 79 A.D. that the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

Domitian, the last of the twelve Cæsars, was most foolish. He styled himself "Lord God," but his favorite amusement was spearing flies with a pin.

These twelve Cæsars of whom we have read began their rule in the first century before Christ, but all except Julius Cæsar belong to the first century after Christ. Their reigns were followed by those of the "five good emperors," who made the second century after Christ perhaps even more famous than the Cæsars made the first. Their names were: —

1. Nerva.
2. Trajan.
3. Hadrian.
4. Antoninus Pius.
5. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

Nerva was a peaceful and good old man.

Trajan was called "The Best." He made new conquests in the far East, and during his reign the empire reached its greatest extent. He had a

passion for building, and wherever he went walls and roads and bridges appeared. His Forum is in Rome, and on it stands his famous column, on which is traced in spiral pictured reliefs a most lifelike story of his war against the Dacians. There are about one hundred different scenes, containing twenty-five hundred figures; and among these Trajan is always recognized.

Hadrian was the next splendid ruler.

In order to be in all places, like the sunshine, he spent fifteen years visiting every part of his dominions, building roads and walls, and decorating cities with theaters and temples. Hadrian was followed in turn by the two Antonines, whose only idea was so to rule as to make the people happy. But, unfortunately, this "Golden Age of Happiness" was interrupted many times by the movements of the barbarians in the north, of which we shall read very soon. But amidst the destruction, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus wrote a book of "Meditations," more like the teachings of Christ than are the writings of any other heathen emperor.

There are many more Roman emperors whom we might add to our gallery, but we must not make it too full. Sometime you will study about them all. Let us now recall our subject, the "Twelve Cæsars" and the "Five Good Emperors," and as these different rulers appear before us, one

by one, let us see if we remember two or three facts about each of the more prominent ones.

Pompeii

Pompeii and Herculaneum were beautiful cities, delightfully situated in southern Italy, and, in the days of the Cæsars, were favorite resorts of the wealthy Romans. But in 79 A.D., just at the height of their prosperity, both were suddenly overwhelmed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. In superstitious times people thought that volcanic mountains held struggling giants who were trying to escape; for, with the shaking earth, darkening sky, flowing lava, blinding cinders, and the explosion in the air, one might imagine anything.

Mount Vesuvius had been quiet for many years, and the inhabitants of Pompeii and Herculaneum, though living right at its base, were gay and full of affairs, not dreaming what the "struggling giant" would do. But suddenly, in the year 79 A.D., there was a shaking as of an earthquake about the mountain, and soon from its summit was seen a cloud of unusual size and shape, sometimes dark and sometimes bright. It hovered for long over the mountain, and at last ashes and pumice stone and cinders fell over the two cities, burying many people in their houses and shops and theaters and temples. Of those who tried to

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

escape, some were caught as they ran and overcome with the ashes and the choking vapor. The alarming suddenness with which the destruction came is seen in the terror-stricken attitudes of some of the bodies, casts of which are preserved in the museum at Naples.

Pliny the Elder, and his nephew, Pliny the Younger, were famous Latin authors living at the time. The latter was a celebrated writer of letters, and in one of them we find vivid accounts of the catastrophe, for he himself saw it. In one he describes the death of his uncle, Pliny the Elder, who was a writer on geography and natural history, and who wished to learn all he could about nature. At this time he was commander of the Roman fleet which was stationed at Misenum. He felt the earthquake; he saw the cloud; he loved the marvelous, and determined to have a nearer view of the eruption. He entered his galley, and steered right for the mountain. The pilot urged his return, but Pliny said, "Fortune favors the brave," and pushed on. Finally he managed to land, but only to be suffocated by the fatal vapor. When the eruption was over, quiet was restored; but two cities of the Roman Empire had been blotted out, and in time fields and villages occupied the slopes where they had stood.

After being forgotten for over sixteen hundred

years, Herculaneum was discovered, in 1713, by some persons digging a well in Naples. They found that the opening led right down into a street in Herculaneum, and since then a large part of Pompeii has also been dug out. Centuries have changed other ancient cities; so how strange it seems to go into Pompeii and find it as it was in ancient days. Perhaps the houses are more interesting than anything else; for, with their courts and vestibules and fountains, and altars and shrines and living rooms, and beautiful mosaic floors and bright wall paintings, they recall perfectly the Roman villas in the days of Horace and Cicero.

Pompeii is now only a dark spot upon the bay of Naples; and it is difficult to believe as we walk through the deserted streets that we are in a Roman city which, for many, many years, has been protected so carefully by its lava covering; and it seems impossible as we look off into the distance upon Mount Vesuvius, holding aloft its smoking torch into the blue, sun-lit Italian sky, that the monster could have been responsible for the fearful tragedy which has made 79 A.D. one of the memorable dates which history records.

Constantine the Great

BETWEEN the rule of the good emperors in the second century after Christ, and that of Constantine the

Great in the fourth, there were many rulers. Those especially to be remembered for their wickedness were Caracalla and Elagabalus. Don't you think that even the name of the latter suggests a monster?

Among the good rulers were the gentle Alexander Severus, the soldier emperor Aurelian, and the stern Diocletian.

Diocletian thought that he could govern the empire better by dividing it, and his plan was followed by Constantine; but the division helped only to weakness.

Constantine, before coming to the throne, had fought for eighteen years with six competitors; but finally he crushed every rival, and became sole emperor in 324 A.D.

During the contest with his last opponent, while on the field one day a brilliant light appeared in the sky, and blazed before the whole army. To Constantine himself it appeared as a luminous cross, under which were written the words, "In hoc signo vinces." (With this sign you will conquer.)

Constantine at once embraced Christianity, a royal standard was made, surmounted by a cross, and beneath this his legions marched to conquest. Then they entered Rome in triumph, and were welcomed there by the Christians, and from this time Sunday was kept as the Lord's day.

When Constantine became a Christian, his

mother, Helena, was much distressed; but later she, too, was converted, and did much to strengthen the early church. She went to Bethlehem and Jerusalem to discover the sacred places connected with Christ's life, and about the spot in Bethlehem where it was supposed he was born, she built the Church of the Nativity.

Constantine could not easily introduce the Christian religion into Rome; for the city was full of heathen temples, and the Romans did not like to have him abandon the gods.

So he determined to build for himself a new capital. It was to be in the East, nearer the countries from which the earlier civilizations had come. It is said that a celestial messenger told him to found his new city at Byzantium, on the straits of Bosporus.

Constantine now had the wealth of the world at his command, and it was not long before he began the great church of Santa Sophia.

He also built for himself a palace, and embellished the city with parks and theaters and dwellings. The name was changed from Byzantium to Constantinople, meaning the "City of Constantine," and we know how magnificent it has become.

When Constantine was sixty-four years old, and during his last illness, he was baptized, and he never afterwards put on his royal purple robes,

but wore white until the day of his death in 337 A.D.

Alaric — Attila — Genseric

We have now reached the fifth century after Christ, and it is a very famous age. First, it is the century when the most terrible of all barbarians — the Goths, the Huns, and the Vandals — overwhelmed the Roman Empire. Second, it is the century of the fall of the empire, which took place 476 A.D. Third, it is the century of the beginnings of the history of England, France, Germany, and Spain. Fourth, it is the century when ancient history ends and mediæval history begins. Mediæval history extends from the fifth to the fifteenth century after Christ, and as we read about it in the following chapters, we shall soon discover the difference between ancient and mediæval life.

Of the barbarian leaders, Alaric the Goth came first. At this time Honorius was on the throne of the western Roman Empire, for after the death of Constantine the Great, the empire had been divided into two parts, one emperor reigning at Constantinople, and the other at Rome.

Honorius was a weak, foolish emperor. You will hardly believe it when I tell you that he really cared more for his chickens than for the empire over which he was supposed to rule. To

prove this, the story is told that wnen the Goths were invading his country, and he was hiding in Ravenna, some one told him that Rome was lost, and he replied, "That is not possible, for I have just fed her!" You see that he had a favorite chicken named Rome.

Honorius, however, had a great general, Stilicho, who fought the Goths. In honor of his victory over them, Honorius had a triumph, but later grew so jealous of Stilicho that he had him assassinated.

The Goths, knowing then that there was no one able to oppose them, marched under their leader, Alaric, to the very gates of Rome, and cutting off the inhabitants from communication with the country around, they quietly waited until the city should be starved.

Famine and pestilence both came in time, and an immense ransom was raised to pay Alaric to leave. Quantities of gold and silver and silk robes and scarlet cloth and pepper were collected.

Pepper seemed a curious thing to be demanded, but it was used very much in Roman cooking and considered a luxury, for it was brought from far-away India. After receiving the ransom, Alaric and his Goths left, but they soon returned.

This time they marched into the city, and the blasts of their trumpets resounded through the streets.

Rome was given up to days of plunder. Houses were set on fire to give light in the streets, and the city was filled with heaps of ruins. Jewels and gold and silver and robes and vases and furniture and statues of the gods, indeed innumerable art treasures which have been mourned ever since by lovers of the beautiful, were heaped high upon the wagons of the barbarians.

Alaric was satisfied, and determined to move into southern Italy.

As the Goths traveled southward, they lived on the rich products of the country, resting under the palm trees in the heat of the day, eating the fruits, and drinking the native wines from gold and jeweled goblets.

Not long afterwards, 410 A.D., Alaric died of a fever. A little stream was turned aside from its course, and clad in full armor, he was buried in its bed. Then the stream was turned back again. The workmen who had dug the grave were killed, so that no one could ever find the exact burial-place of the great leader.

The savage Huns were the "terrible race" that had pushed other barbarians into the Roman Empire; and they had not only come behind them, but they also had pressed between them. They were ugly, small, thick-set people of a tawny color, and with huge heads and sunken eyes.

Their greatest pride was to be hideous in appearance. They cut the faces of their children that they might be scarred, and bound their noses that they might be flat. They were a wandering people, planting no seeds and reaping no harvests. They carried ponderous lances, scythes, and short swords, and they lived on horseback, never dismounting even to treat with an enemy.

They followed with implicit obedience their leader Attila, the "Scourge of God," a pompous, fiery man. His camp was inclosed by tree trunks. A sword fastened on the end of a pole was alike his standard and his idol.

His proud boast was that his generals were emperors; that at his approach the earth would tremble and the stars fall; and that grass ceased to grow where his horse had trod.

Attila set forth from his wooden palace in the wilds of Hungary with perhaps half a million savage followers. He thirsted for blood and plunder, and vowed not to stop until he had reached the sea. Never before had such an army crossed Europe!

Attila first defeated the army of the emperor of Constantinople, and then marched directly to Gaul. This he would subdue, and then carrying fire and sword into Italy, put an end to the Roman Empire. The other barbarians so hated the Huns that they

joined with the Romans to defeat them. The enemies met on the plains of Châlons in Gaul, in 451 A.D., and the battle fought there was one of the most gigantic in the history of the world.

It was a contest between Asia and Europe, between Attila the Hun and Aëtius, Rome's finest general.

After a long and terrible fight, Aëtius won, and Attila lost anywhere from one to three hundred thousand men. Legends still haunt the plains of Châlons; and one of them describes how every year on the anniversary of the battle night the ghosts of Germans and Huns rise from their graves and fight in the clouds, while, as Kingsley says, "the country far and wide trembles at their ghostly hurrah."

After his defeat at Châlons, Attila crossed the Alps, and burning with revenge, marched down into Italy.

Think of the savage Huns in that beautiful land! City after city was destroyed in the North. Some people fleeing sought refuge on the lonely islands of the Adriatic, the haunts of sea-birds and fishermen, and out of this little beginning rose fascinating Venice.

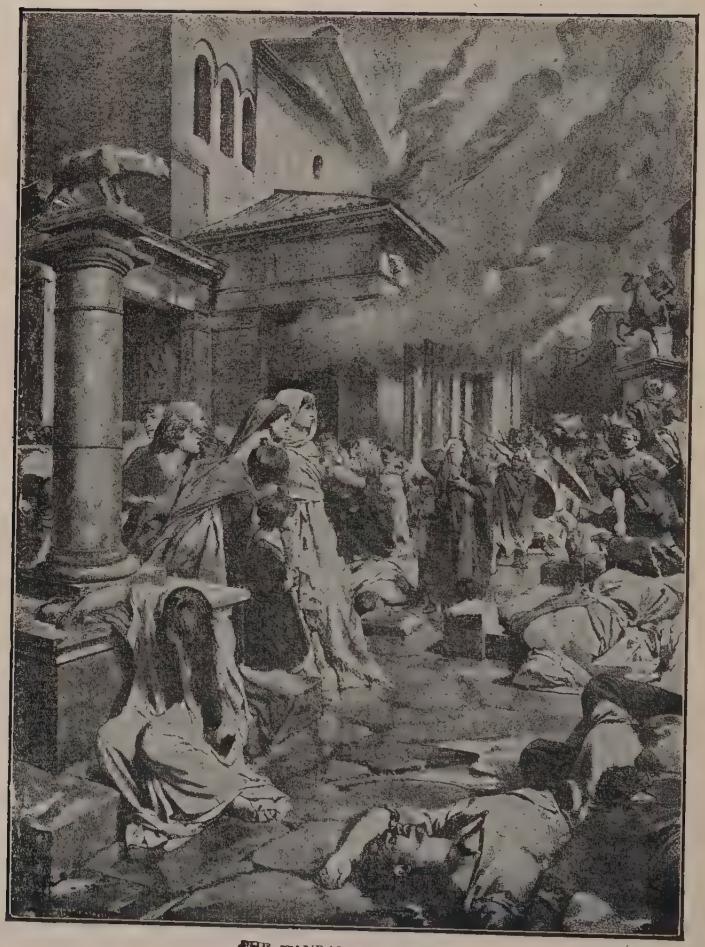
When Attila reached Rome, Leo, the Pope, in full pontifical robes, went out at the head of a procession of clergy to meet the great Hun. Leo threatened him with the wrath of Heaven, if he

dared attack the city, and he and his fierce horde actually bowed before the simple power of the church. He simply turned away and left Italy, retreating with his barbarians to the wilds of Hungary. Later, when he burst a blood vessel and died, his rude warriors tore their cheeks with their daggers, saying that for Attila, they must weep tears of blood. His body, like Alaric's, was buried secretly, and, like Alaric, the only mark that he left on history was the "ruin which he had wrought."

But Rome had been saved from Attila only to be attacked by a new enemy that came to her from the South.

Genseric, ruler of the Vandals in northern Africa, had obtained great power over the Mediterranean Sea, and his pirates menaced both Sicily and Italy. He was invited by the Roman empress, Eudoxia, to come and avenge the murder of her husband, and his Vandals, whose greed for plunder was terrible, gladly accepted.

Pope Leo went forth again and entreated for the city, but the Vandals had not for the church the same awe which had been expressed by the Huns. Genseric promised to spare the lives of the people, but the plunder he must have, and during fourteen days Rome was given over to its destruction by the merciless Vandals.



THE VANDALS IN ROME.

When they were satisfied, they sailed away, bearing thirty thousand slaves. Their ships, like the wagons of Alaric, were piled high with costly spoils, the trophies of many victories. The kind of ruin that Genseric wrought has ever since been called "Vandalism."

Goths, Huns, and Vandals had done their worst work, and the story of the Roman Empire is about ended — for how could it longer survive such terrible shocks?

The last of the emperors, Romulus Augustulus, was but a boy, and very curiously his name combines the names of the first king and the first emperor. After ruling for a year, he was dethroned by Odoacer, leader of the Heruli, a small German tribe. Odoacer, in seizing the throne, did not dare to call himself king. So he sent the crown and scepter and vestments to Zeno, the Eastern emperor at Constantinople, asking him to receive Italy as a province of his dominion, and saying that he would rule it for him as his viceroy. The request was granted, and Italy became a province of the Eastern Empire.

Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Macedon, and Rome had all, in turn, ruled the world; and now with the fall of Rome, 476 A.D., ancient history is ended.

"The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride.
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride.
Where the car climbed the Capitol, far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, 'Here was, or is,' where all is doubly night."

—Byron.

PART II. MEDIÆVAL HISTORY

The Nibelungenlied

THERE are but very few great epic poems in the world, and every nation would be glad to claim one. The Germans are as proud of the "Nibelungenlied," telling of the deeds of their legendary heroes, as are the Romans of the "Æneid," or the Greeks of their "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

The "Nibelungenlied," or "Lays of the Nibelungen," is made up of many myths, all referring to a hoarded treasure that belonged to the Nibelungens. The stories were told from one generation to another, until probably in the eleventh or twelfth century, some writers arranged them into a poem, giving to them new impulse and beauty.

The scenes are laid principally in Worms, Iceland, and Hungary. The exploits of the hero, Siegfried, made him as famous as the brave Achilles in the "Iliad."

The story opens in the city of Worms in Germany. Here Gunther, the king of Burgundy, lived with his gentle and lovely sister, Kriemhild.

One night Kriemhild had a sad dream that a falcon which she had reared had been caught and

cruelly torn to pieces by two fierce eagles. The dream distressed her, for her mother told her that probably it referred to a noble lover she should have who would be killed by murderers.

Far away in the North lived a king whose greatest pride was his son, Siegfried.

Siegfried had done such deeds of valor that all the world had heard of his fame. He had once been in the Nibelungenland, and he had slain the dragon which guarded the hoarded treasure and carried it away. Among other things which he had found in the treasure was a "Tarnkappe," or magic cloud cap, which made him invisible. He had bathed in the dragon's blood, and this had made him invulnerable except in one spot between the shoulders, where a linden leaf had stuck while he was bathing.

When Siegfried was of age, his father made a tournament for him, inviting warriors from every land to take part, and Siegfried won laurels over every knight with whom he tilted. He had heard rumors of the beauty of Kriemhild of Worms, and begged his father to allow him to visit the maiden, but his father was afraid for his son, and urged him not to go. But when the old king found that Siegfried was determined on the venture, he gave him twelve companions to accompany him, and fitted them out with costly vestments for

themselves, and with rich trappings for their steeds. They rode for seven days, and on their arrival at Worms were received graciously by King Gunther.

The gallant little band remained for a long time, and in all knightly contests Siegfried showed great skill. But he could never catch even a glimpse of the fair Kriemhild, though she often gazed at him with admiration from behind her lattice.

In a war with the king of Denmark, Siegfried fought for Gunther, and after winning the battle, he returned triumphantly with his warriors to Worms. And now in the festivities in his honor, Kriemhild was permitted to take part. Siegfried spake words of love to her, and the celebration was "one long dream of bliss to the happy lovers."

While Siegfried was in Worms, tidings came of the beauty and great strength of Brunhild, queen of Iceland, and Gunther determined to go and woo her; but this would be difficult, for Brunhild had resolved that the man whom she should marry must surpass her in casting a spear, in throwing a stone, and in jumping, and if he should fail to do these things, he must die.

Siegfried promised to go with Gunther and help him, if, on their return, Gunther would give him his sister Kriemhild for his wife. Gunther prom-

ised, and they embarked with their knights in a small ship.

When they arrived at Iceland, they were surprised at the splendor of the palace and court, but most of all with Brunhild's grace and strength. Just think! it took four warriors to bear her shield, three to carry her spear, and twelve could hardly roll the stone which she was to cast. Gunther was frightened; but Siegfried told him to take courage, for he would help him to win. He said that in the test Gunther must make the gestures, and that he would do the work.

The time for the contest arrived, and Siegfried put on his Tarnkappe, and was invisible. Brunhild first threw the spear, and Siegfried caught it and tossed it back with such force that she was outdone. She next flung the stone and leaped after it, but Siegfried stopped its flight. Then, grasping Gunther, he leaped with him through the air, and landed with him quite out of the reach of Brunhild.

So you see that Brunhild was conquered. She married Gunther, and when they returned to Worms there was a double celebration, for both Siegfried and Kriemhild were invited.

But almost as soon as the wedding was over, Brunhild treated her husband so badly that Siegfried, again putting on his Tarnkappe, wrestled

with her until he had taken away her great strength, so that never again could she show her mastery over any one.

Siegfried now took his wife home, and his father received him joyfully and gave up his throne to him. After Siegfried and Kriemhild had lived together very happily for ten years, they were asked to visit Gunther and Brunhild in Worms. They were received in great state, but soon the two queens began to quarrel; and Brunhild threatened Kriemhild in such a way that she feared for the life of her devoted husband, Siegfried. She felt that he must be guarded when he went to war or the chase, and so she begged Hagen, the henchman, to protect him. She told Hagen that Siegfried was invulnerable except in one spot between the shoulders, and she was afraid that he might be wounded there.

Hagen promised Kriemhild to shield her husband; and that he might better do it, he asked her to sew upon his doublet over the place that should be guarded a little red cross. Kriemhild did this. But on a certain day when Siegfried went out to the hunt, she did not know why, but she bade him farewell with sad forebodings. Siegfried killed some boars and captured a bear alive, and he brought it to furnish sport for the guests while the meal was preparing. Then, being very thirsty, he

stooped for a drink at the spring. Wicked Hagen, who had been told by Brunhild to do the deed, and who knew where to strike, ran him through with a spear. After the murder the body was borne back through the forest to Worms.

Kriemhild spent her days and nights in weeping, and for long years lived in a little house near the cathedral so that daily she might visit Siegfried's tomb. As she mourned longer and longer, her sweet, gentle spirit was giving place gradually to bitter revenge.

Hagen had gloried in his deed, and closely watched her, and as the time passed he grew more and more afraid of her. The Niebelungen treasure was hers, and Hagen was afraid that by distributing it to the poor, as she was doing, she would win so many friends that Gunther's kingdom would be overturned. So, with Gunther's assistance, he managed to steal the treasure, and sunk it in the Rhine.

After thirteen years had passed, King Attila, or Etzel, of Hungary, having lost his wife, sent messengers asking the hand of Kriemhild in marriage; and she, burning for revenge, gladly accepted him. She went to Hungary, and the wedding festivities took place with great pomp. After a little, she begged her husband to invite Gunther and his Burgundian nobles to visit them at Buda.

THE BODY OF SIEGFRIED BROUGHT BACK TO WORMS

When the invitation was received, Hagen objected to going, for he said, "This jaunt's a jaunt to death!"

Gunther, however, insisted, as only Hagen understood the route that they must take. They arrived at Buda, and King Etzel, entirely ignorant of Kriemhild's evil designs, treated the guests with great hospitality. As soon as Kriemhild saw them, she hurried her plans for their execution. First, she set fire to the banqueting hall, and the Burgundians fought their way out, but they were taken prisoners. Then she ordered Gunther's head to be cut off, and she herself killed Hagen with Siegfried's sword. Then the old warrior, Hildebrand, amazed at her cruelty, killed her. Through all, the aged Etzel sat watching the horrid massacre of his Burgundian guests.

This is but the simplest outline of the story of the "Nibelungenlied"; but in this we can feel the intense passion which increases to the very end. It is filled with such bold characters, — the dark-browed Amazonian Brunhild, the wicked Hagen, the weak-spirited Gunther, the knightly Siegfried, and the beautiful Kriemhild, the constancy of whose love developed into such vengeance. There is a great variety of fanciful myths belonging to the "Nibelungenlied," all of which give us a glimpse of the barbarous age to which it belongs.

Wagner, the famous German composer of the nineteenth century, has, in his music drama, "The Ring of the Niebelungen," given new interest to the epic; for his wondrous tones and harmonies have developed the passion and the strength of the old Nibelungen Lays.

Clovis

THE Franks, or Freemen, were among the most powerful tribes that had marched into this Roman Empire; and they had taken possession of a part of Gaul. In their honor, the name of the country was changed from Gaul to France. It was in the year 481 A.D., not long after the battle of Châlons, that a young chief, Clovis, only fifteen years old, became king of the Franks. He was a pagan, — gay, fierce, and ambitious, — and he determined to subdue the tribes about him, and to make for himself a kingdom. He first conquered the last Roman governor of Gaul, and took possession of his capital, Soissons, and then he wished to subdue the Visigoths and Burgundians. He had heard that the king of Burgundy had a niece named Clothild; if she were only beautiful, he would marry her and then make war on her uncle. So he gave a ring to Aurelian, one of his courtiers, begging him to go in disguise to Geneva, and there to seek Clothild, and if he

admired her to give her the ring, asking her own in exchange. Aurelian went, disguised as a beggar, and when he knocked at Clothild's door, she invited him to enter, and washed his travel-stained feet. She was very beautiful, and he managed to whisper in her ear the message of Clovis. Clothild was delighted, and at once sent her ring to Clovis, telling him that if he wished her, he must at once carry her away. So Clovis married Clothild, and soon made war on her uncle, and conquered his province of Burgundy. Then, not wishing to see the Visigoths in possession of the fairest parts of France, he conquered them also.

The following story shows how rude the government was at this time and how little power the king had over his chiefs. Clovis took the city of Rheims, and when the spoils were brought him from the cathedral, the bishop begged that just one beautiful chalice might be spared for the service of the altar. It was the custom that everything should be divided by lot. Clovis turned to his chiefs and begged them that before the division was made they should let the good bishop have the cup. All but one agreed to this. He brought down his ax upon the cup and shattered it, exclaiming, "I do not consent; all shall share alike."

The man had simply expressed his right of decision. Clovis said nothing at the time, but a

year later he held a grand review, at which all his soldiers were to present their arms in perfect order. The man appeared with a soiled and rusty battle ax. Clovis looked at it and then threw it down, and, as the man stooped to pick it up, Clovis raised his own ax and killed him, saying, "Thus didst thou cleave the vase at Rheims!"

Clothild, the pious wife of Clovis, was a Christian, and she constantly tried to convert her husband. A tribe of Allemanni invaded the dominions of Clovis. He marched against them and was losing in the battle, when one of his chiefs exclaimed, "My lord, there is no hope for us now but in the God of Queen Clothild." Clovis is said to have fallen at once upon his knees, and looking into heaven to have prayed: "Christ Jesus, whom Clothild believes in, I have called on my gods, and they have withdrawn from me. Help Thou me!" And then the battle turned, and Clovis gained the victory. He went to Rheims, where preparations were made for his baptism. On the road from the palace to the baptistery, the houses were hung with stuffs and banners; and the baptistery was sprinkled with perfume. In the procession the clergy led the way, carrying the Gospels and the cross; the bishop followed, leading Clovis by the hand; and then came Clothild, the chiefs, and the people, and all sang hymns as they marched.

As they went, Clovis turned to the bishop and asked if that was the kingdom of heaven to which they were leading him, and the bishop replied, "No: but it is the beginning of the road to it."

When the bishop was baptizing Clovis, he said to the king, as he knelt, "Burn that which thou hast worshiped, and worship that which thou hast burned!"

It is said that in order to render his body especially sacred, Clovis was anointed from a phial sent from heaven for his baptism. It is still preserved as a sacred relic in Rheims, and the oil from it has been used at the coronation of all the French kings even to the time of the French Revolution.

On the day when Clovis was baptized, the same rite was administered to three thousand of his Frankish followers, men, women, and children.

Clovis was now hailed as "the most Christian king"; and he received from the emperor of Constantinople as a token of his approval the golden crown and purple robe of a consul.

Clovis was the first of the Merovingian line of kings. Before his death, his kingdom of France was bounded by the Rhine and Rhone rivers, the Pyrenees Mountains, and the Atlantic Ocean. He had taken from a Celtic tribe, the Parisii, a town of mud huts plastered with clay and thatched with straw, and he made this his capital. What a

change the centuries have brought, for now it is gay and beautiful Paris!

Clovis died at Paris in 511 A.D., leaving his Frankish kingdom to be divided among his four sons.

Augustine

We have read the story of Constantine and the luminous cross; of Attila, humbling himself before Pope Leo; and of Clovis, kneeling to the God of his Christian wife, Clothild.

Now we are to read the simple, quiet story, telling how Christianity was carried to Britain, and this was the way it happened. It was in the year 596 A.D. when the pious Bishop Gregory, walking one day through the slave markets of Rome, was attracted by a strange sight. It was a group of slaves with fair faces, beautiful hair, and splendid forms. Stopping to ask where they were bought, he was told that they were Angles. "It is good," he said, "for they have angel faces, and it becomes such to be coheirs with the angels in heaven."

Inquiring more about them, he grew so interested that he would have liked to become a missionary, and to carry the Gospel to their country; but as he could not go himself, he sent Augustine, the prior of his monastery, with forty other monks, as missionaries to Britain

They set out, each carrying his Gospel and scrip and staff and water-bottle. They went by water to southern Gaul, and started northward through that country to go to Britain. At that time this country was in great disorder. So the monks, coming from their quiet cloister life, were seized with dread at what was before them. They begged Augustine to go back to Rome to ask Pope Gregory to allow them to return.

Augustine did as they wished, but only to be rebuked by the Pope. Gregory knew that the journey was weary, and that there were dangers; but he told Augustine that he must have Christian courage, and persevere. Thus Gregory reasoned with him, and Augustine promised to start once more on his mission. Before his going, however, Gregory made him an abbot, and sent a message to the monks who had been left in Gaul, telling them that they must follow their leader obediently. Then Augustine and his little band went bravely forward until they reached Kent in southern Britain.

At this time, Britain was divided into seven provinces called the Heptarchy, each with its own king. Ethelbert was the king of Kent, and he held his court at Canterbury, and here it was that Augustine and his monks appeared. Ethelbert promised to receive them. He insisted, however, that the gathering should be in the open air; for

if there was anything magical in the religion which the strangers had brought, it would injure his people less than under cover.

On the appointed day, King Ethelbert and his good Queen Bertha, their councilors and armed attendants, seated themselves beneath an ancient oak, which ever after was called "Augustine's oak." Probably they were surrounded by a throng of curious people, men, women, and children.

How eagerly all must have gazed when they saw coming toward them a procession of brown-robed monks! They carried a silver cross, and a banner bearing a picture of the Savior, and as they marched they chanted a litany for the salvation of Ethelbert and his kingdom. As they reached the royal assembly, Augustine came forward, and through an interpreter, told the story of the Babe of Bethlehem and of the message which it brought.

Can we not imagine the solemnity of the scene, and the earnestness with which all listened?

Ethelbert gave the monks permission to remain in Canterbury, and there they lived their convent lives of fasting, prayer, and preaching. People flocked in great numbers to hear the stirring words of Augustine, the "Apostle of Kent." A little later Ethelbert was baptized, and one thousand of his followers also became converts.

The Saxons were first called Christians in Canterbury, and the town and its cathedral became the center of the religious life of England.

Augustine gave the rest of his life to preaching building churches, and founding a monastery, and he died in 605 A.D.

Later on, some of the monks carried the same message to Northumbria, another province of the Heptarchy, and the king called a council of his wise men and asked them whether it would be better to accept the new faith.

One of the aged councilors rose and said, "O king, man's life is like a bird, that driven by the storm flees from the darkness without, and flying in at the open door flits for a few moments in the warmth and light of the dwelling where the fire is glowing, and then hastily darts out again into the cold and darkness. Whence it comes, whither it goes, no man can tell. Such is the life of man. If these strangers can tell us this mystery, let us heartily welcome them and listen to the tidings that they bring."

And they *did* listen, and accepted the good tidings as had the people of Kent, and then from Kent and Northumbria, Christianity was soon carried all over Britain. An obelisk now marks the spot where "Augustine's oak" stood.

Mohammed

We have read about Confucius in China and Buddha in India, of the gods of Greece and Rome, and of the spread of Christianity. Now we come to the most warlike religion of all, one that has forced its way by fire and sword. It is called Mohammedanism, because first preached by the prophet Mohammed who lived in Arabia.

Rocky, desert Arabia! we hear little about it in history except when Mohammed lived there. Where is Arabia? Can you bound it and locate its principal cities?

In very early times the Arabians worshiped idols and the stars, and a certain black stone, fabled to have been brought by an angel from heaven and given to Abraham. To guard this he is said to have built over it a temple called the Caaba, and this became the sacred shrine of Arabia. Pilgrims came from far and near to worship, and around the shrine grew up the holy city of Mecca.

In the year 569, a little boy was born in Mecca, and he was named Mohammed, which means "The Praised." His family belonged to the tribe which always guarded the Caaba. Their property consisted of five camels, a flock of goats, and one slave. You see that the Arabs did not count their wealth in land and money as we do ours.

Mohammed lost his mother when he was very young, but his grandfather cared for him. When he was thirteen years old, he used sometimes to visit with his uncle the bazaars in Damascus. While traveling with the caravans he met Jews and Christians who told him that they had turned away from idols to worship the true God, and the boy was greatly interested.

Mohammed must have been a child of winning speech and pleasing manner, and of quiet and affectionate disposition, but there was always something unusual about him, for his mind seemed disordered and he had fits and strange dreams. When quite young he tended sheep, and when he was grown, he became a camel-driver.

At the age of twenty-five, a great joy came to him. A wealthy widow named Khadijah asked him to take charge of the sale of her goods, and for her he made journeys to Syria and Palestine. She so much liked the way in which he did her business that instead of giving him two camels, which was the ordinary pay for such service, she gave him four; and she grew so fond of Mohammed that she married him. He was only twenty-five and she was forty, but Mohammed was much delighted with his wife, and they were always very happy together. There was plenty of money, and they had a good home, and for a time lived quietly in Mecca.

As Mohammed grew older, his habits of meditation increased more and more. He would retire very often to a hill three miles from Mecca, and sometimes he would be gone for days and nights. Once on returning home, he declared that the angel Gabriel had appeared to him in a vision, telling him that he was to go forth and preach to men that there was but one God, and that Mohammed was His apostle.

Khadijah was his first convert, and for some time only a few others accepted his story; but it is proof that he was honest in his belief, for those who knew him best were the first to become his followers.

He publicly gave up idol worship, and tried to make the people do the same; but when he proclaimed himself a prophet, there arose at once in Mecca fierce persecution against him, and the people even plotted to kill him. His life was saved by his faithful follower Ali, who, changing clothes with his master, lay down on his couch while Mohammed was conducted by another faithful friend out of the city to a cave.

Tradition tells us that while they were in hiding here, a spider spun its web across the entrance, and a tree sprang up in front of the cave in which some doves built their nests. When Mohammed's persecutors passed and saw the web and the tree

and the nest, they did not stop, for they felt sure that no one could be hidden within. As soon as it was safe, Mohammed left the cave and went to Medina, and there, to his great surprise, was received as a messenger from heaven. The date of this "Flight," or "Hegira" as it is called, was 622, and from it the Mohammedans reckon time.

Mohammed was delighted with his gracious reception at Medina, and resolved at once to spread his faith in every direction, taking for his battle-cry, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His prophet." And what was the religion which he preached as his army marched forth to conquer not only Arabia, but all the world? It was called Islam, and he had received it through the angel Gabriel directly from heaven. The creed was very simple. His followers were to worship the one true God; to pray five times a day, always looking toward Mecca; to give every year one hundredth part of all their property to the poor; and to keep the fast at Ramadan. This fast lasted one month of every year. During this time they were not allowed to eat during the day, but could feast all night. Finally, all Mohammedans were obliged at least once in their lifetime to make a pilgrimage to Mecca.

When prisoners were taken, they were required either to desert the faith, to pay tribute, or to perish by fire or sword.

MOHAMMED'S ENTRY INTO MEDINA

Mosques were built for preaching. Instead of the bell or trumpet, the human voice must give the call to prayer; and from the slender tower or minaret, from Mohammed's time until to-day, the deep tones of the muezzin float through the air.

Whatever the believer is doing, whether eating, selling, or driving his camel, he stops all and falls on his knees and prays.

Among other things that were forbidden were stealing, gambling, and wine-drinking; the women could not go without veils before any one except their nearest friends, and no one could neglect the payment of a regular tribute.

Idolatry was destroyed so completely that a Mohammedan was never to make a bust or statue of any kind.

The Koran was the Bible of Mohammed, and he called it the very word of God, coming to him by the angel Gabriel. From time to time he recited portions of it to his disciples. They wrote these down on bits of pottery, the bleached shoulder bones of sheep, and sticks of wood. These fragments were preserved carefully, and after Mohammed's death, they were collected as the Koran. The longest chapter is the first, and the shortest is the last.

The Koran describes a heaven full of delight for faithful warriors, and a place of terrible suffering

for those who sin. In the book there are many beautiful passages, and it made the beginning of Arabian literature, which was the most famous one in the Middle Ages. The Koran is the principal book taught in Mohammedan schools, and the pupils never touch it without kissing it and carrying it to their foreheads in token of reverence. Often they learn it by heart; the most faithful Mohammedans copy it several times during their lives, and sometimes they own copies ornamented with gold and precious stones.

So much for the belief and power of Mohammed. Let us now hear more of the man himself. We left him in Medina, increasing his army of devoted followers. But he longed to return to Mecca, to him the "most lovable and choicest portion of the earth," and after six years he returned with fifteen hundred followers. When they reached the city they shouted, "Here we are, O Lord," and when finally they were allowed to enter, they cleansed the Caaba of idols, standing about it, and as each one fell, Mohammed shouted, "Truth is come and falsehood is vanished away."

Then Mohammed carried on his conquering expedition until he was master of all Arabia. He lived until he was sixty-three, long enough to start his followers on their career of conquest. On his death-bed he gave solemn order that his religion

should be carried with fire and sword all over the earth. His last words were, "Yes, I come among my companions on high." He died at Medina, in 652 A.D., in the arms of his child wife, Ayesha, who had been his friend since the death of Khadijah.

They laid Mohammed to rest in the mosque at Medina. The tomb is concealed by a curtain of silk, and no Christian has been permitted to look upon it.

Now there are two holy places in Arabia: the Caaba at Mecca and the tomb of Mohammed at Medina; and thither every year, at the holy season, throngs of Mohammedan pilgrims may be seen coming to pray.

To-day nearly one sixth of the inhabitants of the world are Mohammedans.

What a power the valiant warrior-leader must have possessed; and how faithfully his followers have obeyed his precepts given nearly thirteen hundred years ago! For to the East and the West, to the North and the South, with fire and sword, they have carried the faith, urged on by their war-cry, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His prophet."

THE MUEZZIN'S CALL TO PRAYER

"God is great! God is great!
I witness that there is no god but God!

I witness that there is no god but God!
I witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God!
I witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God!
Come to prayer! come to prayer! come to salvation! come to salvation!
Prayer is better than sleep!
Prayer is better than sleep!
God is great! God is great!
There is no god but God!"

EXTRACTS FROM THE KORAN

"Be ye then steadfast in prayer and give alms, and hold fast by God: He is your sovereign, and an excellent sovereign, and an excellent help."

"And give full measure when ye measure out, and weigh with a right balance."

Charles Martel

HAVE you ever heard of Charles Martel, the "Defender of Christianity," who, with his battle-ax, aimed such tremendous blows against the Saracens that he is said to have "hammered" them out of France? The one bold deed which gave him the surname of "Martel" (the hammer) makes one of the best-known and most thrilling stories in history.

At this time the court officials, called mayors of the palace, had gained their power through the weakness of the Merovingian kings of France.

After Clovis, with one or two exceptions, these kings were only sluggards, and accomplished nothing for the kingdom. They wore long, flowing hair and beards, and shaved themselves only once a year. At the annual assembly of the Franks they were put into a cart drawn by oxen and taken to the place of meeting and placed upon a throne. They spoke a few words as they were bidden, and then were carried back to their retreat, not to be exhibited again until the next year. They were really so feeble in character that the mayors of the palace were obliged to attend to all the affairs of the nation, as Charles Martel discovered when he became the mayor.

It was now about one hundred years since Mohammed had given to Arabia its new religion, and this had been carried through northern Africa and over into Spain. The Mohammedans had crossed the strait separating Africa from Spain under their leader, Gebel-al-Tarik, for whom Gibraltar was named. Then they had pushed on in their conquering career, through Spain, and over the Pyrenees, into France. In 732, hearing that there was a rich abbey at Tours, they marched north to plunder it. Do you wonder that the Christians everywhere were frightened, and that to the litany was added a prayer "for deliverance from the Mohammedans"? Trace the route on your map from Ara-

bia, through northern Africa, over into Spain, and up through France to Tours, and you will have some idea of the conquests already made by the Saracens.

Charles, the mayor of the palace, now appeared with his strong, opposing army of Franks. This is to be the opportunity of his life. He meets the Saracens near Tours in the year 732, and there for six days Mohammedan and Christian face each other. Which is to win? On the seventh day they joined in a terrific fight. The Arabs on their beautiful steeds, and with their glittering Damascus blades, fought the Franks encased in helmets, and terrible with battle-axes. The Mohammedan ranks were broken and their leader was killed; while the sturdy Franks never gave way, but fought till sundown. At night all rested upon the battle-field. In the morning the Franks drew up their forces for another onset. But lo! in the darkness of the night the Arabs had silently stolen away, and never again have they dared to invade France. Do you not think that Charles Martel bravely won his title?

Charlemagne

CHARLEMAGNE is the only hero whom we can recall in history, in whose single name the word "great" always forms a part. Charlemagne was

CHARLEMAGNE.

the son of Pepin le Bref, and grandson of Charles Martel. No one has written about his childhood, but we know from what he did after he grew to be a man that he must have been a brave and earnest boy. Pepin had made a great mistake in not feeling it necessary to have his little son taught to write; for Charlemagne, even after he became king, was always trying to learn. He carried about with him a waxed tablet and stylus or metal pen, and practiced whenever he had time. He understood mathematics and astronomy and other sciences; and, it is thought, also Latin, Greek, French, and German; but he was always ashamed of his penmanship.

Every spring he called a solemn national assembly, at which laws were made for the government of the country, and here all questions of public interest were submitted. At first these assemblies were called Champs de Mars because they met in March; and later, meeting in May, they became the Champs de Mai. This was to the Franks what our Congress at Washington is to our country; but at these assemblies the king and bishops and dukes and counts seated on horseback gathered on an open plain, while our senators and representatives meet in our magnificent Capitol. The reign of Charlemagne was almost a perpetual war. He was called the "Man of Iron," and his Franks went

forth to battle encased in helmets and armed with swords and spears. They carried on bloody contests with the Lombards in Italy, the Saracens in Spain, and the Saxons in Germany. The first fight was with the Lombards, who lived in northern Italy. Desiderius, their king, had badly treated both the Pope and Charlemagne, and the latter, with his army, made a difficult passage over the Alps and approached Pavia, their capital city. It was not long before Pavia submitted, and Desiderius was shut up in a monastery. Then Charlemagne crowned himself with the iron crown of Lombardy, said to have been made from the nails of the true cross. He then visited Rome, receiving thanks and gifts from the Pope.

Charlemagne was invited now to fight against the Moors in Spain. Charles Martel had driven them out of France, but they remained for hundreds of years in Spain, where they built splendid cities and palaces and mosques. Charlemagne gathered his warriors and marched into Spain, gaining so many victories that the Arabs were frightened, fearing he would destroy their beautiful cities. They offered him large rewards if only he would leave. He promised to do so, and started for home; but the Basques and Gascons fell upon the rear of his army, which was led by gallant Roland, in the pass of Roncesvalles, and it was cut to pieces before Char-

lemagne could go to its relief. Very little is said about this in history, but we shall see later that Roland became a hero of romance.

Charlemagne's third war was against the Saxons. This was the most bloody of all, and the struggle continued for over thirty years. When Charlemagne's wars were over, his kingdom extended from the Ebro to the Vistula, and from the Carpathian Mountains to the bay of Biscay. Aix-la-Chapelle, his capital city, became the center of all the things which most interested Charlemagne. He established schools, gathering to them as teachers learned men from every country. He visited the schools from time to time, and if he found the sons of the noblemen proud and idle, he told them that they must not value wealth too highly, but give up dress and pleasure and devote themselves to books.

Boys were examined not only in book-learning, but in matters about the chase, horsemanship, and military tactics.

Girls, also, were taught very practical things. Charlemagne's daughters could sew and cook, and handle the spindle and distaff in making cloth. They wove the garments which their father wore in hunting, and often went with him on his expeditions.

He invited singers from Italy to teach his sub-

jects; for the singing of the Franks made him think either of a squeaking wagon or the howling of wild beasts. Many singing-schools were formed.

To Charlemagne Aix-la-Chapelle was a "little Rome." His palace there was magnificent, with halls and galleries, and a theater decorated with elegant marbles brought from Italy. Charlemagne most enjoyed the great swimming-bath, and sometimes one hundred nobles would be swimming in it with him.

In 800 A.D. Charlemagne was invited to Rome, and there was crowned by the Pope as the new emperor of the Roman Empire.

He marched in the procession to the old church of St. Peter's, and as he entered, the choir sang, "Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Then the Pope placed upon his head a golden crown, and the citizens shouted, "Long live Carolus Augustus the Cæsar!" From that time until to-day Cæsar, or Kaiser, as the Germans call it, has been the official title of all the German emperors.

Charlemange was really the champion of Christianity, for the cross went everywhere with his army.

He made some very famous laws called capitularies. They related to all kinds of things concerning the welfare of his people, even to the varieties

THE CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE

of trees and flowers best for a garden, and to the ways in which poultry should be fed and housed.

Charlemagne had a real genius for friendship. Among his admirers was Haroun-al-Raschid, Khalif of Persia, whom we know as the hero of the "Arabian Nights." He sent to Charlemagne stuffs, and perfume, an elephant, a beautiful tent, a set of carved chess-men, and, most interesting of all, a clock, the like of which had never been seen in Europe. It had little doors which would open and close, and out of which twelve tiny knights would come and parade.

Before leaving Charlemagne, let us get a nearer glimpse of him. He was a tall, large man, with friendly face and dignified manner. Ordinarily he wore a simple Frankish dress with a long cloak. "For of what use are short mantles?" he would say, "they cannot protect one from wind or rain or on horseback."

At the great assemblies, however, his dress was gorgeous, embroidered with gold; his shoes were adorned with precious stones, and on his head was a sparkling diadem. His good sword Joyeuse was always at his side.

During his last illness he despised the advice of physicians, saying that only fasting was necessary to drive off disease. He died in 814, and was buried in the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle. Arrayed

in royal robes, he was seated on a marble chair in his tomb, with a scepter in his hand, the Gospel in his lap, and his precious Joyeuse by his side.

Louis, his son, proved himself a weak ruler, and very soon France, Germany, and Italy had separate governments; but for centuries, in each of these countries, were seen the results of the great work of Charlemagne. He must remain the most renowned ruler in mediæval history, and one of the favorite heroes of the world.

Roland

Mediæval romance is full of stories of brave knights and beautiful ladies, of grim giants and mischievous dwarfs, of enchanted castles and chivalrous adventures. Sometimes it seems a jumble of history and legend, and perhaps this makes it all the more interesting; but no boy or girl of to-day can understand how eagerly these stories were sought in the olden time.

We have read of the Nibelungen knights and ladies, and now appears Roland, a more romantic hero than the invulnerable Siegfried. He is mentioned just once in real history as having been killed with his rear guard at Roncesvalles.

Legend makes him one of the boldest and most attractive of knights, terrible in battle, and gentle

in times of peace. His praises were sung alike by Spanish peasants and French troubadours. The "Chanson de Roland," a poem of forty thousand lines, telling of his numerous adventures, was greatly valued in the literature of the Middle Ages. His first appearance is as follows: —

One day when Charlemagne and his courtiers were feasting, a beautiful boy entered the banqueting hall and, walking fearlessly to the table, took some provisions and carried them away. Presently he returned, and taking the emperor's cup of wine, was once more going out. To Charlemagne's questions the boy replied that his mother was nearly dying of hunger, and that he, as her little page, must carry her food. He then revealed that his mother was the king's sister, and that he was Roland, his nephew, and begged for assistance on this account. Then Charlemagne's heart was touched. He provided for the mother, and took the boy into his service.

The next story of Roland introduces a robber knight who wore in his shield a costly jewel which Charlemagne wished to possess. So he sent forth his men to challenge the robber and to win the jewel at the point of the lance.

Roland went with the knights as armor-bearer, and while they slept, he strolled forth into the forest in search of adventure. Presently he saw

coming toward him a huge man with a brilliant stone in his shield. Roland instantly killed him and carried the jewel to Charlemagne. Then the king made the boy a count of the palace or paladin. Later occurred the adventure in the vale of Roncesvalles.

It was night, and Roland was leading the rear-guard of Charlemagne's army. Silently and stealthily the Arabs fell upon the Franks in the narrow pass. Roland and his companions fought bravely, but not until too late did he blow a blast on his wonderful horn that earlier should have recalled his uncle to the rescue. All the guards were killed, and among them Roland's life-long friend, Oliver.

As Roland lay dying, he killed his faithful steed to prevent its falling into the enemy's hands, and he tried to break his matchless sword by hurling it against a rock. It struck with great force, making a cleft which is still shown by the Spanish peasants. To-day they delight to tell the story of the heroic Roland, and of the turbaned Arabs who silently did their deed and then stole away into the darkness.

As we sail over one of the most beautiful parts of the Rhine and pass the island of Nonnenworth, we may gaze toward the "Castled crag of Drachenfels," and over to the one crumbling arch of

Rolandseck, which recalls Roland's touching love romance. It is said that one day, longing for adventure, he climbed Drachenfels, and asked admittance to the castle of Drachenberg. Count Heribert, hearing that his guest was the renowned knight Roland, welcomed him royally.

The count's lovely daughter, Hildegunde, as was the custom, brought bread and fish and wine. Roland's gaze was riveted by her beauty, and hers by his renown, and soon they were betrothed. But not long after their happiness was interrupted; for summons came from Charlemagne that Roland must return at once to fight the Saracens. The lovers parted in sadness, Roland promising to go back when the war was over. Then came tidings of his bravery, and later of his death. Poor Hildegunde was unconsolable. She retired to the Kloster House which we still see on the island of Nonnenworth, just in sight of her old home. Her parents watched her daily, and sometimes she waved her hand to them.

In this legend Roland was not killed but very severely wounded, and as soon as he had recovered he returned to claim his Hildegunde. When he heard that she had gone into a convent, and so was forever lost to him, he was filled with grief too great for words. He built the castle of Rolandseck, overlooking the river, that he might be

near his loved one, and sometimes he caught a glimpse of Hildegunde going to and coming from her devotions. But one day he missed her, and the tolling of the convent bell and the sad procession which he watched proved to him that she was dead. Roland was broken-hearted and never spoke again, but sat always gazing on the convent until he died.

This is but one of the many legends of love and war clustering about the castles of the storied Rhine. They are valuable, because they give us such true glimpses of the manners and hospitality and chivalry and love-making of the old romantic days.

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine;
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine.
And scatter'd cities crowning there,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me."

— Byron, *Childe Harold.*

Peter the Hermit

It is inspiring to visit places where great men have lived or where a monument recalls some

heroic deed. Those of us, for example, who have been to Mount Vernon and seen there the home and tomb of Washington feel a new interest in the life of the "Father of our Country."

In Palestine, or the Holy Land, are found the most sacred of all shrines. In the Middle Ages, pilgrimages were made there to places associated with Christ's birth and life and death.

At this time there lived in France a restless, austere man named Peter, who, after failing in many things, had become a hermit.

In the year 1093, Peter the Hermit, for so he is always called, left his retreat and went with other pilgrims to Jerusalem. There he was shocked to see the scorn and cruelty with which the poor pilgrims were treated. The aged patriarch Simeon, who was in charge of the holy places, was in despair. He confided to Peter the Hermit that there was no power in the East able to deliver the Christians from the Turks; and Peter encouraged him by saying that the western warriors would come and save them.

One day, as Peter was praying at the Holy Sepulcher, he seemed to hear a voice bidding him arise and go forth. At once vowing that he would rouse all Europe against the Turks, he hastened across the sea to Rome, and threw himself at the feet of Pope Urban II. With pale face and flash-

ing eyes, he told his story and begged for help. The Pope received him as if he were a prophet, telling him to go through Italy and France and preach to the people, rousing them to deliver Jerusalem. Then Peter, filled with hope and courage, went forth on his noble mission. He was dressed in a long frock of coarsest stuff, tied with a thick cord. His head and feet were bare, and he carried a crucifix, and rode upon a mule.

What a singular appearance he must have presented, riding through the country or stopping to preach on the road or in the field! But people thought only of his wonderful message; his fierce words startled their rude minds. The farmer left his plow, the merchant his goods; and crowds flocked to him from everywhere as if he were a messenger from heaven. Those who could touch his frock were happy, and even the hairs from his mule were sought as relics.

This was a restless age, and everybody was seeking for some great adventure.

In the year 1095 the Pope held a council at Clermont in France, and the town could not hold all the people who came to listen. The Pope and Peter both addressed the people, telling once more the dreadful tales of outrage and murder. The Pope recalled how bravely Charles Martel had fought against the Saracens, and besought them to go at

once in the same spirit to free Jerusalem from the Turks. Throughout the assembly, the cry was heard, "God wills it! God wills it!"

At the close of the meeting, at the Pope's suggestion, thousands knelt, and upon the shoulder of each was fastened a red cross of cotton and silk. Whoever received this became a croisée or crusader.

It was some time before the first Crusade under able leaders was ready to start. But people of all classes flocked to Peter, begging him to march at once, instead of waiting for the regular army. He foolishly set out, with Walter the Penniless also in command, leading an army of eighty thousand men, women, and children. It was a perfect rabble. Some men took their whole families in ox-carts; they had scant provision and all kinds of queer weapons. Many knew so little of the distance that, on seeing a castle or a town, they would ask if that was Jerusalem.

Peter the Hermit was a preacher, but not a leader. His followers would not obey him. They were hungry and exhausted, and robbed the country through which they went. Finally they were surprised by the Turks, and all but a few thousand were slaughtered.

But Peter escaped, and a little later joyfully entered Jerusalem with the main army of the first Crusade. The troops were well-disciplined, and

GODFREY DE BOUILLON ENTERS JERUSALEM

had reached the Holy Land, defeated the Turks, and captured the Holy City. Godfrey, their principal leader, was offered a golden crown, but he refused to wear one in the city where his Lord had worn a crown of thorns. He became instead "Defender of the Holy Sepulcher."

Peter, the "Apostle of the first Crusade," preached to the Crusaders from the Mount of Olives, and there, falling on their knees, they thanked God for the wonderful things that had been accomplished by his preaching. After this he returned quietly to his monastery in France, and there he died, faithful to the end to the solemn vow which he had made at the Holy Sepulcher.

Frederick Barbarossa

Frederick Barbarossa, emperor of Germany, was so constantly on the move from one part of his dominions to another that in order to read his life intelligently we should locate the principal cities in which he was interested, — Frankfort-on-the-Main, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Mayence, in Germany, and Pavia, Milan, Rome, and Venice, in Italy.

Frederick Barbarossa belonged to the noble house of Hohenstaufen. He ascended the throne in 1152, and is one of the best loved and most famous rulers in Germany. After his coronation

at Aix-la-Chapelle, he took a royal ride over his dominions to show himself to his people, and everywhere they hailed him with delight.

Frederick claimed rule over Germany and Italy.

Soon after his coronation, Frederick crossed the Alps to grasp Italy. First he was crowned at Pavia with the iron crown of Lombardy. He then went to Rome, where he was crowned by the Pope.

Frederick, on his return to Germany, found that the robber knights had grown very powerful. It was a lawless age, and these robbers lived in fortified castles, whence they constantly sallied to rob and kill travelers. Frederick had many of them put to death, and then he destroyed their castles.

Next he determined to punish Milan for tyranizing over the smaller Italian towns. He marched with his army to the very walls of the city. After he had waited quietly for some time, a curious procession came from the gates of Milan. First, there were the clergy, barefooted and in tattered robes, then the city officers, some with cords and some with swords suspended from their necks in token of submission.

Falling at the feet of the emperor, they humbly swore their allegiance. Frederick forgave them and left the city. Not long afterward they again revolted. Then Frederick returned, the procession once more came out, and with weeping and wailing

promised to obey. This time, however, Frederick did not yield. He first sent away his wife Beatrice, lest she should intercede to save the city Then the harvests were destroyed and the people suffered from terrible famine. The inhabitants of Lodi were allowed to enter Milan and pull down the walls and forts, and in six days the city was a scene of desolation.

The sacred car which always carried the beautiful banner of the city was broken to pieces and the banner was trampled in the dust. The people were obliged to leave their homes with what little they could carry with them. The whole city was given over to plunder by Frederick's army. Now Frederick had gone too far. On his return to Germany he tried to put down the dukes and counts who were growing very powerful. Two of these, Henry the Lion and Albert the Bear, really did more to make Germany strong than all that Frederick had accomplished.

There is an old German rhyme which reads:—

"Henry the Lion, and Albert the Bear,
Thereto Frederick with the red hair,
Three lords are they,
Who could change the world to their way

Several Italian cities at this time were becoming very rich by selling ships to the crusaders and

by their commerce with the countries of the East. These cities were greatly indignant about the treatment which Milan had received. They joined in a union called the Lombard League.

Naturally Frederick gathered another great army and invaded Italy in 1176. A battle was fought at Legnano. The Milanese had rebuilt their car with its sacred banner, and this was placed in the center of the army, and surrounded by three hundred youths who vowed to defend it with their lives.

Frederick's army pressed onward to capture the car, but the brilliant Italian squadrons rushed upon it with such fury that it was weakened. However, the Germans fought bravely and had almost reached the car, and even had torn its decorations, when suddenly Frederick disappeared. Terror and confusion seized upon his troops. They were completely defeated and fled as best they could.

Frederick was thought to be dead, and his wife, the gentle Beatrice, put on a mourning robe; but, to the joy of his friends, he appeared after a few days in Pavia. His armor-bearer had been killed and then his horse. Frederick had been dragged out from under them, and in disguise had escaped with a few followers. He now went to Venice, and threw himself at the feet of the Pope.

The Pope raised him and gave him the kiss of peace, and the Germans were so delighted with

Frederick's unusual gentleness that they exclaimed, "Lord God, we praise Thee!"

We may be sure that after this Frederick never interfered again with the affairs of Italy.

After he returned to Germany, a grand tournament was held at Mayence. It was proclaimed by heralds all over the land. The field was gay with banners, and with tents of silk and gold.

Thousands of brave knights fought in the mimic battle; thousands of beautiful ladies watched the scene.

He who unhorsed his antagonist had as his reward a jewel or a richly caparisoned horse, and best of all the praises of his lady-love.

Frederick rode in the lists with his five sons, and for centuries the minstrels sang of the knightly deeds of the tournament at Mayence.

The life of warlike old Barbarossa had been very full of conflict, and it seems as if now he might end his days in peace; but this was not to be.

Saladin, the sultan of Egypt, had taken Jerusalem; and, in 1189, the Pope, for the third time, called on the sovereigns of Europe to go on a crusade to rescue the Holy City.

Richard Cœur de Lion of England, Philip Augustus of France, and Frederick Barbarossa of Germany, the three leading rulers of Europe in the twelfth century, started for Jerusalem.

Frederick, leaving Germany in the care of his son Henry, led an army of one hundred thousand men. He was seventy years old, but he showed great vigor in his encounters with the enemies met on the journey.

His magnificent army crossed Hungary and Asia Minor; but one day, when Frederick was trying to ford a stream, he was carried off his horse and down the current, and was drowned.

The disheartened German army returned to Germany.

The news of Frederick Barbarossa's death was terrible to the Germans.

They even refused to believe it.

They greatly loved their warlike king, and, from the year 1170 until to-day, the name of Frederick Barbarossa has been most sacred and inspiriting to the patriotic German heart.

His favorite city was Frankfort; but his splendid castle of Staufen, near the little village of Hohenstaufen, was his home.

Later, in 1525, this was burned in the Peasants' War, but the little church remains. At one side is an old door through which Frederick used to enter; and on it is a worn fresco of the martial king, bearing the appropriate inscription, "Friend of the good and terror of the bad."

Rienzi

During the Middle Ages, Italy had no central government. Many of the cities were ruled by a noble family, and the Pope as head of the Church was supreme in Rome.

But in the fourteenth century the Papal See had been removed for a time from Rome to Avignon in France; and Rome, without the Pope, was in a state of constant uprising. The Colonna and Orsini families were at the head of rival parties of nobles, and their palaces were turned into fortified castles. The retainers of the nobles, either as foot-soldiers, or mounted on gallant steeds, had many sudden fierce encounters in the streets.

Everything was so unsafe that even the monuments built in the reigns of the early emperors were used as places of defense.

At this time, Nicolai di Rienzi, the son of a Roman inn-keeper, began to interest himself in the affairs of the people. As a boy, he had seen his brother killed in a street skirmish, and his first desire had been to revenge the deed.

As he grew older, he became a dreamer and a scholar. He loved the history of ancient Rome. Julius Cæsar was his hero, and the more he read, the greater was his interest in the story of "the brave days of old."

Rienzi had a soft voice and winning manners, and he was an eloquent speaker. He addressed the people about their rights, and they liked him so much that they sent him with the poet Petrarch on an embassy to Avignon to beg the Pope to return to Rome.

The Pope, on receiving the embassy, was so charmed with young Rienzi that, during his stay in Avignon, he sent for him daily to hear him talk.

Petrarch, also, was interested in him.

He, too, had his dream of Roman liberty, and saw in Rienzi the one who might restore to the city its ancient glory.

The Pope did not return, and Rienzi began to think that he himself was destined to free the people from their bondage.

When he went back to Rome, they grew more and more excited by his words.

Secret midnight meetings were held, and finally it was decided that on a certain day, at a given signal, the government should be overturned.

It was the morning of the 19th of May, 1347. The Colonna were absent from the city and the streets were very quiet. Suddenly the blast of a trumpet was heard. In a few moments crowds gathered, and there was intense excitement.

This was Rienzi's summons for all to assemble at the Capitol the next morning.

When the time came, he appeared clad in complete armor. He was accompanied by the Pope's vicar, and, followed by throngs of people, he led the army to the Capitol. There on the steps the new "Laws of Good Estate" were read.

These contained Rienzi's excellent ideas of justice and liberty. The people shouted approval, and Rienzi was made dictator and took the title of Tribune.

The nobles were awed by the sudden resolutions. They were obliged to give up their fortress palaces, to take an oath that they would keep the roads secure, and to appear armed or unarmed as the city should hereafter demand.

Haughty old Stephen Colonna would have liked to throw Rienzi out of the window; but instead he was obliged to be perfectly submissive.

Rienzi took his oath in the following words: "Nicolai, by the grace of Jesus Christ, the severe and merciful Tribune of freedom, the deliverer of the Roman Republic."

For a few months all was peaceful. The roads were no longer infested by robbers, and pilgrims came and went freely.

Justice was rightly administered, and, as the historian says, "A purse of gold might be exposed in the highway without danger." Rienzi's greater scheme was to bring all the cities of Italy under

his government. But, unfortunately, as soon as all was going well, he became very proud. He had many processions and exhibitions in which he was the central figure, and many lords and ladies waited upon his wife and himself as if they were royal. Then he was crowned publicly with seven crowns.

He announced himself as the "Deliverer of Rome, Defender of Italy, Friend of Mankind, of Liberty, of Peace, and of Justice," and finally as "Tribune August."

Rienzi had gone too far. The people were disgusted with his pomp, and with the heavy taxes which he levied to pay for all his exhibitions. They would no longer come at his call, and the nobles banded together against him.

The Pope excommunicated him, and Rienzi, in the disguise of a monk, escaped. We find him later at the court of the German emperor, Charles IV, begging for assistance to retake Rome. Charles, however, delivered him to the Pope, who kept him in Avignon. Several years passed. Affairs were again very bad in Rome, for the nobles once more were tyrants.

Petrarch had begged that Rienzi might be sent back, and the Pope finally yielded. He was to go now as a senator and to restore order.

So Rienzi returned, and, strange as it may seem, he had not yet learned his lesson. He established

the same pomp and luxury as before, making the people pay very heavy taxes. In a few months they rose against him. He fled to the Capitol and tried to address them. They assaulted him, and he attempted to escape in disguise. He was discovered by his bracelet, which he had forgotten to remove, and was stabbed with many wounds. This was in 1354, and it was not until 1861 that Italy became free and united. Petrarch, in his disappointment at Rienzi's failure, said, "I loved his virtues; I praised his designs; I congratulated Italy; I looked forward to the dominion of the beloved city and the peace of the world."

The Black Prince

The most noted man of England in the fourteenth century was Edward III. His wife was the good Queen Philippa, and their son Edward, the Black Prince, was one of the most famous of historic boys. He was a robust and handsome child; gentle and kind-hearted like his mother, brave and high-spirited like his father. When but seven years old, he was made Duke of Cornwall. After receiving the title, he at once dubbed twenty knights. Imagine the little fellow just old enough to be a page, giving the sword strokes to grown-up squires, and bidding them as knights to be henceforth faithful and brave.

Later, he became the Prince of Wales. This title had been given in the thirteenth century to the eldest son of the king of England. The king had conquered Wales, and had promised the Welch that he would give them a king who could not speak a word of English. Whom should he select but his own baby son, born in Caernarvon Castle in Wales, in that very year, 1284.

When the title was given to young Edward, he received besides Wales, a coronet of gold, a ring, and a silver wand. Then a splendid tournament was held in Windsor Castle, and Edward III took part in all the feats of arms. The tournament was in honor of the legendary King Arthur and his knights, for all had sung the songs and read the romance of the search for the Holy Grail.

At about this time one of the longest contests in history, the "Hundred Years' War," was just breaking out between England and France. One of its principal causes was a claim which Edward III of England had made to the throne of Philip VI of France. Edward said that as his mother was a French princess he should rule both countries.

The French, however, had the "Salic Law," which held that no woman should rule over France, or give this right to her son. So, although Edward had not the slightest claim, he determined to fight.

The principal battles of the war were Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt.

All three were fought in France, and all were won by the English.

Edward, whom now we shall call the Black Prince,—from the color of his armor,—became famous because he gained both Crécy and Poitiers.

The war really commenced in 1340, when the English gained a sea fight off the coast of Sluys. No one dared tell the French King Philip VI that his navy was defeated until the court fool cried out that the English were cowards. "Why?" replied Philip. "Because," answered the jester, "they did not dare to jump boldly into the sea at Sluys as our brave French and Normans did!"

The king now crossed the Channel and invaded France.

The Black Prince was not yet sixteen years old, but his father, knowing what a fearless boy he was, made him commander over one of the divisions of the army.

The French with a very large force, and the English with but a few thousand men, met at Crécy.

The English took a fine position on rising ground, and the famous archers were placed in front.

In those days no foot-soldiers in any army could

rival these archers. The English were trained from boyhood to the use of the bow. Edward III, with a reserve force, took his position near an old windmill, in the rear of the army, for he wished the Black Prince to win the battle. The French, resplendent in their arms, advanced and too hastily attacked the English. Then the English archers let fly their arrows into the midst of the French knights with most destructive power.

The blind old king of Bohemia, hearing that his son was wounded, begged to strike but one good stroke for the French. Two knights tied his horse between them and led him into the battle. All three were killed.

The king of Bohemia had as his crest three white ostrich plumes with the beautiful motto "Ich dien" (I serve).

This was adopted by the Black Prince, and ever since has been seen on the crest of the Prince of Wales.

The Black Prince we may know was in the midst of the fight directing everything. Once he seemed sore pressed, and a messenger rushed with hot haste to the king, begging him to send aid to the noble boy.

"Is my son killed or wounded?" Edward asked. "Neither," was the reply. "Then let the boy win his spurs; let the day be his;" and he did win them

THE CHARGE OF THE FRENCH CHIVALRY AT THE BATTLE OF CRECY

most gloriously. The French could not long bear the shower of English arrows. They fled in great disorder, leaving more dead upon the field than the whole number of the English army. After the battle King Edward came forward, and clasping his son in his arms exclaimed, "God give you perseverance in your course my child; nobly have you acquitted yourself, and worthy are you of the place you hold."

The Black Prince sank on his knees, and prayed his father's blessing after such a day of battle.

Cannon were used for the first time in this battle. There were two of them, and they were so clumsy that it was long before the English tried them again. They were described as "engines which threw little iron balls to frighten the horses."

Edward led his army from Crécy to Calais, and he besieged this town for months until the people were starving.

He finally consented to spare the inhabitants if six of the principal citizens, barefooted and with halters about their necks, should bring to him the keys of the city. Six heroic men came out. Edward was about to order them put to death, when good Queen Philippa begged him to spare their lives.

The king yielded, and the happy queen sent them

back into the city loaded with gifts. Then the king returned to England, and we may imagine with what festivity and rejoicing the brave Black Prince was received. Indeed, ever since, England has been proud of the fame won by its "Boy Knight." Several years later the war once more broke out, and the Black Prince went to France, carrying fire and sword and capturing towns and fortresses. King John of France determined that he would avenge the battle of Crécy by conquering the famous prince. So as Edward was making his way to the coast with much booty and a small army of eight thousand men, he suddenly came face to face at Poitiers with a French army numbering sixty thousand men.

"God help us," exclaimed the Black Prince; "we must make the best of it."

He at once drew up his forces on rising ground amid thick vineyards.

The path leading to his army was through a deep ravine, bordered on both sides by hedges. Archers were concealed in the hedges, and also placed on the front rank of the army, while the men at arms were behind.

Not knowing that English archers were concealed in the hedges, the French knights charged through the lane and up the hill. They were overwhelmed by the arrows of the English, pressing them from every

direction. The horses reared and plunged and the knights fell back in their ranks below.

Then how the Black Prince charged right down the hill into the midst of the French army! So it was that in 1346, he won the renowned battle of Poitiers.

The French king was taken prisoner, and the Black Prince treated him with the greatest courtesy. He conducted him back to London. As the procession entered the city, King John rode on a richly caparisoned white charger, and the Black Prince, bareheaded, was by his side, on a little black pony. The Black Prince conducted King John to Edward III, who received his royal prisoner with great state. It is said that at the banquet which followed the Black Prince waited on the kingly guest.

After this, the character of the Black Prince completely changed. He became gloomy and suspicious, and showed no mercy. In both France and Spain, he stained the memory of his great victories by laying waste the country and by aiding Pedro, a wicked king of Castile. Perhaps the change was caused by a serious illness contracted in Spain, for often the prince was obliged to be carried on a litter at the head of his army. He never recovered, and returned to England to die.

He is buried in Canterbury Cathedral. Suspended from a beam above his tomb, is an ancient

coat of mail, a helmet, and a pair of gauntlets, which are said to have been worn by him.

The nation mourned his death, and well it might, for he had won for the country two of its greatest battles.

Joan of Arc

After the battles of Crécy and Poitiers, many years pass before we again hear of the Hundred Years' War. But when the brave Henry V was on the throne of England and the insane Charles VI on the throne of France, the war was once more commenced.

France was in a very disordered condition, as any country must be with an insane king; and so Henry of England thought that this would be a good time to conquer it. He crossed over to France, and in the year 1415 won the battle of Agincourt. In two ways this was like the battles of Crécy and Poitiers; the English had a much smaller army than the French, and showers of arrows winged by terrible English bowmen scattered the French knights in great confusion.

After the battle, the treaty of Troyes was made, and this was a shameful one for France. It provided that on the death of Charles, France should be given to England, and that the English king should rule over both countries. You remember that this was just the thing for which Edward III had fought when he commenced the war nearly one hundred years earlier.

Not long after the treaty of Troyes, the kings of England and France both died. We may imagine what confusion now reigned in France.

The baby son of Henry V of England was proclaimed king at Paris, while the French who would not accept English rule had the son of Charles VI crowned at Bourges.

For a long time the only title which young Charles could claim was "King of Bourges." Charles was now twenty years old, an idle, timid, good-natured fellow, having no ambition to struggle for his throne. In fact, it seemed useless for him to try. While he was so poor that he could not buy a pair of boots, how could he support an army?

He held his little court at Chinon on the Loire, and there he just amused himself from day to day with his gay companions. The English had garrisons all over France, and their soldiers treated the French peasants very roughly.

The English were besieging Orleans, the only stronghold that yet remained to the French. They had built towers about it, from which to attack the walls, and the French knew that they could not hold out much longer.

The condition of the country seemed both helpless and hopeless. Just now, however, in one of the darkest hours in the history of France, a deliverer suddenly appeared.

This was Joan of Arc, a simple peasant maiden, only seventeen years of age. She was born in 1412, in a little cottage in the village of Domrémy, in Lorraine. She was a gentle, serious girl, with fair complexion, large dark eyes, and long black hair. She spent her days as did the other peasants in caring for her flock. But somehow she seemed different from most girls. She cared little for amusement, but liked to steal away to the lonely, solemn woods. There sometimes in the stillness she thought that she heard angel voices, and again in her visions bright angels would appear and talk to her. So in caring for her sheep, in listening to the voices, and in saying her prayers in the village church, the life of Joan passed very quietly.

At this time the French people were very unhappy, for they greatly disliked to have their beautiful country ruled by the English; and Joan often heard the peasants discussing the helpless condition of their young prince. This made her very sad, and she brooded much over his wrongs, and with her warm, tender spirit, she prayed that his throne might be restored to him.

After a time, she began to feel that her voices were summoning her to assist Charles in gaining his rights. When, at last, she felt sure that God had really called her to do this thing, she was much perplexed how to accomplish it.

Remember that Joan was only a poor peasant, and you will see on the map that Domrémy in Lorraine is hundreds of miles from Chinon on the Loire, where Charles was holding his court. Joan decided to go first to the governor of the nearest town, and as soon as possible she presented herself before him. She said that she had received a command from her Lord, and asked the governor to aid her in obeying it. The governor said to Joan, "Who is your Lord?" "My Lord," replied the maid, "is the King of Heaven. He has commanded me to deliver Orleans and to have the dauphin crowned at Rheims."

The governor was greatly amused at the request of such a silly maid. Two knights were present, and they were impressed by Joan's earnestness, and promised to conduct her to the prince. Joan was delighted. She returned to her home, and announced to her parents her glorious mission. Very naturally they thought that she was mad. However, Joan made ready, and accompanied by her brother and the two knights, she set out on her long journey.

When news was brought to Charles that a maid was coming to assist him, he was very curious, and although his nobles objected, he determined to receive her. He said: "I will assume the simplest dress and conceal myself in the midst of you.

Dunois will dress in my robes and take my place. If she is sent of God, she will know which of us is king."

Joan was received by torchlight, the king and nobles standing in a row. She entered the hall, looked about her, and then went right up to Charles and knelt before him with great reverence. "I am not the king," exclaimed Charles, and Joan replied: "No, gentle prince, you and you only are the king. I am sent by God to bring you out. Orleans shall be delivered, and you shall be crowned at Rheims."

It is a strange fact which shows the superstition of the age that both Charles and his nobles were inspired by Joan's earnestness, and at once accepted her as a messenger from Heaven.

Then Joan asked for a small body of troops, as she wished to go to the relief of Orleans. The king gave her a sacred embroidered banner, a retinue of knights, heralds, squires, and pages.

Several generals offered her their swords, but these she refused to accept.

She told them that in a certain church behind the altar would be found the weapon that could deliver France.

The sword was sought and found, just as the maid had said.

And now, equipped for battle and arrayed in a

suit of white armor, Joan started with her little army for Orleans.

Joan entered Orleans in May, 1429. Her appearance filled the French with confidence and the English with fear. Indeed, from the very first, the English had believed her to be a witch.

One day she seized a ladder, and climbing to the top of the wall, she planted the flag on the ramparts. She was struck by an English arrow, and as she fell a shout of triumph rose from the English camp; but she sprang up and tore the arrow from the wound in her heart. Her soldiers rallied, and penetrating the enemy's intrenchments obliged the English to flee.

The siege of Orleans which had lasted for seven months was now raised in a few hours, and Joan of Arc at once became the "Maid of Orleans."

The next thing was to escort the king to Rheims, that, like all the kings before him, he might be crowned there in the cathedral. As the army went through the country, the English on all sides fled before them.

An old chronicler tells us that while on the march, if the maid but struck the gates of a town with the handle of her banner, they at once flew open and the town surrendered.

On reaching Rheims, Charles was crowned. During the ceremony Joan stood near, holding her banner unfurled.

JOAN OF ARC WOUNDED AT THE S EGE OF ORLEANS

"Now," she exclaimed, when all was over, 'I shall not regret to die."

A little later, feeling that her mission was accomplished, she threw herself at the feet of the king, saying: "Permit me now to lay down my arms and return to my native village, to serve my father and mother in keeping my sheep. Oh, if you knew how my brothers and sisters would rejoice to see me once more among them!"

The ungrateful king, however, insisted on her remaining in the army. Joan lost heart a little, but tried to do good among the rude soldiers. They respected her, but grew tired and jealous of her presence among them.

Scarcely a year had passed when one day, as Joan was assisting to defend the town of Compiègne against the attacks of the Duke of Burgundy, she found herself outside the walls.

Surrounded by a troop of archers, she parried their blows as she tried to reach the gates. One step more and she would be inside; but the gates were shut and the drawbridge was raised.

The jealous French soldiers had closed the gates against their deliverer. The Burgundians seized the maid, and gave her into the hands of the English.

The English were annoyed at being so long defied by a girl, and even when she was in their own hands, they seemed afraid of her.

Her tragic fate was most pitiful. On May 31, 1431, she was condemned as a heretic and witch and burned in the market-place at Rouen. It is said that after being tied to the stake she asked for a crucifix, and threw herself upon her knees in prayer, exclaiming, "Yes, my voices were from God; my voices have not deceived me."

To the very end she displayed a calm heroism.

Charles VII made no effort to save the maid; but he ennobled her family and freed her village from taxes.

A little later he entered Paris, a very different man from what he had been when Joan first appeared to him.

He recovered everything but Calais from the English, and gave a better government to his disordered country.

It was the religious enthusiasm of the Maid of Orleans that had changed his title from "King of Bourges" to "Charles VII, the Victorious of France," as he is known to-day.

The reverence for the historic maid has been increasing ever since her death, nearly five hundred years ago. Perhaps before long she will be canonized by the Pope, and then the simple peasant maid will become the venerated St. Joan.

Marco Polo

In the beginning of the thirteenth century Genghis Khan, the leader of a Mongul or Tartar tribe in northern Asia, conquered with his enormous army of horsemen the larger part of Asia and some lands in Russia.

Thousands of cities and millions of lives were sacrificed to him, and his rule was so powerful that there was a saying, "In Asia and Europe scarcely a dog might bark without Mongul leave." Kubla Khan, the grandson of Genghis Khan, was a much more gentle man than his grandfather. He ruled over China or Cathay as it was then called.

His magnificent capital or city of the khan was Cambaluc, now Peking.

During his reign two gentlemen from Venice belonging to the ancient Polo family visited the East. They were merchants, but they were adventurous explorers too. We cannot trace their long and difficult routes. Sometimes they turned aside to avoid a mountain or a desert or a river, or because they did not wish to pass through a country where war was raging.

In due time, however, they arrived at the court of Kubla Khan, the "Lord of the Earth."

The khan had never before seen any Europeans and he welcomed them cordially, asking them

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many questions about their country. He gave them tablets of gold, such as were often presented to messengers, and sent them back to Rome to the Pope.

He wished the Pope to send him one hundred missionaries, and some of the oil burning in the lamp which hangs over the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem. Besides these, he wished the Polos to instruct him in the seven arts, which in those days formed a perfect education. These were arithmetic, astronomy, grammar, music, geometry, rhetoric, and logic.

The Polos could find but two missionaries; they obtained the oil, but we are not sure about the seven arts.

When the Polos were preparing to return to Cathay, Marco, the son of one of these nobles, now fifteen years old, begged that he might go with them. They all started, but it was not long before the two priests were so frightened by the perils of the way that they returned home. After surmounting many dangers the Polos finally reached Cathay, and the khan was delighted to welcome them. He was pleased to receive the holy oil, but disappointed about the missionaries, for he was eager to introduce a new religion into his country.

Young Marco Polo was a bright and observing lad. He learned the language, and he told a story

well. Kubla Khan became very fond of him, and constantly employed him on missions to every part of his dominions. When Marco returned, he had always such a pleasant way of describing the curious cities and countries which he had seen that the khan listened to him with the greatest interest. He liked him far better than his other messengers, for on their return they could talk only of the business on which they had been sent.

Many years passed — full of wondrous sights and marvelous adventures for Marco Polo.

The khan was growing old, and the Polos were anxious to go home to see their friends and to carry their treasures. But they all were useful to the khan, and he wished them to remain. Finally an opportunity offered, and the khan reluctantly gave his consent for them to depart.

Our story now shifts to the beautiful Venice of that romantic and adventurous age.

One day, in the year 1295, three sunburned men, in shabby Tartar dress, appeared in the streets of the city. The Venetians gazed on them with curiosity, and laughed them to scorn when the travelers told who they were. How could the people believe them to be the same Polos who had gone so many years before into the land of darkness in the far East?

The three men made their way through the city

to the gates of the handsome residence of the Polos, but we are not told how they succeeded in quickly gaining admittance.

Shortly afterwards the Venetian nobles were summoned to a splendid feast in their grand palace.

The guests were received by the three travelers arrayed in rich robes of crimson satin. At the beginning of the feast their robes were exchanged for crimson damask ones, and when they were taken off, they were cut up and divided among the servants.

Later in the feast the damask robes were exchanged for those of crimson velvet, and the damask ones were divided. At the close of the feast the velvet robes were taken off and divided like the others, and now the three men appeared dressed like the rest of the company.

After the meal, the servants having gone out, Marco Polo brought in the three shabby dresses. The guests recognized them as the ones in which the curious strangers had arrived. And now for the greatest surprise of all!

Sharp knives were taken, the coats were ripped open, and out rolled quantities of jewels of the greatest value, — diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires.

These had been carefully stitched between the

linings that no one might suspect what the travelers carried. Then the Polos told their guests about their adventures in the far East, and how Kubla Khan had given them treasures in gold and stuffs which they could not carry. They had exchanged all for precious gems. What a fascinating and bewildering entertainment!

The guests now recognized that their hosts were the Polos, and ever afterwards they treated them with the greatest honor.

Two or three years later there was a war between Venice and Genoa. Marco Polo fought, and was taken prisoner by the Genoese and put into prison. His fellow-prisoner was Rusticiano of Pisa, who, besides being a war-captain, was a clever writer. Marco Polo told Rusticiano about his wonderful adventures and the strange things which he had seen and heard, and Rusticiano wrote them on parchment and made a book which others copied. For many years copies of the book were very precious, even until printing was invented.

In this book of travels Marco Polo describes wonderful things, among them a bird in Madagascar so large that it can carry an elephant in its talons, and fine Persian horses able to travel one hundred and ten miles a day. He tells, too, of jugglers who can make dishes and cups of gold

fly through the air; and of a sorcerer in the vale of Cashmere who had magic power over the weather and was able to bring rain and snow.

In the book we learn that Marco Polo had been told that Noah's ark was still on Mount Ararat in Armenia, but that the mountain was so covered with snow that no one could ever ascend to see it.

He had seen the circular houses of the Tartars made of wands covered with felt. When the Tartars traveled, they filled their houses with women and children and drew them along with oxen and camels.

Many pages of the book are devoted to the magnificence of the court of Kubla Khan. Those who waited upon this lord had their mouths covered with napkins of silk and gold so that their breath might not taint the contents of a dish or goblet presented to the king. The khan's most famous feast was on New Year's Day. On this occasion he appeared in robes of beaten gold. Before the feast all the officials passed in review before the khan, bowing their faces four times to the floor. The palaces of Kubla Khan were most magnificent. In one of them six thousand people could dine.

In the parks were trees of all kinds brought by elephants from all parts of the khan's dominions. Rows of trees were constantly being planted, for

in Cathay there was an old saying, "He who plants trees lives long."

The whole book of Marco Polo is full of entertainment and amusement. It describes absurd things and true things, and gives us a curious glimpse into the early geography and customs of the people of Asia. It is one of the most important books of the Middle Ages. Difficult as it was to procure it then, we may find it now in every public library.

Shortly after Marco Polo had told his tales to Rusticiano, and Rusticiano had preserved it for the world, peace was made between Genoa and Venice.

Marco Polo went home and married and had three daughters. What interesting stories he must have told his children!

He lived to be an old man. Before his death he was asked to take back some of the strange things which he had reported, but he refused, saying: —

"I have told the truth!"

Vasco da Gama

The warlike Turks had conquered western Asia and northern Africa, and the old routes from Europe to India passing through the Mediterranean

Sea and then to the south and east were no longer safe. The one desire now was to find a new path for commerce, else the magnificent trade with wealthy India must be lost to Europe.

As we follow now the different ways over which the early adventurers sailed, let us keep before us a map of the world. What a blessing such a map would have been to the navigator of the fifteenth or sixteenth century as he looked out over the broad Atlantic Ocean and wondered which way he should steer!

Columbus, as we know, tried to find India by sailing to the westward in 1492. When he discovered America, thinking it to be the land which he had sought, he called the native Indians. Although Columbus was a Genoese, he set sail from Portugal because this country from its situation formed a most convenient starting-point.

The Portuguese were brave and bold, and instead of sailing westward, as Columbus did, they tried to reach India by going down the western coast of Africa. They carried with them stone pillars, each bearing the Portuguese coat-of-arms, and inscribed to some saint. These pillars were planted on prominent headlands when an expedition had reached its most distant point.

Every adventurous captain tried to penetrate the mysterious sea a little farther than his predecessor,

that his pillar might be placed farther to the south. Finally the brave Bartholomew Diaz had the satisfaction of planting his pillar at the southern point of Africa, for he actually sailed around Cape Tempest. On his return to Lisbon, King Emanuel II, of Portugal, was so delighted that he changed the name of Cape Tempest to the Cape of Good Hope, because he felt that now he had "good hope" that his hardy sailors would soon reach India. As soon as possible the king fitted out a larger expedition, placing it under the command of a gentleman in his own household, "the valiant Capitayne," Vasco da Gama. Da Gama was the son of a magistrate of Lines, Portugal. He was now twenty-eight years old — a man of violent temper, but wise and courageous. He was delighted to conduct the fleet, even though his friends assured him that all would be drowned.

Da Gama was given three ships and a store-ship, and they were manned by one hundred and sixty men. He sailed in the year 1498, carrying letters to the potentates of different countries, and also six pillars to be set up in new lands. As the fleet neared the Cape of Good Hope and as they sailed around it they were baffled by a very strong current. The sailors lost their courage, and falling on their knees they besought Da Gama to turn back; but the intrepid leader put them in irons, while he

SHIPS OF THE PERIOD

still continued his course over the stormy seas. On Christmas they passed a country which, in honor of the birth of Christ, they named Natal.

Many of the natives along the coast were very hostile, and sometimes it was difficult to procure food. In one place, where the people were dressed in gay silks and jewels, they tried to cut his cable. The king of Melinda, however, was most friendly. He lived in a fine town with broad streets and high houses, and he carried on an extensive trade with the East in stuffs and gems and perfumes. Here Da Gama set up one of the pillars, and the king gave him a pilot who understood both the mariner's compass and the route to India.

Now, turning to the northeast from Africa, Da Gama sailed over to India, landing at Calicut on the Malabar coast of Hindustan. Here a pillar was set up, and a little later the Portuguese kingdom in India became wealthy and powerful. Da Gama returned to Portugal after an absence of two years and two months. He came in a boat which he had procured at Cape Verde, and he brought back but fifty-five men. One of his ships had been burned, one lost at sea, one condemned as not seaworthy, and, in still another, one of his sailors had quietly slipped away, in order to be the first one to reach Portugal and tell the good news. On his return, Da Gama had a royal welcome from the

king. He had found the new water-way to India, and now trade could be established with the far East. The king, in his gratitude, gave to him the proud title "Admiral of the Indian, Persian, and Arabian Seas."

Da Gama did not sail again until 1502, and this time, on his arrival in India, he struck terror to the hearts of the native rulers; for, in demanding rights to trade, he did not hesitate to seize ports and to kill the natives. When he went back to Portugal from this second expedition, the king gave him the title, "Count of Vidigueria."

After this, year by year, larger fleets were sent out, and they came home laden with the riches of the East. Da Gama, however, for twenty years remained quietly at home with his family. He lived in a house on the walls of which were painted the flowers and animals which he had found in India. But in 1524 he was made viceroy of India by the king, John III. Then he sailed again; this time with a large fleet, and in great magnificence. He established his government at Cochin, but he died soon after he was settled, on Christmas Day, 1524, at the age of fifty-five.

Da Gama's portrait in Lisbon represents him as a stout man, with long white beard, and with rather a severe expression, and dressed in a long furred robe.

Columbus, Vasco da Gama, and Magellan form

a trio of bold voyagers, who, in the last part of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth, sailed forth in search of adventure and new trading paths. They, in turn, were followed by others. Glowing reports were brought back to Europe of lands filled with silver and gold, of cities full of palaces and temples, and of the wonderful "Fountain of Youth." Curiosity and the spirit of adventure grew stronger all the time, until the sixteenth century became famous as the age of great discovery.

"Now morn, serene in dappled gray, arose
O'er the fair lawns where murmuring Ganges flows;
Pale shone the wave beneath the golden beam;
Blue o'er the silver flood Malabria's mountains gleam:
The sailors on the maintop's airy round,
'Land! land!' aloud with waving hands resound;
Aloud the pilot of Melinda cries,
'Behold, O chief, the shores of India rise!'
Elate the joyful crew on tiptoe trod,
And every heart with swelling rapture glow'd;
Gama's great soul confest the rushing swell.
Prone on his manly knees the hero fell.
'O bounteous heaven!' he cries, and spreads his hands
To bounteous heaven, while boundless joy commands
No further word to flow."

—Camoens's *Lusiad, translated by* Mickle.

PART III. MODERN HISTORY

Galileo

The dark ages of mediæval history are now past. With the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth, modern history commences.

Many great events mark the opening of this modern era.

The mariner's compass is improved, new routes of travel are followed, and worlds before unknown are discovered at their end. Gunpowder is invented. This will pierce the heaviest armor of the mediæval knight and shatter the strongest walls of the mediæval city.

Printing, too, is invented. Books which had been slowly and carefully written on parchment by the monk in his cell are now quickly printed by movable type, and books find their way everywhere.

Then there is a revival of learning, and the Reformation brings in Protestantism. A new theory is established about the solar system. Before this time it had been supposed that the sun revolved about the earth, but the astronomer, Copernicus, thought that the sun was the center, and that the

earth revolved about it. His views were called the "Copernican System."

Our first topics in modern history are Galileo, and his interest in this new theory, and the discoveries which he made in the heavens.

Galileo was born at Pisa, in 1564. His parents were poor, but noble in rank. His father had intended that Galileo should be a trader in wool; but when he found that the boy loved study, he determined to give him an education and have him become a doctor.

Galileo was a fine Greek and Latin scholar. His father did not wish him to devote much time to mathematics, fearing that this would be a hindrance in the study of medicine.

But Galileo liked geometry better than almost anything else, and studied it privately. He was very fond of drawing, always wishing to be a painter. He learned to play on the organ and lute, and excelled in style and touch. Later, when he was old, and blind, and sorrowful, his lute was his greatest solace.

As a student, he was very earnest, thinking much for himself; and his professors used sometimes to say that he was given to contradicting them, but from what we read about him we conclude that he really had more knowledge than those who taught him.

When Galileo was eighteen years old, he began to study medicine in the university at Pisa. He was always very ingenious in making little machines.

In the cathedral at Pisa there hung a great bronze lamp. Galileo carefully watched its oscillations, and thought that on the same principle he could make an instrument which would tell the exact rate and changes of the pulse, and he succeeded. His instrument was not perfect, but it was considered a wonder by the doctors of the time and much used by them in counting the pulse of their patients.

He used to go to the top of the Leaning Tower and let fall from there unequal weights. Then he would explain to the interested people — who below were watching his experiments — that the difference in time between the fall of a feather and of a stone was due to the resistance of the air.

He wrote such an excellent paper about gravity that he was made professor in the university.

After Galileo's father died in 1591, he was obliged to support his family, and so needed more money than his small salary allowed him.

His genius had been discovered, and the republic of Venice made him professor of mathematics in the University of Padua.

He was glad to leave Pisa, because so many there

disagreed with him in some of his ideas about scientific things.

In Padua, he had many private pupils. His lectures on science were so crowded that he would often give them in the open air. Indeed, Galileo grew more famous all the time. Even dukes and princes came to listen to him.

In Padua, he became acquainted with the great scientist, Tycho Brahe. Sometime between 1593 and 1597 Galileo began to believe fully in the Copernican theory. It had been thought to be a Bible truth that the sun revolved about the earth, and many considered it a wicked heresy to send our little earth spinning through space about the sun. They thought that Copernicus should not have dared to start such a theory, and that Galileo did very wrong to believe and preach it.

In 1609, Galileo visited Venice, and there heard that a Dutchman had constructed an instrument which would make distant objects seem very near. He thought that he would try to invent something like it, and after going back to Padua, he made an instrument which magnified things three times. He presented this to the doge of Venice, and, in return, was given a larger salary and made professor for life.

Later he made an instrument which magnified eight times, and then, finally, a telescope which

had the power of thirty. And now what wonders of the heavens were opened before him!

He made his first observations on the moon and traced its unequal surface. Some thought that it was very wicked to scoop out valleys on the smooth face of the beautiful moon.

Myriads of the stars in the Milky Way were revealed to him, forty stars in the Pleiades, and the satellites of Jupiter. He discovered spots on the sun and knew from their motions that the sun must move also.

In a letter, he writes of his gratitude to God, who had made him "the first observer of marvelous things unrevealed to bygone ages. He affectionately called his telescope "old discoverer."

He wrote a book about his discoveries, but old astronomers would not believe it. One professor at Padua said that there were only seven metals, seven days in a week, seven apertures in a man's head, and so there could be only seven planets.

Even when he was forced to own that he could see satellites through the telescope, he said that if you could not see them without it, they were useless and probably did not exist at all. These old astronomers seemed really to belong to mediæval times when no one was expected to advance any new theories.

But the excitement was great, and nearly every-

body wished to possess a telescope. Rich and learned men felt proud to honor Galileo and to call him their friend. The grand duke of Tuscany invited him to Florence, and made him his philosopher and mathematician.

And now, just as he had reached the height of his fame and prosperity, the malice of his enemies became dangerous.

His belief in the Copernican idea that the earth went around the sun was a sufficient excuse for attacking him. He was charged with teaching that the sun is the center of the planetary system, and explaining the Scriptures to suit his own theory.

He was brought before the Inquisition. This was a court which was summoned to question him very closely, and to decide whether he was right or wrong.

His doctrines were called "heresy" because they were thought contrary to the words of the Scriptures. He was compelled to promise that never again by speech or writing would he try to prove that the earth moved around the sun.

But later he was greatly encouraged by the kindness of the Pope, and by the interest which the cardinals showed in his belief. So he seemed to forget his promise, and wrote a book to defend his old views in regard to the Copernican system.

In some secret way he was successful in getting his book published.

Then it was ordered by the Inquisition that he must be punished, for he had violated his promise. So he was ordered in 1633 to appear in Rome. The complaint made against him was that he had been disobedient, and his plea was that he had forgotten what he had promised.

Then he was told that he must abjure his error; next he was to be imprisoned, and to recite once a week for three years the seven penitential Psalms. Clad in sackcloth and kneeling, Galileo swore upon the Gospels never again to teach that the earth went round the sun. Then rising, he is said to have exclaimed in an undertone, "It does move for all that!"

He was confined during four days, and then, although really afterwards a prisoner of the Inquisition, he was permitted to return to his home in Arcetri, near Florence.

Often he was hopeless, but always patient and resigned to his fate. Soon he suffered a great affliction, for he became totally blind.

From pity for his sorrows, the severity of the Inquisition grew less, and he was allowed to have constant visitors. Even a sovereign came to encourage him.

One day a young man with handsome face and

GALILEO EXPLAINS THE MOVEMENTS OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES TO THE POET MILTON

masses of silken auburn hair, and looking like a student, went to see him. This was John Milton, then twenty-nine years old, who was traveling in Italy, and who sought the old man to do him honor.

If we follow the life of this young visitor, we shall find that in the closing days of his life, he, too, was blind like Galileo, and like him endured pain and blame and danger. To Milton, also, at the last, came literary friends to cheer him on his way.

We must remember Galileo for his industry. He was never for a moment seen to be idle. He was very fond of a country home and out-of-door life. He loved to work in his own vineyard.

Galileo died on the 8th of January, 1642, and is buried in the church of Santa Croce, in Florence.

This is the story of Galileo, the "venerable hero of science." We must not forget how earnestly his keen mind and brave spirit tried to learn the truth which Nature, that great teacher, has written for us in her wonderful book.

William the Silent

Holland, with its great dikes, its many flapping windmills, and its canals crossing it in every direction, is a quaint and unique little country.

An old writer describes it as —

"A land that rides at anchor and is moor'd
In which they do not live but go aboard."

The Hollanders have had two conflicts in history; in the first they rescued their country from the sea, and in the second from the power of Spain. Holland has been the home of many brave heroes, one of the greatest of whom was William the Silent.

In his time, Holland formed part of the Netherlands. Charles I, king of Spain, ruled over this country, and William of Orange, a boy of fifteen, was in his service.

Just before this, a monk, named Martin Luther, had established a new form of religion in Germany, and his followers, because they *protested* against Catholicism, were called Protestants.

Charles I did not like this new "heresy," as it was named, so he sent inquirers or inquisitors around to ask who had accepted it, and to punish them for so doing. This inquiry was styled the Inquisition. We have read about it before in the life of Galileo.

Charles I was very fond of William of Orange. It was on the arm of this handsome young nobleman that he had leaned when, in 1555, he said his parting words to his people in the palace at Brussels. On the death of Charles I, Philip II, a cruel bigot, succeeded to the throne of Spain and to the government of the Netherlands.

The Netherlanders promised that they would do everything that he wished, if only he would keep his Spanish troops out of their country.

Philip was furious. He did not like William of Orange, and felt sure that he was in a plot against him. He said to him, "This was not done by the State, but by you, you, you!"

France and Spain had been fighting together, and suddenly they made a treaty of peace. William did not know why.

A little later he was in France, and one day when he was out hunting with Henry II, the king, Henry told him that France and Spain had given up fighting because they had determined to unite and crush out heretics.

At this time William was a Catholic, but he was struck with horror at what was being planned for his Protestant countrymen. William, however, showed perfect self-control, not letting Henry II know by the movement of a muscle how the news affected him. But from that moment he began to plan how he might help his country, for William believed in perfect religious freedom.

This incident is said to have given him the title, "William the Silent." Usually he was anything but silent, for he was a bright and genial man who loved society and who entertained magnificently, but he had the rare gift of knowing when *not* to speak.

Philip II went home to Spain, but he sent his sister, Margaret of Parma, to govern the Netherlands. She brought with her so many Spanish soldiers that both Protestant and Catholic nobles were discouraged. Between three and four hundred of them determined to wait upon Margaret in Brussels, asking her for more freedom.

Instead of coming on horseback, in splendid robes of silk and velvet, with gold and silver ornaments, they were quietly dressed and walked to the hall, so as not to create a riot. Margaret received them very kindly, but showed a little agitation, and so one of her councilors exclaimed, "Madame, are you afraid of a pack of beggars?" The nobles caught up the words. One of their number shouted: "They call us beggars! Let us take the name!" and they took it.

"Long live the Beggars!" was afterwards their watchword. Brederode, another noble, gave a banquet that night, and a wooden bowl filled with wine was passed around. Each Beggar drank to the health of all the Beggars.

The Beggars adopted a costume of ashen gray cloth. They hung little wooden bowls around their necks or in their caps.

All wore medals inscribed with the motto, "Faithful to the king, even to wearing the Beggar's sack."

BREDERODE AT THE BANQUET OF THE BEGGARS

There were noble Beggars, wild Beggars, and water Beggars.

Now followed a desperate struggle for civil and religious liberty.

William of Orange seemed to feel that, like Joan of Arc, he was called from heaven to aid his country, and the more serious the need, the braver he grew.

He was not a good fighter, but a splendid statesman. The Dutch were very fond of him. They adopted his colors — orange, white, and blue — for their badge. William sold his jewels and furniture to get money to raise an army.

Philip II of Spain sent against Holland his best generals, the duke of Alva, Don John of Austria, Requesens, and the duke of Parma; but William of Orange defended his country against them all, and became the "Founder of Dutch Liberties."

William had great influence over the "Beggars of the Sea." One of the heroic nobles, Count Egmont, had been killed, and the Beggars had vowed that their hair should not be cut until his death was avenged.

Many times in their small, light boats, they gained victories over the great Spanish galleons.

The most terrible events of the war were the sieges of Haarlem in 1572, and of Leyden in 1573.

The Netherlanders were shut up in Haarlem for seven months. Their food gave out, and they had to eat shoe-leather, grass and weeds, dogs, cats, and mice. The women as well as the men assisted on the walls and at the gates of the city.

Three hundred women formed a battalion. They were drilled in the use of picks and spades and swords and muskets. They fought desperately. At last Haarlem was obliged to surrender. The Spanish entered the city, and a terrible slaughter followed.

Beautiful Leyden, with its orchards and gardens, was next surrounded by the Spaniards. For five months, the only communication which the people had with the outside world was by carrier-pigeons.

William of Orange sent them into the city with messages to the people, begging them to keep their courage, and they tried hard to do so, in spite of famine and terrible pestilence.

Finally William, feeling that he would rather give the land to the sea than to the Spaniards, had the dikes broken down, for he said, "Better a drowned land than a lost land."

He roused the water Beggars to prepare to save the city.

The gaunt, long-haired, and scarred sailors made ready a fleet of two hundred flat-bottomed boats, and waited.

And now the sea must fight for Holland. One night a tempest came, and the waters rushed with force over the coast.

A favoring wind sprang up, and the ships were borne over trees and houses, right to the walls of the city.

The startled Spaniards, in danger from both flood and fleet, scattered in such a hurry from their encampment outside the city that they left a great pot boiling, full of meat and vegetables, for their dinner.

Food was brought to the starving inhabitants of Leyden by the Beggars who dashed into the city.

Leyden was saved!

The happy people flocked to the cathedral to pour out their thanksgiving to God. Prayer was offered, and they tried to sing a hymn, but they could only weep tears of gratitude.

To-day, in Leyden, we may see the faithful pigeons, stuffed and carefully preserved; the pot which the Spaniards left in their haste; and the flags which were won so bravely by the "Beggars of the Sea."

The honored University of Leyden was built as a thanksgiving offering for the deliverance of the city.

In the year 1579, by the treaty of Utrecht, seven of the northern provinces of the Netherlands united under William of Orange.

Philip II had sent his most skilled generals against William, and he had tried to bribe him, but in spite of his efforts, Holland grew stronger and more united all the time. Philip now felt that the only thing left for him to do was to offer a reward to any one who should kill William.

Several unsuccessful attempts were made upon William's life.

Finally, having been elected Count of Holland, he went to Delft to be inaugurated.

On the tenth day of July, 1584, just as he was leaving his dinner-table, he was fatally shot by an assassin. The murderer, Balthasar Gerard, had gained entrance under the pretense of securing a passport to leave the country.

William had tried hard to live up to his motto, "Always tranquil amid the waves."

Early in his life he was a Catholic, and during his later years, a Protestant, but he strove always for the political and religious freedom of his country. He won the admiration of all classes. His people were very fond of him, and called him "Father William." At his sudden death, there was intense grief — even little children cried in the streets.

William was buried with great honor in Delft.

In his character we find many noble traits.

His devotion to Holland and brilliant service in

her time of need made his name one of those most honored in the history of the sixteenth century.

After William's death, the Hollanders still continued the struggle with courage and fury; until, in 1648, Spain was obliged to acknowledge the perfect independence of Holland.

Dutch art grew with Dutch liberty in the seventeenth century.

The subjects that the painter loved best to immortalize were the faces of the brave men who took part in the hard fight for freedom.

You will find the Dutch galleries full of their portraits, each man looking as if he was doing his part in the defense of his fatherland.

Gustavus Adolphus

THERE were in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many conflicts between the Protestants and Catholics before freedom of worship was established.

The last great struggle which took place in Germany was called the Thirty Years' War, because it lasted from 1618 to 1648.

There were famous leaders in this war. Those that are the best known are Gustavus Adolphus on the Protestant side, and Tilly and Wallenstein on the Catholic. Gustavus Adolphus was the king of

Sweden. This is the most northern country from which we have chosen a hero.

Gustavus Adolphus was born in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, in the year 1594. From a child he never seemed to be afraid of anything.

When he was seven years old, he went with his father, Charles IX, on an expedition against Finland. When they came back, the vessels were stuck fast in the ice, and they had to travel on foot, and little Gustavus bore the journey bravely.

Charles IX knew that his boy must sometime take his place as king, and so, when very young, he began to teach him about state affairs.

Fortunately Gustavus Adolphus was very much interested, and he would often amuse the courtiers by asking learned questions about sieges and battles. He loved to study, and he understood four languages. He also played on the lute and wrote sonnets.

Charles IX was very religious, and he said that his son must do the following things: reverence God, honor his parents, love his brothers and sisters, treat his subjects kindly, love the good, and punish the wicked.

It was well that Charles IX trained his son so carefully, for he died when the boy was but seventeen years old; and then, in 1610, Gustavus Adolphus succeeded to the throne.

During the first years of his reign, Gustavus Adolphus was engaged in some frontier wars with Denmark and Russia, and a little later the Thirty Years' War broke out in Germany.

This he watched with great interest. He was a very strong Protestant, and he thought that he would like to go to Germany and fight. Oxenstiern told the king that it was his duty to remain at home and govern his own kingdom.

But the Protestants of northern Germany begged him to come over and help them, and he felt that he could not resist the temptation.

He left Oxenstiern in command of Sweden. Before starting, he took his little daughter, Christina, four years old, in his arms, and presented her to his Estates. He asked the nobles to swear allegiance to her as their future sovereign. Then he bade them all farewell and sailed away, never to return.

It will be well now to follow on your map the route which Gustavus Adolphus took.

After a stormy passage, he landed with his army on the coast of Pomerania, in northern Germany.

Ferdinand II, emperor of Germany, was a Catholic, and he was alarmed to hear that the king of Sweden had arrived to help the Protestants.

He called Gustavus Adolphus the "Snow King,"

and was sure that he would melt as he traveled south.

The Protestants, however, who appreciated his friendliness in coming, called him the "Lion of the North." Gustavus Adolphus wished to relieve Magdeburg, one of the strongest Protestant cities of Germany.

This was now besieged by Tilly and the fierce Walloons.

Gustavus Adolphus could not reach it. Tilly took it, and it was plundered and then burned to ashes; for Tilly said that his soldiers must have some reward for all their toil and danger. There were many battles in this war gained by both Protestants and Catholics, for all the Germans were interested in one side or the other.

The most famous battles were fought at Leipsic and Lützen.

Gustavus Adolphus and Tilly faced each other at Leipsic in 1630.

Gustavus Adolphus was a large, sturdy man. His dress was a buff leather jerkin, and he wore a green feather in his small hat.

Tilly was a small man. He wore a long green satin jacket and a red feather in his high-cocked hat. He was proud in having been victor in thirty-six battles.

Tilly was brave, honest, and fierce. He formed

TILLY CALLS FOR THE SURRENDER OF MAGDEBURG

a just view of Gustavus Adolphus when he said that in fighting with him, "Not to have lost was to have won a great deal."

Tilly had threatened Leipsic with the fate of Magdeburg, if it did not surrender. He took his place on his well-known white horse, in the center of his army, — that army which had fought under him in every battle for twenty years, and which always raised a cry of joy when Father Tilly rode to the front.

Gustavus Adolphus, too, marched to Leipsic and approached Tilly, and drew out his army in full battle array. He told his musketeers not to fire until they could see the whites of the enemies' eyes.

The charge was made, the battle fought, and Tilly defeated. Six hundred of his soldiers formed a ring around their brave old leader who had met his first defeat, and they bore him wounded from the battle-field. And now Gustavus Adolphus pushed down into the very center of Germany. Tilly again disputed his passage, and was defeated and fatally wounded.

After this Gustavus Adolphus held a splendid court at Mayence, and he was, also, for a time in Nuremberg. He was visited by his queen and by Oxenstiern. He had gained much power over the Protestants, and was happy in his success,

His battle-cry was "God with us!" and he had daily prayers in his camp. It seems unusual to have been so fond of both war and religion; but the two things with which we always associate Gustavus Adolphus are fighting and praying.

Tilly was dead, but there was another great general for Gustavus Adolphus to meet. He was such a remarkable man that we must stop right here and describe him.

His name was Wallenstein, and he was one of the strangest men in history. He belonged to a wealthy Bohemian family, and had been restless and unruly all his life. He had been fighting in the Thirty Years' War, on the side of the Catholics, with his own independent army. He had paid his soldiers by allowing them to plunder the country through which they passed, and as we may imagine, that country became a desert.

"God help the land to which these men come!" was a common exclamation.

He governed his soldiers severely, but rewarded them splendidly. He had offended the clergy and nobles because he had assumed so much power. Finally, such stories of pillage and suffering were brought from the peasants to Ferdinand II that he dismissed Wallenstein, now duke of Friedland.

Wallenstein received the message calmly and

THE TOWN HALL PRAGUE

retired with great pomp to Prague. He felt sure that the emperor would need him again.

In his palace at Prague his court was of fabulous magnificence, much more regal than that of most kings of his time. His table was spread every day for many guests. Nobles and pages were always in waiting. Chains were stretched across near his palace that nothing might approach to disturb his Majesty. He wore a dress of scarlet, with a long red feather in his hat. In his religion, he was neither Catholic nor Protestant, but he trusted in astrology. This was the belief that his fate was governed by the stars. Up in the astrological tower, his mysterious astrologer, Seni, every night watched the movements of the heavenly bodies, to discover what his solemn, melancholy master was next to do.

Wallenstein had fought, as we have said, in the Thirty Years' War; but at the time of Tilly's death, he was living at Prague, watching the war with great interest. And now the emperor sent for him, for he needed his assistance.

Wallenstein was not surprised, and received the command coldly. He would not go back unless all the troops as before were placed under his command. Ferdinand II knew that it was too much power to give to one man, but he was obliged to yield.

So Wallenstein, with numerous attendants, and one hundred carriages, traveled through the country in great state. Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein drew near to each other and remained inactive. Finally, in 1632, their armies met on the battle-field of Leipsic. The contest was fearful, raging it is said for nine hours, and so wildly that history has no very exact account of it.

In the thick of the fight, a fog settled over the armies. Gustavus Adolphus missed his way, and was surrounded by the enemy, and mortally wounded. A soldier came up and demanded who he was. He replied, "I *was* the king of Sweden!" Then he was shot dead.

His brave white horse dashed riderless ahead, proclaiming that its master was gone. The Swedes, maddened by their loss, rushed impetuously forward, and recovered the body of their bold leader.

The fog came down again and put an end to the battle.

The "Stone of the Swede," on the battle-field of Lützen, marks the spot where Gustavus Adolphus fell.

Both Protestants and Catholics have always claimed the victory at Lützen. To the Swedes, it brought grief rather than joy, for it resulted in the death of their beloved king.

Gustavus Adolphus was buried in Stockholm. Over his marble tomb the tattered flags tell of hard-fought victories for Protestantism.

And what was the end of the mysterious Wallenstein?

He was finally assassinated in trying to betray his country.

After the death of these three great leaders, the war dragged on for some time longer, and was one of the most desperate recorded in history, for such pillage had been allowed.

When it began, Germany was full of cities. At its close, many of them were but charred ruins; and parts of the country were like a desert.

Finally, in 1648, the peace of Westphalia was made, by which both Protestants and Catholics were allowed religious freedom.

Peter the Great

In reading the life of the Czar Peter, we should keep the map of Russia before us. Then we may better understand what great changes he made in his country.

When he came to the throne, Russia, or Muscovy as it was then called, was a huge, unformed territory. The Swedes owned the western part; the Tartars, the southern part. There was one

seaport, Archangel, on the north, and it was frozen over much of the year.

Peter was born in 1672. He was a bright-eyed boy who was always busy. He loved to invent fireworks and to play soldier. Indeed, his little regiment and fort were the beginning of the Russian navy. He was only ten years old when, with an invalid brother who died a few years later, he ascended the throne.

Peter was governed by an older sister, Sophia. She wished to hold all the power, and so gave her little brother foolish companions and no education.

When he was very young, Peter had a fright about the water and could not bear to go near it. He determined to conquer this feeling. As he always accomplished what he set out to do, he soon liked to paddle in the water better than anything else.

When Peter was sixteen years old, he found, stored away in the court of a summer palace built by his grandfather, an English boat. He had it repaired, and sailed it constantly up and down one of the little rivers on which Moscow is situated.

Moscow, Peter's home, was like a real Eastern city. Its center was crowned with the picturesque fortress of the Kremlin. Thousands of domes, spires, and minarets were there, glittering in

every color. The city presented a fantastic look. Through its streets the long-bearded, long-robed merchants walked.

Moscow was governed, as was the country around, by the Strelitz, a turbulent band of armed men, who, at their pleasure, usually made or put down sovereigns.

When Peter was seventeen years old, he fully realized that Sophia was trying to get all the power; so he seized the throne, and put her into a convent. He next wished to civilize his country.

One of his best friends was Lefort, a foreigner from Switzerland. He was a young man who had traveled and observed much. He saw how ignorant and barbarous the Russians were, and how necessary it was that Peter should get some idea of the arts and sciences of Europe, and he helped him in many ways.

Lefort also brought to Peter's notice a boy, to whom Peter later intrusted all the affairs of state. And this is how it came about. A fair-faced, barefoot boy sold pies in the streets of Moscow. Lefort was attracted by his sweet voice. He called to him one day and asked him to sell him both pies and basket. The boy replied that he could sell the pies, but that the basket belonged to his master. Lefort was so struck with his appearance that he took him into his house, and when

the Czar visited Lefort, the boy served at the table.

Peter was charmed with him, and received him as a page into his own household. He employed him on secret missions, took him everywhere on his journeys, and Menzikoff, the barefoot boy, became in turn a statesman, a general, a governor, and finally a prince of the emperor.

When Peter became Czar he felt that he must have a fleet, for he had a great empire with no way to get out of it. First, he would try for a southern port. So he sailed down the Don River and attacked Azov, and won it from the Tartars. He now sent his nobles to different countries of Europe, and he went himself to Holland to learn the art of shipbuilding. He hired himself as a day-laborer to Mynheer Calf, a rich shipbuilder.

If you visit Holland to-day, you may see the little house containing the two rooms in which he lived, slept, cooked, and mended his clothes, and the cupboard into which he crawled to sleep. The Dutch, in order to preserve the house, have built an inclosure around it.

Once when the Duke of Marlborough, from England, visited the dockyard, he saw Peter, the ruler of Russia, seated on a log, in dark trousers, red woolen shirt, and sailor hat, and with an adze in his hand. He was talking violently with some people.

PETER THE GREAT

Peter was a quick-tempered, restless, boisterous, young fellow, always asking the Dutch how they did things. They called him "Master Peter." He did not leave Holland until he could build a fifty-gun ship.

From Holland, Peter went to England. He was received very kindly by King William III. A fine apartment had been prepared for him in London; but he preferred to live right down by the Thames River, that he might study the English navy and dockyards.

He visited Oxford University, but was too timid to go into Parliament, though he peeked at the assembly through a crack. He was greatly surprised to see so many lawyers in England. He said that he had but two at home, and intended to hang one as soon as he went back.

Before he left England, he drew from his pocket something wrapped in brown paper and presented it to King William III. This proved to be a ruby of great value.

In both Holland and England, he studied many other things besides shipbuilding. He learned to draw teeth, and provided himself with surgical instruments. He visited hospitals and woolen factories. He gathered persons representing various crafts to go to Russia, promising them that if they would go and teach his subjects to build fleets, cut

canals, manufacture cloth, and do other things, and make his country like the rest of Europe, he would pay them well.

On his way home he heard in Vienna of a revolution of the Strelitz, led by his sister Sophia. He went back at once, and slaughtered so many of them that we never again hear of the Strelitz in Russia. Next he made a law that his people should cut off their long beards, loose sleeves, and long full skirts. If they objected, a tax must be paid; only the clergy were exempt.

Patterns of European clothes were hung up at the city gates, that the people might know how they were expected to dress.

The beginning of the year was now changed from September to January. Peter established schools and a postal system, built factories, roads, and canals, and opened mines.

In striving to make his country really European, he interested himself in the minutest detail; for instance, among the other Dutch things which he brought to Russia were bread-makers and butter-makers and basket-makers — and even cats! Peter, however, did not know how to fight.

Sweden, at this time, was ruled by Charles XII, who is called in history the "Madman of the North," and who certainly was a very strange king. At this time, in the year 1700, he was just

eighteen years old. He loved war and knew how to fight, and he had skilled and brave soldiers.

Charles XII, at the head of an army of nine thousand men, attacked Peter at Narva, with an army of sixty thousand. The battle of Narva was fought in a blinding snowstorm.

Peter was terribly defeated. He said afterwards that, at first, he expected the Swedes to win, but that they had taught him how to fight. When he returned to Moscow, he had some of the church bells melted into cannon balls. He wished to conquer the Swedes, for he was anxious to own lands on the Baltic Sea, and he gained some small victories.

Once, in capturing a town in Livonia, Menzikoff was interested in a weeping peasant girl whose husband had just been killed. She was a helpless and beautiful widow, sixteen years old. Menzikoff took her home, and later Peter married her, and the peasant mother became Catherine, Czarina of Russia.

Peter had determined to build a new capital city to be named after himself — Petersburg. The site which he selected was on a marsh. The workmen carried earth in their aprons to fill it up. Whole forests of trees were sunk in it. Every cart and boat that passed was obliged to carry a certain quantity of stone, gravel, or brick to throw into it.

One hundred thousand workmen are said to have perished; but although the workmen died, the work was carried on. The city was quickly built; the government was removed there, and St. Petersburg remains to-day the splendid capital of Russia.

Charles XII of Sweden now again appeared. He had won such marvelous victories that he felt that he could conquer any one. He marched into Russia, sending word to Peter that he would treat with him at Moscow.

This time, however, Peter proved the stronger. He burned towns and villages, right in the path of Charles, and the "Madman of the North" never reached Moscow. Finally, he laid siege to Pultowa.

In the year 1709, he was defeated there, his army annihilated, and he fled to Turkey.

In 1721, a treaty was made with Sweden, by which Russia took possession of a large strip of land on the Baltic Sea. In honor of this victory, Peter was called "The Great," and the "Father of his Country," and Russia became one of the Great Powers of Europe. When, later, Peter sailed down the Volga, and took possession of the Caspian Sea, he proudly felt that now his navy might sail freely on any of the seas which surround Russia. Once again he made the tour of Europe. This time he took Catherine with him. He was quietly

dressed, but his manners were rude. Catherine was stout and clad in gay costume.

She wore so many chains and relics that her coming was always heralded by a sound like that of many little bells.

Perhaps the worst thing in Peter's life was his condemning to death his son Alexis. The boy was very disobedient, and Peter did not wish him as successor to the throne. But Alexis died, perhaps of fright, before the sentence of death could be carried out.

In thinking of Peter's life, we cannot fail to see how much he did toward helping Russia to become a civilized European power.

In the year 1725, he died of a fever, brought on by exposure, in hurrying to aid in the rescue of some shipwrecked sailors in the gulf of Finland. In St. Petersburg to-day, we may see the cabin in which Peter lived while he was building his new capital. In this is preserved the little ship which he found in the court of his grandfather's palace, and which has proved to be the "grandsire" of the Russian fleet.

On the great Admiralty Square in St. Petersburg, stands a colossal equestrian statue of Peter. He is seated on a spirited horse, with scepter in hand, proudly gazing over the superb city which he founded.

THE BASTILE, PARIS

The French Revolution

"AFTER us the deluge!" shouted the indolent, pleasure-loving Louis XV of France.

He enjoyed his extravagant, luxurious court; he would enjoy it to the end of his life — then let the ruin come! Louis XIV, also, had spent too much on his court, his great wars, and his beautiful palace at Versailles. Indeed, many of the kings of France had wasted money; and now, in the eighteenth century, the country was burdened with a terrible debt. And the pity of it all was that the nobles and clergy would not pay for their pleasures, but forced their people to give the money.

The peasants were wretched and starving. They had scanty earnings at the best, and much had to be given to support the court. They were compelled to labor on roads, and bridges, and other public works without reward, and also to pay four times a year a tax on salt, which was called the gabelle.

They lived on black bread, roots, and water. Their corn must be ground at the lord's mill, and their bread baked in the lord's oven. They must pay whatever was demanded for their privilege. Worst of all, the serfs were bought and sold with the land.

Besides all this, there was a dreadful prison in Paris. If any one dared complain of the evils of the government, it was easy at once to silence him in the gloomy dungeons of the Bastile.

The French writers of the time knew the wretched condition of the court. They wrote about liberty, and tried to inspire the people with the idea that they might assert themselves and get their rights.

About this time the Americans across the water were declaring their independence; why should not the people of France do the same?

Finally Louis XV, tired of pleasure and despised by his people, died in 1774. He was succeeded by his gentle grandson, Louis XVI.

THE HALL OF MIRRORS, VERSAILLES

Is it a wonder that Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were overpowered with the responsibility of being king and queen? When the courtiers brought them word that they were to reign, they fell on their knees and prayed, "God guide us and protect us, for we are too young to govern!"

Louis XVI was a kind, well-meaning young man, but shy and awkward. His brilliant and thoughtless girl queen was a daughter of Maria Theresa. At first, the people liked them both; but later, they complained that the king was weak and Marie Antoinette extravagant.

Louis summoned his ministers to his court. Each one proposed a different way to meet the great debt. Nothing, however, was accomplished; for the nobles were furious at the slightest suggestion that they should be taxed.

Something had to be done. It was finally suggested that the States General should be assembled, and it met at Versailles, on the 5th of May, 1789.

This was a body of men composed of the nobles, clergy, and the "Third Estate," as the representatives of the people were called. It had not met for one hundred and seventy-five years; for in all this time the nobles and clergy had decided everything without consulting the people. Now a stormy debate commenced between the three parties, but they could not agree about anything.

At last the people declared *themselves* the National Assembly. They invited the nobles and clergy to deliberate with them, and declared that if they refused, they would themselves decide about public affairs.

Louis XVI now determined to interfere. He announced a royal sitting. The people were kept waiting in the rain, until the nobles and clergy were seated. Then, much disgusted, they entered the room. The king blamed them for what they had done, and said that he would dismiss them, if they opposed him. After this, all were told to retire. The nobles and clergy obeyed; but the people kept their seats and again were told to go. Then their leader, the fiery Mirabeau, replied, "Go and tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and nothing but the bayonet shall drive us hence!" This was the beginning of the French Revolution. The "deluge" had come! Paris was in a state of great excitement. Crowds gathered, and a cry was raised, "On to the Bastile!"

A maddened crowd of men, women, and children surged through the streets, gathering in numbers as they went. They reached the grim old fortress, and after four hours of desperate fighting, the walls gave way. It was razed to the ground, and the prisoners were set free.

This was on the fourteenth day of July, 1789,

and ever since, the anniversary has been celebrated in Paris. It is the birthday of French liberty, as the Fourth of July is the birthday of American liberty.

When Louis XVI, at Versailles, heard that the Bastile had fallen, he exclaimed, "Why, this is a revolt!" "Sire," was the reply, "it is a revolution!"

Insurrection was now everywhere over the land. Peasants were burning castles or were marching through the streets of Paris, demanding bread. The nobles and clergy gave up their titles and privileges, and many fled from the country.

One day, in 1789, there came a rumor to Paris that the king and queen were giving a banquet at Versailles, and that the people's emblem, the tri-colored cockade, had been trampled underfoot.

The people were again roused, and a hungry rabble, composed largely of women, ran from Paris to Versailles, a distance of ten miles. They carried clubs and knives, and as they ran they shouted for bread.

They poured into the park, and into the palace itself, through the beautifully gilded salon, and up the marble staircase. They called for the queen. She appeared on the balcony, holding her little son by the hand.

Lafayette tried to dismiss the enraged people,

but they would not return to Paris unless the royal family went with them.

So the family made ready, entered a coach, and were escorted all the way by the savage crowds, who shouted wildly, "We shall not die of hunger now, for we have the baker and his wife and boy!"

The royal captives were conducted to the Tuileries and guarded there. The two children were terrified and exhausted. The next morning the little dauphin, six years old, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, is to-day yesterday again?"

The king begged Marie Antoinette to take the children to a place of safety. But she would not be induced to leave her husband, and bravely said, "I am the daughter of Maria Theresa, and have learned not to fear death." Later, some friends in Paris planned an escape for the whole family.

It was arranged that they were to leave the city, go by post to the frontier, and there be met by an escort that would convey them out of France.

When all was arranged, they stole out at night in disguise from the palace. They entered the coaches in waiting, and started. The queen took the part of a German baroness, returning with her two children from Paris to Frankfort. The king acted as valet, and Princess Elizabeth as waiting-maid. Three attendants were with them.

After driving for several miles, they were obliged

to stop for repairs, and again for a relay of fleet horses which were waiting to carry them onward.

Each mile brought them nearer the frontier; one hour more and they would be safe!

The king put his head out of the window, and in an agitated voice asked about the road. A postmaster recognized him, but did not show any surprise. Instead, he galloped quickly to Varennes and gave the alarm. The royal party drove on, unconscious of what awaited them.

They reached Varennes, and were met by a guard who captured them.

Here, in a tallow-chandler's shop, the weeping queen begged the woman to help them in escaping; while Louis, who never felt their sufferings so deeply as his wife, called for refreshments. He enjoyed his meal, and told the chandler that his wine was really very good. The captives were taken back to Paris, and again placed in the Tuileries, and watched even more carefully than before. Revolutionary parties now controlled everything. The most famous of these were the Girondists and the Jacobins.

Bands were brought from different cities to inspire the mob with songs of liberty. The one from Marseilles brought a song, the "Marseillaise," that became very famous.

It has fired the hearts of the French with the

thought of freedom from the time of the Revolution until to-day.

The tidings that the people in the other countries of Europe were horrified at the doings of the French people, and were coming to help the royal family, newly excited the leaders. The rabble attacked the Tuileries. The king appeared and drank with them. He put on a tricolored cap, and joined in the cry, "Long live liberty! long live the nation!"

But the rioters rushed through the splendid halls of the palace, and killed every one of the royal Swiss guard.

The king and his family now hastened to the hall of the Assembly, and placed themselves under its protection. A little later, they were taken to the gloomy fortress of the Temple.

The dreadful massacres of September followed, — massacres of priests and nobles and of any who would not support the new measures.

At this time two victories were gained by the French on the frontiers over those who were trying to reach Paris to rescue the king and queen.

A republic was now established. All titles were given up. From the king to the blacksmith, everybody was called "citizen."

In a short time all other parties fell before the terrible Jacobins and their Reign of Terror. The

THE STORMING OF THE TUILERIES

most prominent leaders were Marat and Robespierre.

The royal family in the Temple had been deprived of almost every comfort except that of being together.

But the king was soon taken from them. He was tried and condemned for plotting against the liberty of his people.

He was executed in 1793.

Through the parting and the trial, and even to the end, he was calm.

Shortly after the execution of the king, the little dauphin was taken from his mother and placed in the charge of a cruel jailer. Then Marie Antoinette was forced to say farewell to her daughter and her sister, and was carried away to a lonely prison. After several months, she was tried and condemned. Clad in white, and with the calm dignity of despair, she rode to the place of execution in the open car that was used for all those who were to be put to death. Arrived at the guillotine, — the spot where her husband had fallen, — she looked firmly upon the dreadful instrument which so soon ended her sufferings.

Then one long shout, "Vive la République!" rent the air, and the tragic life of Marie Antoinette was closed.

After a time the saintly Princess Elizabeth who

had clung so fondly to her brother's family was also led out, and the young princess was left alone.

Robespierre was now supreme. His atrocities grew worse and worse, until finally the Terrorists themselves became divided. They were afraid of him. One day a welcome cry, "Down with the tyrant!" was heard in the streets.

A furious struggle followed. Robespierre fought desperately, but finally his head fell. With this the Reign of Terror was at an end. Milder counsels now prevailed; law and order were restored.

A Directory of five men was appointed to establish a republican government. The Terrorists were frightened at this new rule, fearing that the end of their reign had come. Forty thousand strong, they marched against the Tuileries. They were met by a shower of grapeshot which sent them fleeing in great disorder. They had found their master, and the principal act of the Revolution was over. The young man behind the guns was Napoleon Bonaparte!

The old Place de la Révolution in Paris is to-day the beautiful Place de la Concorde. There an imposing obelisk now marks the spot where stood the guillotine in the gloomy days of the French Revolution.

THE MARSEILLAISE

"Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise —
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

"Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

"With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare
(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded)
To mete and rend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

"O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
For long the world has wept bewailing
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom in our sword and shield,
And all their cuts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death."

—Rouget de l'Isle.

Napoleon Bonaparte

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, on the island of Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769. This island had belonged to the Italians, but had recently been conquered by the French. Napoleon, in his conversation, always betrayed an Italian accent.

His father died when Napoleon was a little boy, leaving a widow with eight children. The family had very little money; but later, when Napoleon became famous, he ennobled his brothers and sisters, and always cared generously for his mother.

Napoleon was not like other boys. He was gloomy and silent, and wished to be alone or to play war. A little grotto is still shown on the island of Corsica, where he used to spend hours by himself with his books; and, also, a small cannon which was his favorite plaything. He sometimes gathered the boys about him, and taught them to fight with wooden sabers.

When he was ten years old, he was sent to a military school at Brienne. There were many rich boys there; and, at first, they looked down upon Napoleon, for his dress was so plain and he had no money. But he became so fine a student in history and mathematics that they soon began to respect him.

A little land was given each student. Napoleon made his into a fortified camp, in the center of which he arranged a pleasant bower, and there he used to study.

Napoleon remained for five years at Brienne, and then was promoted to a military school at Paris. Here he was never popular with the other boys, for he preferred study to amusement. When one of them complained of his want of gallantry, he replied, "It is not by playing and dancing that a man is to be formed."

One day the professor gave a very difficult problem in mathematics. Napoleon kept his room for seventy-two hours, and, to the surprise of all, reached the solution.

When he was sixteen years old, he received an appointment in the French army. The English had captured Toulon, a naval city of France, and so strong that it was called "Little Gibraltar." Napoleon was sent against it. After a fierce attack, the "little bit of an officer," as he was called, succeeded in capturing it. This gave him great reputation in the army. When the Reign of Terror was over, and a Directory of five men had been given command in Paris, the people again became restless. A formidable army of forty thousand men, led by the national guard, paraded the streets. What could the Directory

do? It seemed impossible to hold to the new government.

While the Directory was in session discussing the hopeless situation, Barras, one of their number, exclaimed, "I know the man who can defend us, if any one can," and he called Napoleon down from the gallery. All expected to see a man of soldierly look; but to their surprise, a small, slender, pale-faced young fellow entered the hall. He was asked if he was willing to undertake the defense of the Convention. "Perfectly," he replied, "and I am in the habit of accomplishing what I undertake." Napoleon insisted that he should be given the entire command. He had guns posted in the Garden of the Tuileries in such a way as to sweep all the avenues leading to it. Presently the enemy appeared, and approached the Tuileries where the Directors were sitting. The army was fired upon, and fled in every direction. The revolution had been promptly put down.

A law was now made that the swords of those who had perished in the revolt must be given up to the Directory, in order to prevent another outbreak. Among many others, one was brought by a beautiful boy, Eugene Beauharnais. It had belonged to his father, and he begged hard to keep it. Napoleon was touched with the child's grief, and granted his request. Eugene's mother,

Madame Beauharnais, a charming creole from the West Indies, called to express her gratitude. Napoleon was impressed with her grace and sadness, and not long afterward he married her. As the bride's marriage dower, Barras, in 1796, gave Napoleon command of the army in Italy.

Napoleon loved war better than anything else. In order to get just a little idea of his battles in Italy, Egypt, Spain, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Belgium, we must keep the map of Europe open before us. Napoleon was always on the move. As we may imagine, after all that had happened in France, the soldiers that made up his first army were very poor and half-starved.

Napoleon promised that he should lead them into Italy to the most fertile fields of the world, where they should conquer cities and provinces, and find honor and wealth. Inspired with visions of military glory, the troops marched bravely forward. On and over the Alps they went, and as they looked down upon the sunny plains of Italy beyond, Napoleon exclaimed, "Hannibal is surpassed!"

Fourteen battles were won in this first campaign fought against Austria in northern Italy. The most daring one was at Lodi. Here was a stone bridge, strongly defended by the Austrians. Napoleon, at the head of his army, charged right over the bridge in the face of the foe, who retreated in disorder.

From this time he was the idol of the soldiers, their "Little Corporal." He won for them all that he had promised. They were well fed and paid. Besides, six million dollars were sent to France to assist in paying the public debt. When Napoleon went back to France, he was received with great honor by the Directory; but he yet was very modest, and returned quietly to his home.

England was always an enemy to Napoleon. It was the one country which he never dared to attack directly. But his plan was now to invade Egypt. Perhaps by doing this he might make conquests in the East, and drive the English out of India. So with his army he sailed for Alexandria.

In 1798, right under the shadow of the great Pyramids, the Mamelukes defied him. "Soldiers," he exclaimed, pointing to the Pyramids, "forty centuries are looking down upon you!" The French awaited the attack. The horsemen of the desert, on their magnificent Arab steeds, rode forward with great dignity. But they scattered hurriedly in every direction at the steady fire of the French soldiers, and Napoleon won the "Battle of the Pyramids." The English knew at once what Napoleon was trying to do.

Nelson, England's naval hero, started after him, reached Egypt, destroyed his fleet in the bay of

NAPOLEON IN EGYPT

Aboukir, and prevented any further success in the East. Napoleon was greatly disappointed. Hunger and thirst and the plague assailed his army as it crossed the Syrian desert. Finally Napoleon deserted his soldiers. Sailing away in an open boat, he succeeded in escaping from Nelson's fleet, and returned to Paris. Later, the remnant of his army managed to reach home. When he arrived in Paris, he found that the Directory had lost the greater part of its power, and he easily overturned it. The whole form of government was changed, and he became first consul, and went to live in the Tuileries.

Now he determined to attack the forces of Austria in Italy. With his soldiers he made a most difficult passage of the Alps, and surprised the Austrians. He gained over them several victories, the principal one being at Marengo. About this time, his general, Moreau, attacked other Austrians in the gloomy forest of Hohenlinden, and he, too, gained a famous victory.

In all his battles Napoleon showed great military genius; for by a series of rapid moves, he would usually attack the enemy before they were ready to fight. Other countries soon grew jealous of the rising power of France. There were many coalitions against Napoleon, and these were generally headed by England.

In 1804, Napoleon was crowned emperor in the cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris. The coronation was a magnificent ceremony. The Pope came all the way from Rome to pour the sacred oil upon the head of Napoleon, who insisted on crowning both Josephine and himself. In the Tuileries the emperor established a splendid court of brilliant men and women, and always claimed the honor of being its center. Indeed, he was very despotic — all had to bow before his will. He bestowed titles, and established the Legion of Honor, by which a medal was bestowed upon any one doing signal service to the government. He formed the Napoleonic "Code of Laws," which in itself would have made him renowned. He built the fine Simplon Road over the Alps into Italy.

He always brought home, after his wars, pictures and sculptures and manuscripts to enrich the museums at Paris. He adorned the city with many costly buildings.

Napoleon had a wonderful capacity for work. He rarely slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four, and seldom spent more than fifteen or twenty minutes at a meal.

When he rose, his guests had to rise too; for he was very particular in matters of etiquette. So those who dined with him were often hungry when the meal was over.

Of the battles after Napoleon became emperor that at Austerlitz, fought in 1805, is one of the most famous. Napoleon's purpose was to break down an alliance between Austria and Russia. In the fight, Napoleon hurled his twenty-five thousand men right into the center of the Austrian army arrayed against him. The Austrians were terribly defeated, and two thousand were drowned in trying to escape over a frozen lake. After this, peace was made with Austria. To render this more secure, Napoleon divorced Josephine and married Marie Louise, the daughter of the emperor, Francis Joseph.

A little later, Nelson, the famous English admiral, gained another sea victory over the French at Cape Trafalgar.

Nelson's watchword was, "England expects every man to do his duty."

The men did their part bravely, but their loved hero fell.

The French were powerful on the land, but could not cope with the mariners of England.

Napoleon now gained a victory at Jena over the Prussians. Here he stole in behind the enemy, defeating them with fearful slaughter.

Then he entered the cities of Berlin and Potsdam, and rifled museums and galleries. Among other things which he carried away was the sword of Frederick the Great. So much money had to

be paid him to leave Berlin that the women helped to raise it by giving up their jewelry, and afterward brooches and chains and rings were made of iron. Even to-day the iron jewelry is one of the industries of Berlin. Napoleon had a fight with the Russians too; but later he formed a kind of sentimental friendship with the Czar Alexander, and this lasted for some time.

In the campaigns in Spain and Portugal, Napoleon always lost.

The high-spirited Spaniards would not be conquered, and to aid them, England sent her brave general, Wellesley, later the Duke of Wellington.

In 1812, Napoleon made the fatal mistake of his life. His friendship with Alexander had cooled, and he determined to invade Russia. Many kingdoms and provinces were now subject to France, and from all of them splendidly equipped armies met Napoleon in Dresden. He remained there several weeks, holding a magnificent court. Then with his immense army of French, Austrians, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Germans, and Swiss, he marched into Russia. As the French advanced, the Russians retired, laying waste the country as they went.

One battle and many skirmishes were fought, and still the French pushed on until they reached Moscow. They were surprised to find the city

deserted. They entered and took possession, and warmed and refreshed themselves after the long march.

Then fire burst forth, not in one corner of the city, but in perhaps a thousand places at once! for the Russians had set fire to it before they left.

Fiery winds swept the flames, and Moscow was soon a mass of ruins.

Alexander would not make peace. The French could do nothing but march back again. It was an awful retreat, full of horror and suffering. The journey was made slowly, that the soldiers might drag along the plunder. Napoleon marched with them, clad in a long, fur-lined cloak. His staff followed him. Thousands were frozen to death. Thousands more were killed by the Cossacks, who seemed always to follow.

Napoleon now left the army and hurried to Paris, feeling that the fate of the empire depended on his being in that city. Marshal Ney, the "bravest of the brave," stayed in the rear and beat back those who attacked the army. He called himself the "rearguard of the grand army."

It is thought that three hundred thousand soldiers were lost in this campaign. Now there was a coalition formed against Napoleon, not only of the nations that he had conquered, but of many others.

He met his foes in a three days' battle at Leipsic. This was called the "Battle of the Nations."

Napoleon was defeated and his empire dissolved. Then he abdicated his throne, bade a pathetic farewell to his old and faithful guard, and went off to the little island of Elba, which had been given him for a home.

From there he watched the affairs in France. We know that Louis XVIII, the brother of Louis XVI, was restored to the throne, and that the people did not like the new rule. So he determined to go back to France.

In September, 1814, the allies had met with the hope of restoring quiet and prosperity in Europe, for Napoleon's wars had brought disorder in all the countries. While they were having debates and gay festivals, there came the startling news that Napoleon had reappeared in France.

Then there was hurry and confusion. An army was sent to Cannes to capture him. Marshal Ney was told to bring him in an iron cage to Paris. But one sight of their loved hero was enough for the soldiers. They embraced him, and brought him in triumphal procession to Paris, and Louis XVIII fled.

Once more the allies joined against Napoleon. He collected an army in which were many boys, —

such a large number of the men were killed, — and moved swiftly into Belgium.

Now England and France faced each other. For the first time, the two greatest generals of Europe, Wellington and Napoleon, met on the field of Waterloo, in 1815. The English soldiers were arranged in squares, and for five hours the French dashed furiously upon them. All charges were repulsed. The English gathered more closely about the French, and at last, when Blücher came up to assist Wellington, the French soldiers fled.

Napoleon put spurs to his horse, and hastened away. He said later that his sun rose on the field of Austerlitz and set on the field of Waterloo. His valiant guard fought to the end, doing honor to their motto, "The old guard dies, but never surrenders."

Napoleon now tried to escape to America, but he was taken by the English and placed on the island of St. Helena. This was so far away that they felt sure that Europe need have no more fear of Napoleon. He died there on the 5th of May, 1821. Later, his body was surrendered to the French and taken back to Paris. There he was buried in a magnificent mausoleum in the Hôtel des Invalides. Around this are many tattered flags, gained by Napoleon in his battles.

No ruler since Charlemagne had so much power

as Napoleon, and probably no military leader has surpassed him in skill and bravery; but he was too fond of war, and too desirous of making Europe one vast empire, over which he should reign supreme.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

"Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe:
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

"The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave —
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below —
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

"The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the stars of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow."

— THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Garibaldi

ROME, the proud mistress of the ancient world, was conquered by barbarians. In the later centuries, Rienzi and other patriots tried to make the city the capital of a free and united Italy.

But every effort failed until the nineteenth century. At this time four men appeared: Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour.

Victor Emmanuel has been called the banner; Garibaldi, the sword; Mazzini, the brain; and Cavour, the genius of Italian liberty. They finally ended the struggle which had lasted for centuries.

We are to read about Garibaldi, "the sword." His life was full of daring adventure. He was born in 1807, at Nice, in southern France. He was a restless lad, always loving to sail away over rough seas, or to climb the highest mountains. When he was twelve years old, he fitted up a boat, with some other boys, and they started for the East to make their fortunes. But happily for Italy, Garibaldi's father captured the young truants and brought them back again.

Garibaldi had such a bright mind that the father would have made him a priest, but the boy was too fond of the sea to think about a quiet, religious life. Later, he became the "Sea Captain of Nice." In his trading ship he was often attacked by Greek pirates, and sometimes they would steal both clothes and provisions.

At this time both the French and Austrians owned parts of Italy. The Italians were determined that they would in some way drive out the foreigners.

There were many plots and revolts, and a society was formed called the "Carbonari," or "Charcoal-burners." This had much power among the Italian peasants.

Garibaldi liked to read old Roman history and to talk of Italy free, and he was always wishing that he might strike a blow for liberty. Just now, Mazzini, a young lawyer, formed a society called "Young Italy." A plot was made to seize the government, but the plotters were discovered and sentenced to death. In some way, Garibaldi managed to escape. After traveling much, and living for days on chestnuts, he at last arrived at Nice.

Banished from Italy, he went to South America. There he had a variety of experiences. He was a trader, a cattle-dealer, and a school-teacher, but he was not successful in anything. However, he helped the South American Republics in their struggle for freedom. He was wounded and imprisoned, and he had some marvelous escapes. The soldiers of his "Italian Legion," which he formed here, became, under their sturdy leader, very famous fighters.

Here he fell in love with Anita, a tall, dark-haired maiden. She married him, and was always at his side — in time of war as well as in time of peace. They were so poor that many times they

went to bed at sunset to save the expense of candles.

After living in South America for fourteen years, Garibaldi felt that he must again see Italy. So he and his family and his Italian legion sailed back under a Sardinian flag which Anita had made from bits taken from a green uniform, a red scarf, and an old counterpane.

After a stormy passage, Garibaldi, the "Hero of the Red Shirt," appeared once more in Italy. His appearance was very striking. He wore a red blouse, a cap of scarlet cloth, a white cloak lined with red, and carried a dagger in his belt. Now he offered his services to Sardinia. Italian patriots all turned to Sardinia, for there the spirit of liberty burned brightest.

Victor Emmanuel, who came to the throne of Sardinia in 1849, was much liked. He was called the "Honest King" because he always kept his word to his subjects. Cavour, his wise minister, did all in his power to urge the people to unite and drive out both French and Austrians. In 1849, Garibaldi held Rome for Victor Emmanuel for a little time against the French and the Pope, but finally he was driven out.

Saying that Italy was not yet dead, he called on all who would to follow him. Then by lonely sea-ways and land-ways, he tried with his little band

to reach Venice. On the journey a great grief came to him. His faithful Anita was taken ill, and she died in a peasant's cottage.

The country was full of Austrians. Again Garibaldi had to flee, and give up the noble cause to which he had pledged his life. Driven from Italy, he went again to America. This time he landed in New York. Here he met a friend who persuaded him to work for a year and a half as a tallow-chandler, on Staten Island. Then, tired of this occupation, he journeyed to the West and South.

Later he returned to Europe, and bought a part of the rocky island of Caprera, off the coast of Sardinia. Now the sailor and soldier became a farmer, and he was very happy in his home and in the cultivation of his land.

Again and again he was sent for by Victor Emmanuel and Cavour to fight against the enemy. When the soldiers heard that Garibaldi was coming, they always flocked to his standard. He fought battles which made him the delight of those whom he commanded and the terror of the enemy. Sometimes Victor Emmanuel would say to him: "Go where you will. Do what you like. I have but one regret, that I am not able to follow you." And yet again, the same king, fearing for his throne, dared not give him aid.

THE MEETING OF GARIBALDI AND VICTOR EMMANUEL

Often royal troops were sent against Garibaldi and he was put into prison because he would not obey the king; but he did not seem to care. He did whatever he thought was best for Italy. He determined to capture Sicily and Naples for Victor Emmanuel. He summoned his men by the following proclamation: "To arms! He who does not snatch up a weapon is a coward and a traitor to his country!"

All kinds of weapons *were* snatched up by the poor peasants who flocked to Garibaldi. He conquered the provinces of Sicily and Naples, and after the war what a hero he became! Ladies dressed in red; people pressed forward either to kiss his hand or to touch his red jacket.

He was so poor that he washed his red shirt in the brook, and his luncheon was usually only bread and water and a little fruit. He had, indeed, no money in his pocket; but he handed the two Sicilies over to his sovereign.

In 1861, Victor Emmanuel was crowned at Turin as king of Italy.

Now Garibaldi was elected a member of the Italian parliament. We know that he made most eloquent speeches on the subject which was nearest to his heart, — the freedom of Italy.

Twice now Garibaldi raised an army of volunteers and tried to seize Rome from the French.

But he did not succeed, for his raw recruits could not fight against the well-disciplined troops of France. Later, however, on account of German victories, the French were obliged to withdraw their soldiers.

In 1870, Victor Emmanuel entered the city as king of united Italy.

Garibaldi had rendered splendid services to his country. Grateful Italy voted him two thousand pounds a year. He was elected a member of the Italian parliament in Rome. As he entered the city, the streets were filled with people loudly cheering him. They tried to remove the horses and drag the carriage to the senate chamber. Garibaldi entered on the arm of his son, and when he rose to take the oath, the house resounded with applause.

Like Cincinnatus of old, Garibaldi retired to his loved home, and there he spent his last years receiving homage from all parts of Europe. He always recalled with special delight the welcome and ovation with which England honored him. To the close of his life, Garibaldi was a grand old Spartan.

He lived till he was seventy-four years old. He had become a cripple and very frail in body, but his mind remained clear to the end.

On the 2d of June, 1882, he lay all day by his

window looking out upon the sea. Just at sunset a bird alighted on the window-sill. Garibaldi looked at it, and said faintly, "How joyful it is!" Then he closed his eyes in death.

He had helped to give Italy that for which it had longed in all the centuries. Wherever in the world the spirit of liberty is loved, there will Garibaldi's name be cherished.

"I heard last night a little child go singing
'Neath Casa Guidi windows, by the church,
'O bella liberta, O bella!' stringing
The same words still on notes he went in search
So high for, you concluded the upspringing
Of such a nimble bird to sky from perch
Must leave the whole bush in a tremble green;
And that the heart of Italy must beat,
While such a voice had leave to rise serene
'Twixt church and palace of a Florence street!
A little child too, who not long had been
By mother's finger steadied on his feet;
And still 'O bella liberta' he sang."

— Mrs. Browning.

Kossuth

Leaving Italy and its "knight-errant," Garibaldi, we find in Hungary our next revolutionary hero, Kossuth. Hungary, Turkey, France, England, and the United States, — we shall need a map that shows them all as we trace the wanderings of the Hungarian patriot. Kossuth lived through nearly

all the nineteenth century; for he was born in 1802, and died in 1894.

His father was a lawyer, a serious and determined man, and his mother was a gentle and very patriotic woman. Kossuth was her only son; and from a little boy she tried to inspire his heart with the love of freedom. For, at this time, Hungary needed patriots. It was under the control of Austria, although it had its own parliament or Diet at the capital, Presburg. The Austrians gave the country no liberty.

Kossuth had a fine education. He was very fond of natural sciences, especially botany. He could speak five languages, and he loved sports. He became such a skilled lawyer that when he was only twenty-one years old his father would often ask his advice. In the year 1832, he was a delegate to the Hungarian Diet.

He had been very fond of playing cards, and his mother felt troubled lest he should be led into temptation and prove unfaithful to his trust. But before taking the place, he promised his mother faithfully that he would never again play for money, and he kept his word.

He had greatly enjoyed bear-hunting. But he read from a Persian poet a passage in which there was an appeal against injuring anything which had a right to live. Kossuth was impressed with the thought, and never again hunted a bear.

As we have seen, this was an age of revolution. Discontented people in one country stirred up unrest in another. What especially excited the brave Hungarians at this time was the fact that the Poles had just rebelled against Russia. They had been banished, and many had fled to Hungary, and they talked to the people about liberty. The Hungarians were forbidden to have anything to do with the rebels. But many sympathized with them, and often fed and sheltered them. Kossuth's mother was among those who gave aid.

Kossuth was such a young man that he was not expected to say much in the Diet; but he did something that helped the people more than words could have done.

At this time, newspapers were forbidden, and no one dared to report the laws which the Diet made. But Kossuth took notes, and mailed copies to all parts of the country. These were seized at the post-office. Kossuth next hired messengers to carry them over the land.

After a time, the Diet was dissolved. Then Kossuth started a weekly newspaper. In this the peasants in all the country were told what was going on in Hungary. When they could not read, or were too poor to buy the papers, the village notary read them aloud to the assembled villagers. Hundreds heard the news in this way.

Stronger and stronger grew the desire for a reform which should make Hungary free. When the Austrian government at Vienna knew what Kossuth was doing, it was furious.

He was seized at night and cast into a lonely prison. Here, for two years, he was not permitted to have a pen or a book or to see a friend. After this he was treated somewhat better. A few books were given him, and with a dictionary, a copy of Shakespeare, and the Bible he studied English.

Later, he was really noted for his correct and polished use of our language.

After a time the Austrians were very much perplexed. They needed both men and money. The Hungarians were so indignant about Kossuth that they would give neither. At last, in order to secure what they wished, the Austrians were obliged to release him.

The people were overjoyed to have him again to talk with them and to plan for their welfare.

He again published a paper; he started some savings banks; and he taught the people better methods of trade. He always swayed his countrymen by his magic eloquence. In the year 1848, some reformers led by Kossuth went to the emperor of Austria, and asked him to give them greater rights. He received them graciously, and promised to grant all that they desired, but he

proved unfaithful to his promise. The people were now determined to arm themselves and fight against Austria, and to try to gain their independence.

Kossuth was the soul of the revolution. He told the people to arouse themselves, for much money and many men would be needed. As he spoke, the four hundred representatives who were listening to his speech rose as one man. Each lifted his right arm toward heaven and swore, "We grant it, freedom or death!"

A terrible revolution followed. Kossuth was not a soldier, but he truly fought with his heart-stirring eloquence. Once he aroused his troops by the following striking words: —

"Magyars, there is the road to your peaceful homes and firesides. Yonder is the path of death, but it is the path of duty. Which will you take? Every man shall choose for himself. We want none but willing soldiers." The great body of men replied by shouting, as if with one voice, "Liberty or death!"

Hungarian peasants armed themselves with axes and scythes, and with the heavy whips which they used for their horses and cattle on the plains.

One Austrian army after another was driven back. Kossuth kept up the daring spirits of his people. But it was in vain that the Austrians

were beaten back. Presently the Russians came and fought with them against the Hungarians.

At last, Görgey, the famous leader, either betrayed his army or was forced to lay down his arms.

His soldiers broke their swords and shot their horses, that these might not fall into the hands of the enemy. Years of terror followed. The Hungarians were hanged and shot and butchered, and those who were left could only submit.

Kossuth, with a few friends, escaped into Turkey. His wife and children were thrown into jail, but later were allowed to join him.

He spent the last half of his life in exile.

The Sultan of Turkey treated him nobly. He would not give him up, although both Austria and Russia begged for him. The Turks told Kossuth that if he would become a Mohammedan, his enemies could never take him. This, however, Kossuth refused to do.

He was invited to visit America, and he accepted, and a ship was sent for his party. On leaving Turkey, the Sultan said to him: "You are free, you will find friends everywhere. Do not forget those who were your friends when you had no other."

Kossuth always remembered gratefully the kindness of the Sultan.

No other foreign guest except Lafayette was

ever received in America with so much honor as Kossuth.

As he landed at the Battery in New York, an immense crowd loudly cheered him. Flags were waving gayly, and the band played, "Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances." He was much touched by this royal welcome.

In his first speech in America he said: "Freedom and home! What heavenly music in these two words! Alas, I have no home, and the freedom of my country is downtrodden."

He spoke in many places in the cities of our land, among them St. Bartholomew's Church, in Manhattan, and Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn. In his speeches he always had words of praise for America, and earnestly begged an interest in the freedom of Hungary.

All his hearers admired him, but he failed in his purpose. Neither the government nor private citizens would aid him in rousing another revolution in Hungary.

Everywhere he went he spoke also of the increasing and dangerous power of Russia.

The last years of Kossuth's life were passed in a pleasant villa in Turin, in Italy.

He kept up a correspondence with famous men everywhere. As a young man he was very handsome; as an old man he was known by his white

locks, long flowing beard, sweet voice, and sad and quiet manner.

Later, Austria gave to Hungary the freedom and the constitution for which it had longed for so many years. Kossuth always felt that it was the result of what he had done for his country in the revolution of 1848.

He died in 1894, at the age of ninety-two. He was buried in Hungary, the land which he had loved, with every mark of honor and affection.

Heroes of the Flying Age

The problem of flying is a very big one, and for thousands of years men have tried to solve it. You perhaps remember the funny story of Daedalus and Icarus; it proves that even in legendary days men thought they should be able to fly as birds do. In the Middle Ages, too, they fitted wings onto themselves and jumped from hilltops, hoping in vain to soar away.

It was in France, in the eighteenth century, that the first successful invention for rising in the air was made. Two brothers named Montgolfier, observing that hot vapor was lighter than air, conceived the idea of making balls of silk inflated with hot vapor. The superstitious peasants at first thought these balloons unwelcome visitors from another world.

In 1782, the Montgolfier Brothers gave an exhibition before King Louis XVI., Queen Marie Antoinette, and a crowd of courtiers and peasants. This time they suspended a wicker cage beneath the balloon, in which they placed a sheep, cock, and duck, the first living freight ever carried in the air. The balloon rose fifteen hundred feet, then descended into a distant wood without disturbing the animals.

Now it was decided that men might venture to ascend and King Louis suggested, as passengers, two prisoners under sentence of death. But de Rozier, a gallant gentleman, stepped forward and begged that vile criminals be not the first to enjoy this honor and he was allowed to go in their stead. So the Montgolfier Brothers and de Rozier are the earliest heroes of ballooning.

There were constant improvements in the construction of balloons. Hydrogen gas, being less inflammable than hot vapor, was used to fill the bag, and the envelope was sometimes made of strong skin instead of silk, but there was always difficulty in steering until dirigible motors were designed. From France the invention of balloons was carried to other countries, and in every war that followed from the French Revolution through the Franco-Prussian, they played an active part in the carrying of messages.

Later Count Zeppelin, in Germany, invented dirigible airships. These were huge, cigar-shaped gas-bags, some of them over five hundred feet long, with a cabin beneath. A temporary sailing line was established between Düsseldorf and Berlin and the twelve hour trip of four hundred miles was made in comfort and luxury. The passengers glided along without the annoyance of dust or cinders and partook of a buffet luncheon in the clouds.

Towards the close of the nineteenth century, in many countries, especially in France, Italy and the United States, there was marked activity in regard to new forms of flying-machines. And now let me suddenly transport you to Dayton, Ohio, and introduce you there to two investigating children, Wilbur and Orville Wright. In the year 1878 their father brought them from New York a toy-flier made in France. Before presenting it to them, he tossed it into the air and they watched it fly across the room, flutter and balance itself before it sank to the floor. This toy set the children to thinking about flying.

On Sunday afternoons they would lie flat on their backs, on a high hill, watching the motions of birds, for they reasoned in this wise: birds are heavier than air; if man is to fly, he must do it in the way birds do. They also dis-

covered that the path of the bird is just a succession of ups and downs; and that flight does not consist in flapping of wings, but that at every beat of the wing the body soars or glides along, evidently without effort. The sea-gull is a good illustration. Another fascinating study to the boys was the use birds make of air currents, in rising, turning or tilting.

Kite-flying, too, was a favorite pastime, so as to observe the best angle at which the air would lift the kite. The brothers read eagerly all they could find about scientists abroad, who were also striving to invent a heavier-than-air-machine.

Finally, in 1900, they decided during their vacation to experiment with gliders. A glider is a kite-like apparatus with curved tail. Lying on it, one can float off from a high point. They selected a lonesome windy spot of land called Kitty Hawk, on the coast of North Carolina. Sandhills made splendid jumping-off places, and it was too far away for spies to watch them. They tried many forms of gliders; studied the best angles to tilt them to air currents; then they designed their own.

Thus for years they worked patiently, until from birds and kites and gliders and propellers and books, they were able to construct a machine with two sustaining wings or blades. They had

learned where to apply the engine that could propel it at such an angle as would support the weight, and cause the air against which it was forced to act as lifting agent beneath the wings.

This is not a technical description, so I will only add that they had difficulty in establishing the centre of gravity and in getting the right steering gear, and other accessories. Intrepid adventurers both, they risked everything—and won!

For in 1903, Orville Wright made at Kitty Hawk a record flight in a gasoline plane; it was the first time in the history of the world when a heavier-than-air machine carrying a passenger raised itself by its own power into the sky, sailed away, and descended unharmed. It was in the air less than a minute, but later flights grew longer and longer. The airplane had arrived.

In 1909, the brothers at Fort Myer proved to the Government that their invention was of value. President Taft was there with many officials and crowds of people. Orville Wright remained in the air one hour and nine minutes. On his descent, President Taft greeted him and thanked him in the name of the country for solving the problem of the age.

Next we glance at the part played by airplanes in the Great War. The Duke of Wellington once said: "Victory belongs to the commander

making the best guess about what is happening on the *other* side of the hill"—and nothing escapes the airplane. For example, at the beginning of the War, airplanes brought the information that Germans were pouring by millions into France. Without this knowledge they might have conquered before the Allies realized their danger.

Again, you remember that German zeppelins had been used as passenger ships, and now in feverish haste Germany sent them over as flying fortresses. They sped on, hurling bombs down on defenseless enemies, and terrifying and killing innocent women and little children.

England and France were at first dazed, but soon made ready with airplanes, sea planes, listening towers and searchlights to police coasts and cities, and the slightest onset was detected by these gallant watch-dogs. These smaller planes were superior to the clumsy monsters in climbing and swooping for attack. The "Flying Corps" thus proved such a success that presently zeppelin raiders gave up the fight.

Airplanes, too, fought terrible battles in the clouds. You have doubtless read of the exploits of those daring aces who, even when encircled by destroyers, pounced down upon the enemy and overcame one foe after another.

Aside from its part in modern warfare, a mar-

velous future is opening for aviation. It is prophesied that soon airplanes and dirigibles will be as common overhead as motors on the road. Congress is discussing police systems, spy laws, postal routes, charts, currents, fog signals, and other things to make air-travel easy and secure. Many aërial routes are being planned; some over mountains, deserts and polar regions, bringing places that are now inaccessible into commerce with the world.

An air-trip across the Atlantic has been a dream of centuries. A short time ago three courageous "Knights of Emprise" blazed a new trail from the Western to the Eastern hemisphere.

Four huge Naval Curtiss seaplanes were selected, propelled by the famous liberty motors, safeguarded with scientific precaution. Destroyers were to patrol the course from shore to shore. These seaplanes, called for short NC-1, NC-2, NC-3, NC-4, carried small crews. Their instructions were to swing loose from their moorings and hop first to the Azores, thence to Portugal.

Just after all had started, an Australian, Hawker by name, with his pilot Grieve, suddenly determined that England should have the honor of being first to cross the Atlantic. He had a Sopwith biplane with one engine, good for long quick flights but with slight chance for safety

if anything happened in mid-ocean. With supreme audacity, he and Grieve leaped into the air at Newfoundland, resolved to make a non-stop flight to Ireland. Far out at sea trouble was discovered with the radiator; so they flew towards a part of the ocean where ships might be encountered, and there they spied "Danish Mary" tramping along, and came down in front of her. Quick to act, she picked up the two aëronauts and plodded on her way to Denmark.

The experiences of Towers of the NC-3 and Bellinger of the NC-1 were harrowing but they and their crews were finally landed at the Azores. Lieutenant Commander Read of the NC-4 escaped the fogs and tumultuous seas. His sea plane alighted first at the Azores, then in Portugal, after a flight of between twenty-six and twenty-seven hours; coming down on May 27th, 1919, near the spot where Christopher Columbus landed on his first return from the discovery of America. To Captain Read then is accorded the renown of first carrying the "Stars and Stripes" in a seaplane from America to Europe.

Three weeks later Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown, under a British flag, in a Vickers-Vimy bomber, made the first non-stop flight from Newfoundland to Ireland in sixteen hours and twelve minutes, arriving there June 16th, 1919.

The trip was without accident, but the experiences were terrible. For hours neither sun nor moon nor star was visible; during a gale the machine climbed and swooped and circled. These plucky aviators accomplished one of the most daring voyages ever undertaken by man.

Still a third feat marks another advance in aërial navigation. For the R-34, a British lighter-than-air machine, one of the two largest dirigibles in the world, commanded by Major Scott, against odds of weather and failing gasoline, crossed the Atlantic from Europe to America in four and a half days, landing on July 6th, 1919.

Three ocean flights have thus been made, proving anew the success of the inventions of the Wrights and Montgolfiers. They mark the beginning of a new era, in which fleets of commerce are to sail through the air. Indeed, this opening up of air-travel is one of the most important happenings since Columbus discovered America.

Read in his hydro-aëroplane, Alcock in his biplane, Scott in his dirigible,—which of these heroes will you call "Columbus of the Air"?

The spirit of adventure is never satisfied. We wonder who are to be the flying captains of the coming years to bring yet new inspirations, for as Elizabeth Newport Hepburn says:

> "They who venture ride a wingéd steed,
> And all the world is braver for the deed."

Marshal Foch

AMONG many heroes in the World's Hall of Fame, Marshal Foch stands to-day one of the greatest of military commanders. Ferdinand Foch was born 1851, at ancient Tarbes, in the Pyrenees, a town set in the midst of the mountains, orchards, green fields, and tiny waterways.

His two brothers, sister, and himself, were taught from childhood to reverence the memory of Napoleon Bonaparte, who had made their grandfather a Chevalier of France, and to be like him, noble and brave. The religion taught Foch in his boyhood has been a lifelong inspiration. Often during the war, he has been seen kneeling alone in some little chapel, while thousands of guns were roaring in obedience to his orders.

As the family moved from one part of France to another, Foch attended a number of schools. Always a faithful student, he loved best mathematics and military tactics and so decided to enter the army. At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War he was one of the enthusiastic young men who rushed to the colors, but he was mustered out without being in battle. Curiously enough, it was not until he was sixty-three years old, at the beginning of the Great War. that he was ever under fire.

He studied at the Polytechnique in Paris.

Joffre was there, too, and both were heavy-hearted as they walked about the city, torn and scarred from German bombardment. Foch resolved then to make a study of the Franco-Prussian War and learn why the Germans had beaten the French. This must not happen again!

In 1886, he entered the Superior School of War for the intensive training of officers, and in 1896, became head professor of military strategy, inspiring his pupils with ardor for their work. His method was to review the history of previous wars constantly, and with a map before him to trace the development of certain campaigns, and call upon his pupils to decide what should be done in special emergencies. He knew that war is full of surprises which officers must be trained to meet; it is too late to learn on the battle-field.

The wisdom of this method of training was afterwards borne out when the tactics of his lectures were used in actual fighting and when his officers proved their worth in action.

Presently the Great War was on. This world conflagration had been kindled by three pistol shots, which on June 28th, 1914, had killed the Archduke Franz Josef, heir to the Austrian throne. The deed was done at Serajevo, in Bosnia, by a Serbian student, and Austria de-

termined to punish little Serbia, for she had long stood in the way of both Austria and Germany. Serbia would not submit and Russia held to Serbia; Germany backed Austria, and France and England prepared to help their Ally, Russia.

Now Germany used this quarrel merely as an excuse to commence a War, for which she had for years been making ready. She wished to become mistress of the world. The result was one vast moving picture of nations struggling on land, in the air, on and under the sea.

There was land fighting on both Eastern and Western fronts, besides separate campaigns in Asia and Africa, but as our subject is Marshal Foch, we must confine our attention to the Western front where he commanded.

Germany mobilized very rapidly. Her plan was first to put France out of action, attack and frighten England, conquer Russia, and then march to the East; accordingly, early in August, 1914, three great armies advanced through Luxembourg and Belgium, and through long, straight, poplar-lined roads and quaint-gabled towns of France, leaving in their wake tattered tree trunks and houses smashed to firewood.

On September 6th, the Battle of the Marne commenced. General Joffre, supreme in command, issued an order that the moment had

come for the French to turn and attack at all costs. Paris was only twenty miles away. The fate of France hung in the balance.

Marshal Joffre placed General Foch at the centre of the French line to sustain the onset of the famous "Prussian Guard," and for three days the Germans thrust back his army. A man of iron will, Foch believed that to make a surprise attack would be his best course, so he issued a heroic manifesto to his troops. It is reported that he also sent this message to General Joffre: "Situation excellent, my centre is broken, my right giving way, but I am attacking."

There was one point that Foch considered weak. It was at the German centre where two commands met. With lightning-like rapidity his army fell on this point and the enemies grappled. The Germans were suddenly hurled back and the Marshes of St. Gond became the tomb of the "Prussian Guard." It was after this victory that Marshal Joffre called General Foch the most brilliant strategist in Europe.

With fresh activity the Germans were now beginning the race to the North Sea to threaten England by the Channel ports, and again to attack Paris. Belgian cities were falling and the Allies realized that they must co-operate more closely. Wise Marshal Joffre placed General

Foch in supreme control here. The German armies were five times as large as those of the Allies. In the two battles at Ypres, in the awful onslaught of shell and gas, again and again the Allies were hurled back. Flanders became but a blasted heath. No one can ever tell by what miracle of the spirit the "thin old line of Contemptibles" held month after month, until armies were strengthened, and for a second time the Germans were thwarted. Foch splendidly cooperated with the other generals, re-enforcing the British army, and coming into perfect comradeship with Sir John French and Sir Douglas Haig.

Foch had further opportunity to work with General Haig in the Battle on the Somme and in the Verdun campaign of 1916, where General Pétain won his spurs fulfilling the motto, "They shall not pass."

Temporary illness laid Foch aside but he was soon again at work. He was now placed over a committee of the General Staff to forecast future war problems. One of the principal subjects discussed was Italy, that had for two years been doing deeds of reckless valor in the mountains and valleys that separated her from the Austrians. There was, however, always the possibility of a reaction, and Foch planned how in

an emergency English and French troops could be transported to help the Italians. When the catastrophe did come, all moved promptly and Foch had great honors heaped upon him.

When his sixty-fifth birthday arrived, the age limit for army officers, he was not retired: instead his services were indefinitely retained.

In the critical year 1917, we leave our hero for a moment to glance at other fields in this bewildering conflict. Russia had completely collapsed; Germany had been thwarted in the West, but she yet held most of Belgium and many miles of French territory; she had crushed Serbia; was advancing into Russia; and with the aid of her Allies, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, she was moving further and further into Asia to complete her Bagdad railroad, intending to push on even to India and China. Never was such a far-flung battle-line—never so many actors—never a drama moving so furiously.

Marshal Joffre, having reached the age limit, had retired; as a man of wise decision, a soldier of masterly defense, a builder of fortifications, he was everywhere venerated; but it was beginning to be felt that the Allies must adopt offensive instead of defensive strategy. Foch, being master of the former, was appointed, in 1918, Generalissimo over the Allied armies.

This year had opened with a certainty that the Germans were preparing a gigantic offensive on the Western front. The Allies were not surprised therefore when on March 21st, 1918, Ludendorff, with an army of one and a half million, started a clock-like advance. As it forged ahead, the mighty, grey mass resolved itself into seven armies. The aims were the same as before—to sweep on to Paris, and the Channel ports for the invasion of England—all to be done with frantic haste, before United States troops arrived in sufficient force to assist the Allies.

The United States had entered the War a year earlier, but preparations had been slow, for the battle-field was three thousand miles away. Now the Allies begged us to hurry, and it seemed a miracle of transportation that in a short time two millions of our soldiers were "Over There." General Pershing, in presenting his army to General Foch, said: "Infantry, Cavalry, Aviation —all are yours—use as you will."

The Germans advanced with drastic recklessness, and there were grim days for the Allies. At first they could only push back but Foch sat tight and held his reserves. Though some doubted, even then he had his strategy well in hand.

Foch believed in acting promptly at a crucial moment. He chose Bastille Day, July 14th. He

had heard that as this was a French holiday, the Germans had planned an onset, so instead of celebrating, his troops made ready. The Germans were to move at one hour after midnight; Foch determined to strike one hour earlier. At the appointed time, French guns boomed and the surprised enemy faced a formidable barrage. A little later the second arresting battle on the Marne opened. The "Man of Vision" seized the initiative, and held it to the end of the War.

The Allies pushed forward at Château Thierry where the Germans had thrust out a mighty salient. Here each soldier fought as if he alone had to win the battle. The United States troops pitched in with the zeal that interpreted an order to hold a line as an order to advance. As a result the salient was flattened, the victory won, and General Foch became Marshal of France.

This battle was typical of later ones. Whether the attack was on a fortress, in the trenches, or through the wire-laced Argonne Forest, all Foch's orders ended—"Without delay!" His method was to strike at a certain point; the Germans would give way, then call in reserves, and again turn to face the enemy, but Marshal Foch never attacked twice at the same point. At his headquarters he kept a big war map and while fighting one battle, was planning another.

Here are a few passages from his "Decalogue" for his troops: "Tell the truth squarely, face the music, and take your punishment like a man;" "Do your best to keep your head clear and cool, your body clean and comfortable, your feet in good condition; for you think with your head, fight with your body, and move with your feet;" "Be of good cheer and high courage, shirk neither work nor danger, suffer in silence, and cheer the comrade at your side with a smile."

What seemed many battles during the last months of the War was only one grand onset directed by the one great War-Strategist. The Germans retreated until in the autumn the Allies had regained all they had lost, and there was no longer a "Hindenburg Line." They were successful also in the East where Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey gave up the conflict.

Indeed, in the year 1918, the Allied soldiers' cry was "On to Berlin!" When the defiant Ludendorff discovered the "unwhippableness" of the Allies, it is no wonder that he retired and that the Germans begged for peace. Foch could not at once give this, but to avert further destruction, he granted an armistice, which means just "a stay of arms." The terms were humiliating, but on November 11th, 1918, the German delegates signed them at Marshal Foch's head-

quarters; and everywhere there was heartfelt rejoicing.

Then a Council was selected to arrange a Treaty of Peace. This was headed by diplomatic representatives from different nations, and while the Council debated intricate problems, Marshal Foch constantly advised in regard to just terms; he also prepared an Allied armament, hundreds of thousands strong, to encircle Germany in case the Germans refused the pact.

And when the army was ready to go forward at a moment's notice, and the successful British fleet to speed to German waters—the Germans decided to accept, but protestingly, the Treaty that had been formulated.

The magnificent "Hall of Mirrors" at Versailles was selected for the signing. In this historic Palace, forty-eight years before, Bismarck had proclaimed Germany victorious over France and united as a splendid Empire.

Here on June 28th, 1919, assembled delegates of many races and creeds; Clemenceau, President of the Council, sat at the head of the immense horseshoe table and called on the delegates to sign. Two representatives of the German Republic made unconditional surrender to the Allies. Twenty-six Allied nations also took part. The ceremony was solemn rather than

spectacular, but the moment will be famed in history.

We can imagine that the hearts of France's redoubtable "Tiger," Clemenceau—and of Lloyd George and President Wilson—were full of joy and gratitude, as they received the tremendous ovation of the struggling, cheering mass.

Marshal Foch was greeted by a storm of applause. What must have been his sensations as he watched the proceedings that crowned his four years' fight for right and justice!

The world stands on tiptoe of expectation to know what next, for another gigantic task is just before Marshal Foch, to enforce this peace. We have followed him thus far, let us watch his future career.

His life holds a message for every boy and girl. It is a challenge to patient, persevering effort. Whenever tasks seem difficult, "Remember the Marne and Ferdinand Foch!"

Our book has guided us from Confucius to Marshal Foch. We have passed through many centuries and have found that there are many true "Heroes of History." We have briefly traced the lives of some of these. In recalling them, which hero do you honor most, and which do you think has been the greatest inspiration and blessing to his country?

Buddy DeMaio

"Jackie"

Dolores Mezle
likes
Frankie Baier

"Cindy"
+
"Joey"

"Eileen"
+
"Al"

"Carol"
+
"Eugene"

"Dolores"
+
"Don"

"Toni"
+
"John"

"Patty"
+
"Joey"

"Rosetta"
+
"Henry"

Carol Corzin
Sacred Heart Academy
713 Washington St. Hoboken, N.

Dolores,

See if you can find any more in here for yourself and see if you can if anything in your history book for me.

Carol